

# BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE.

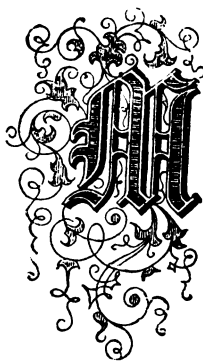
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

Vol. 2.

DECEMBER, 1877.

No. 1.

## STEALING A LOCOMOTIVE.



MY NAME is Peeks. I own this house and grounds. I paid five thousand dollars for the estate. I made the money in one night. I will tell you how it was.

I was an engineer on the G. & P. Railroad. I used to stop at Tigerville at 1:27 in the morning for water. It was a large town, and the road ran through the very heart of it. Opposite the water station was the Tigerville bank.

Gayle, who fired with me, had been suffering, as he said, during half the run for a piece of tobacco, and had gone over to the postmaster's store to obtain one. The tank of the engine was full. I had thrown up the pipe, taken my place, and was ready to start the engine. While I was looking for Gayle, I discovered three men running with all their might towards me. I had no doubt the fireman was one of them, though it was so dark I could not make him out in the gloom.

One of the men ran to the rear of the tender, and I supposed he intended to get into the baggage-car. The other two came directly to the cab of the engine. One of these had a traveling-bag, and I concluded that he was a friend of Gayle, who desired to ride with him to the next station on the machine. But I was soon made to understand that all my suppositions were wrong. The two men leaped into the cab, and before I suspected anything, they dragged me from my seat, stuffed a handkerchief into my mouth, and strapped my hands behind me.

"All right, Bool! start the machine. I can hold this man," cried the ruffian who held me.

"All clear," added a man, whose voice came from the rear of the tender.

As my arms were strapped behind me, I could do nothing. I had no doubt the man who held me was armed, and it was not prudent for me to make a fight, even if I had been in a condition to do so. I was thrown back on the coal in the tender, while the fellow in charge of me sat on a large lump of coal and held me by the collar of my coat.

"Where is the fireman?" asked

Bool, whom I could distinctly see at the throttle by the light of the "bug."

"He is not here; the engineer was the only man on the machine," replied the fellow that held me. "Let her drive, Bool."

"Have you the bag?" asked Bool, who seemed in no hurry to start the engine. We mustn't go without that, Saywood."

"The bag is all right, Bool. Go ahead, or we shall all come to grief," replied Saywood, impatiently.

As he spoke he pulled the traveling-bag towards him. By this time I realized that Bool was nervous in regard to the handling of the machine.

He pulled out the throttle, but he pulled it out too far, and the engine started with a jump and a jerk. At that instant I heard a yell and a groan in the rear.

"Stop her, Bool!" cried Saywood. "Bragg has tumbled off the tender."

The third villain had seated himself on the rear of the tender, after uncoupling it from the train, and the violent jerk given by the sudden start had thrown him to the ground. I saw Bool shove in the throttle; but the engine had reached the down grade from Tigerville to Manly, and it would not stop. Saywood left me and climbed to the rear end of the tender; but he could not see his companion in the darkness.

"Why don't you stop her?" he demanded with an oath.

"I have shut off the steam, but she won't stop," answered Bool, whose tones indicated that he was sorely tried by the situation.

"Engineer, how do you stop her!" asked Saywood, coming to me again and pulling the handkerchief out of my mouth.

"Throw over the reverse lever," I answered, willing to assist in ending this exciting trip.

"Throw over the reverse lever, Bool," repeated Saywood.

"I don't know how to do it!" exclaimed my substitute in the cab. "I have got enough of this sort of thing."

"Put on the brake," I suggested.

Saywood went to the brake on the tender, and after he had studied the thing for a time, he succeeded in applying it and bringing the machine to a stand.

"Now, run her back," said he, highly excited.

"I can't do it! I don't know how!" pleaded Bool.

"Bragg may have been hurt; and we don't want to leave him there. The beaks will have him."

"I can start the thing ahead; and that's all I can do," added Bool. "It won't do to run back, either, we are sure to be taken if we do."

After a little argument, Saywood assented, and it was decided to go ahead again. This time, Bool made a better start, letting on only a little steam. The machine went along very well under this more moderate treatment. But it had on a full head of steam, which was screaming as it escaped through the open safety-valve. This noise troubled Bool; it seemed to indicate to him that something was wrong, when just the reverse was true. Saywood asked me about it, and I told him it was all right. As the fire got low, the noise ceased.

After the gag was removed from my mouth, I felt more at ease, and I began to consider the situation. I had no difficulty in coming to a conclusion in regard to the character of the men who had stolen the locomotive.

tive. Two months before, several suspicious individuals had been seen observing the surroundings of the Tigerville bank. They had been seen by the officers, and a watch had been kept over the building for a month. As no attempt was made to rob the bank, this precaution was no longer kept up.

But the job had now been done; the traveling-bag at my side contained the bonds and money stolen from the bank; and the amateur engineer and his companions were the robbers. All the pluck I had, came back to me as I thought over the matter. We had run about ten miles, and reached up grade; the engine was getting out of steam, and Saywood was directed by Bool to throw more coal into the furnace; I answered the questions he put to me, for I did not care to have the machine ruined by the villains.

While Saywood was thus engaged, I strained my arms by degrees, in order to ascertain the strength of the strap that bound me. To my great surprise and joy, it snapped under the strain I applied to it. I was free; but I made no movement to inform my captors of the fact. I had hardly accomplished this partial deliverance before Saywood seated himself at my side. I was afraid he would examine into my situation; and I asked him whether the pumps were working properly. I told him the boiler would burst if the water in it got too low.

He was alarmed, and asked Bool about the matter. I explained the gauge-cocks to him, and he went to the cab to look into the condition of the boiler. When he returned, I assured him we were coming to a steep grade, and that he had not steam enough to carry the machine

up the ascent. I told him and Bool what to do till they had a good head of steam on, and I thought it was time something was done.

"If you will help us out, we will make you a handsome present before we leave," said Saywood, as he again seated himself.

"I will help you out," I replied. "But you haven't steam enough. We stuff the furnace as full of coal as we can."

He rose to put in more coal. As he did so, I freed my arms from the strap. He picked up a shovelful of coal, and turned to put it in under the boiler. At that instant I sprang upon him. He was a tall man, though rather slender built. I seized him in a savage embrace, for I felt like a tiger. I got my left arm around his body, outside of his arms, which were thus pinioned to his frame. Passing the other arm around his legs, I lifted him up and bore him to the footboard; with a mighty effort I hurled him from the tender.

I had helped him out!

At this point the road was built on a high embankment, at the foot of which was a large pond. I had no doubt the bank robber would roll down the steep declivity into the water. It did not seem to me that he could escape alive.

"What's the matter, Saywood?" demanded Bool; and he seemed not to be aware of what had transpired behind him, for he was perched up in the box, and the crashing noise of the machine had deafened him.

"Nothing is the matter," I replied; but I leaped upon him the instant I spoke.

I dragged him from the seat, hitting him a heavy blow on the side of the head with a monkey-wrench as

he came down. He seemed to be stunned, and my victory was more easily obtained than I had anticipated. I shoved in the throttle and put on the brake, for I did not care to go any farther from the train of cars which had been left at Tigerville. I had some rope in the tender, and I spent some time in binding my prisoner to my satisfaction; for I was willing to profit by the blunder of the robbers.

The engine had come to a full stand. I looked at my watch and found it was seven minutes past two. The locomotive had gone about twelve miles under the guidance of Bool. Three miles back there was a station where I could use the telegraph, for I was afraid the train I had left might have procured a locomotive and started again. I reversed the engine and started on my return. As I approached the pond where I had "helped out" Saywood, I shut off steam and put on the brake, for I was curious to ascertain his fate. I knew the very spot, for every rod of the whole line was as familiar to me as my own door yard. I tightened the brake when the engine came to the place.

I opened the furnace door to obtain a little light; on the embankment lay the prostrate form of the bank robber. I examined it. He was not dead, as I supposed, for the declivity where he had struck was covered with fine sand; but he was insensible. I picked him up and carried him to the tender. I tied him hand and foot with the greatest care, and then laid him on the top of the tank of the tender.

With my two prisoners, I started for Tigerville. At the station I found that the train had not departed. In fifteen minutes more I

ran my engine up to the train I had left. The bank robbery had been discovered, and the whole town was alarmed. My prisoners were conscious when I reached the water-station, and were handed over to the sheriff.

"Here are two of them. Have you caught the third?" I inquired, as I showed the officials my two robbers.

"We knew nothing about the matter till we got the telegram from the station where you stopped," replied the sheriff; and I told him about Bragg.

"Do you know what they did with the money they took from the bank?" asked the president of that institution. "They got away with over a hundred thousand dollars."

"The money must be in this bag," I answered, handing it to him.

Before morning Bragg was captured in the fields near the town. He was so much injured by his fall from the tender that he was not able to go far. In due time they were all tried, convicted, and sent to the State prison for a long term. The bank did not lose a dollar, and the very next day the directors voted me five thousand dollars; and that was just what I made by those villains "STEALING A LOCOMOTIVE."

THE National Locomotive Works of W. H. Baily & Co., at Connellsville, Pa., recently shipped a sixteen-ton narrow-gauge engine, and have completed three other narrow-gauge engines and one of standard gauge.

An agent of the Russian Government is reported to be in Philadelphia for the purpose of contracting for the construction of a bridge 2,100 feet long, in one span, over the Danube. It is said that the Government is willing to pay \$3,000,000 for the bridge, if it can be finished by spring.



## THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY KATIE MAUD ST. JOHN.

"Go see what I have seen,  
Behold the strong man bowed,  
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,  
And cold the livid brow;  
Go, catch his withered glance, and see  
There mirrored, his soul's misery."

"Go see, and hear, and feel, and know  
All that my soul hath felt and known,  
Then think upon the wine cup's glow,  
See if its beauty can atone;  
Think of its flavor will you try,  
When all proleaim—"Tis drink and die."

"Where are you going this cold night, Herby?" asked old Mrs. Norton, as her tall, handsome son buttoned up his overcoat.

"I'm going over to Annie's; I promised to take her to the concert, this evening."

"But you'll come home as soon as you can—won't you, Herby?"

"Certainly, mother! You seem very nervous to-night; what is the reason?"

His mother answered not, but sat looking into the fire. Her seventy years never seemed to rest so heavy on her as they did to-night. A wearied, tired sorrowful expression, was on her still lovely face, and the little white hands were clasped tightly.

"Mother, you are not well; do not wait up for me!" said the young man, tenderly, and a shade of care passed over his handsome face.

"I do not feel very well, my son; but I shall wait up for you, so do not tarry one moment with any person after you part from Annie."

"No fear, mother, I shall be home early!" returned Herbert, with a bright smile; and whistling a gay tune, he left the house.

Old Mrs. Norton sat thinking in the firelight, and the wearied, sad look was still on her face; softly she murmured to herself:

"How childish of me to allow this fear to rest in my heart—there is no danger as long as he is with Annie.

"God bless that girl! She has saved the widow's son from a drunkard's fate.

"Three years now since Herby left his bad companions for Annie's love, and next week the trial-time will be up, and she will become his bride, for he has kept his promise well.

"After the marriage there will be no fear, for Annie will make his home so happy, that he will be lonesome when from it he is absent.

"What a happy, calm rest I shall have then; my mind shall be so much at ease."

Herbert Norton soon reached the hotel where Annie boarded.

Annie was a girl of high principles, and had taken in hand to reform Herbert, whom she loved passionately.

Three years they had been engaged, and during that time Herbert, faithful to his promise, had never tasted an intoxicating drink.

Next week they were to be married, and the lovers looked forward to this time with great delight and happiness.

"Are you ready, Annie?"

"Yes."

"Well, we shall go now, so we can have a good seat; the doors open at half-past seven."

A pleasant evening was passed, but as they were leaving the concert-hall Annie noticed Herbert returning the salute of a young gentleman whose appearance she did not like.

When they had reached the street, Annie said, playfully:

"This is leap-year, Herbert, and I'm going to see you home to-night."

"What!" exclaimed Herbert, his

handsome dark eyes wide open with astonishment, "what puts such an odd notion into your darling little head?"

"Nothing, only fun—now, don't refuse, it's not late, and your house is such a short walk from the hotel—do let me see you home to-night?" she pleaded, winningly.

"Couldn't think of it," replied Herbert, and his hearty, musical laugh rang out on the night air.

"Well, promise me, Herbert, you will go straight home."

"I promise. Come over and see mother to-morrow, Annie; she did not look well this evening at all."

Annie said she would go over in the morning, and the "good-nights" being spoken, the lovers parted—alas, for ever!

The clock on the mantel-piece told the hour of midnight; then came the small hours, and now the small hand pointed to three; still old Mrs. Norton sat waiting patiently for her son's returns.

Now she bends forward in a listening attitude—she hears a step—can it be Herby?

Ah, no! it is some late home-seeker hurrying by, for the night is very cold.

The time wears on, and poor Mrs. Norton slumbers in her chair.

Where is Herbert Norton?

When Herbert parted with Annie, he turned his steps homeward, and was only a short distance away when he was hailed thus:

"Don't be in such a hurry, Norton?"

Herbert turned, and saw Jim Dudley, the young man who had saluted him as he left the hall, standing beside him.

"Is that you, Dudley?"

"I should think it was! Come,

what's bringing you home so early? We can have a stroll to-night, yet."

"'ould not think of it, Dudley; I promised to be home early."

"Stuff! by jove, Norton, what are you coming to—can't you act like a man?" and passing his arm into Herbert's, he walked off with him.

Four hours afterward, when Herbert parted with Jim Dudley, at the door of "Jones' saloon," his steps were unsteady, and in his brain was a strange, burning sensation.

Walking along some distance, with unsteady gait, he fell in the cold, dark street.

No one was near; and half an hour dragged by wearily; then a figure was bending over the prostrate Herbert, and a voice said:

"Young man, are you ill—allow me to assist you home?"

He raised Herbert up, and as the light of a street-lamp flashed on his face, he recognized him.

"Come," he again said, "I know where you live;" and he led Herbert along slowly, but every few steps he fell to the ground.

At last they reached Mrs. Norton's, and the kind stranger said:

"This is the house, is it not? Shall I knock?"

"No," replied Herbert, faintly, "I have a key; thank you for your kindness," and he drew his purse from his pocket to pay the stranger for his trouble.

But the man drew back, while a deep crimson flushed his face, and said:

"Your thanks are sufficient for the little assistance I have rendered you; good-night, sir!" and he walked away, closing the outside door, and leaving Herbert in the porch.

For a moment he stood and looked up at the windows, he saw a light in

one of the rooms, and then walked away satisfied.

The morning sun was high up when Annie left her hotel to go over to Mrs. Norton's.

A strange feeling of impending calamity was at Annie's heart, and she hastened her steps.

Opening the outside door of the porch, Annie's eyes rested on—what?

Herbert Norton lay before her, frozen and dead. (A fact.)

The wild cry of anguish which escaped Annie's lips, brought Mrs. Norton to the door.

In a moment the poor old mother understood what had happened, and without a word or sigh, she fell dead on the frozen corpse of her unfortunate son.

### An Astonished Reporter.

A locomotive engineer from the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was in Detroit last week on a visit to his sister. In some way or other a new reporter on one of the daily papers came across the man, and appointed an interview in order to secure the engineer's adventures during the "late war." The brother of the foot-board was willing to tell his story, and began:

"I ran the last passenger train over the road—the last train allowed to pass by the strikers. All the train officials were heavily armed, many of the passengers carried revolvers, and we were all ready for a muss. We expected that the strikers would displace a rail, let us through a bridge, or switch us into some gravel pit, and just before we left the station I kissed my wife and told her where she would find the sum of \$38,000 which I had buried in the garden."

"Possible!" gasped the new reporter, as he made a note of it.

"And my fireman, feeling certain that he would not live two hours longer, confessed to me that he was the abductor of Charlie Ross, and

that he once murdered a man in Missouri."

The reporter made his pencil fly a minute, and when he let up his note-book read:

"Great heavens—\* \* \*—coolly confessed—\$38,000—Charlie Ross—! ! !—murdered seventeen men—name of fireman Tom Collins—! ! !—more coming—\* \* \*—! ! !"

"And the conductor of the train," continued the engineer, "also prepared for death. He returned to the company \$2,558,654.13 which he had knocked down during his connection with the road, and humbly asked forgiveness. He was much troubled to think he had invested his share of the plunder in founding an orphan asylum and could not restore it to the road. He owned up to having killed an old woman or two, but I forget their names or whether they struggled very hard when he was choking them."

The pale faced young man wrote again, and his note-book read:

"Further horrors—\* \* \*—conductor stricken with remorse—! ! !—biggest item ever published in a Detroit paper—\* \* \*—scoop the *Free Press* stone blind—! ! !"

"Well, we finally pulled out," said the grim engineer, as he wiped his heated brow on the back of his hand. "I had a Derringer on one side of me, a revolver on the other, a bowie knife down behind my coat collar, and a musket loaded with 117 buckshot was strapped to my back. The fireman had four revolvers and six one-pound cans of nitro-glycerine. We meant to give 'em the best we had, you see."

The reporter wrote:

"Revolvers—muskets—Derringers—nitro-glycerine—all ready—brave as lions, but modest as school-girls. The plot thickens—full particulars in this issue—no other Detroit paper has a line of it!"

"We lit out at a speed of forty miles an hour," the engineer went on: "for I reasoned that we might as well go down with flying colors as to crawl like a snail. We whizzed through cuts, dashed past farm houses and across highways, and everything was running finely. When, far ahead, in the dim gleam

of the headlight, I saw men on the track. The moment had come!"

"I see!" whispered the reporter, as he seized his pencil again. "Rails torn up—stand waiting to wash their hands in blood—terrible massacre of innocent—\* \* \*—devils—! ! !—a-h-h-h—! ! !"

"I should have put on all steam and dashed ahead!" resumed the engineer, "but the fireman entreated me to give him time to confess that he had been hiding the Bender family in his front bedroom: and I slowed down till the train stopped just where I had seen the crowd. Only one man was now visible."

"The rest were in ambuscade!" exclaimed the reporter.

"I guess so. This one man approached. He had something in his hand."

"Yes, he did—a hand grenade—a bomb-shell!" shouted the listener.

"He came closer and closer, walking like a man who means murder."

"Hold on!" cried the reporter, and he wrote:

"Dark figure came nearer—nearer—nearer—skulking—sly—murderous purpose displayed in every move—full account in this paper—newspaper enterprise will tell—! !—chance for graphic writing here—\* \* \*—whoop it up heavy and make other papers feel bad!"

"Well, he was finally at the step," said the engineer. "He looked up. He raised his right hand. He held something out toward me, and he spoke."

"He did! Great heavens! but what a moment! What a fiend he was! He handed you something, and he spoke?"

"Yes, he handed me up a flask of brandy, and he wanted to know, being that the train had stopped, if I didn't think the conductor would let him ride to the next station, seven miles ahead, for an old jack-knife and half a bottle of cough medicine. That was the best brandy I ever tasted, and I shudder now as I realize how narrowly I missed it!"

"Is—that—all?" asked the reporter, as his jaw dropped and his ears grew red.

"Yes, that's all. Seems to me you can make a graphic thing of it—

something to travel all over the country."

"Yes—ahem—jess so," coughed the reporter, as he reached for his hat.

"And you'll save me seven copies of the paper, won't you?"

"Seven—yes—seven—just exactly seven!" was the faint reply as a pair of boots went down the walk.

For further particulars see "the very latest edition."

"Oh! gratitude, where is thy sting!" exclaimed a Detroit boy the other day, when run over by an omnibus which he had helped to wash and grease.

THE Philadelphia Times reports that the Baldwin Locomotive Works have just entered into a contract with the Russian Government to build 150 first-class locomotives. Other accounts say that the order is for 44 engines, and that the terms are not satisfactory, Russian bonds being offered in payment. An agent is said to have been sent to Russia for further negotiations.

### Who is a "Scab."

At a "conspiracy" trial in England, says the New York *Labor Standard*, the prosecuting counsel gave the following definitions of a "scab": "A 'scab' is to his trade what a traitor is to his country, and though both may be useful to one party in troublesome times, when peace returns they are detested alike by all; so, when help is needed, a 'scab' is the last to contribute assistance, and the first to grasp a benefit he never labored to procure; he cares only for himself, but he sees not beyond the extent of a day, and for a momentary and worthless approbation he would betray friends, family and country; in short, he is a traitor on a small scale, who first sells the journeymen, and is himself afterwards sold in turn by his employer, until at last he is despised by both and deserted by all. He is an enemy to himself, to the present age, and to posterity." We recommend this definition to our friends the American Trades' Unionists.

**All Sorts.**

When is a candle like a tombstone?  
When it is put up for a late husband.

Discover a cure for the hog cholera and the Illinois Legislature will give you \$10,000.

The snow storms in Minnesota not long since, was so heavy that plows were brought into use on the railroads.

The era of the lion and the lamb has come in Bulgaria. The Turks and Russians lam each other, and the correspondents do the lyin'.

When the Indians left Washington recently, Secretary Evarts warned them to put their money in their moccasins as they passed through Chicago.

In the case of the people vs. Wm. M. Tweed to recover \$933,646 paid by the city of New York on fraudulent bills through the conspiracy of Watson, deceased, judgment against the plaintiff was entered by confession in the Supreme Court.

A professor was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said: "It's no use; I was cut out for a loafer." "Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you out understood his business."

Dennis E. Canning, the "Mollie Maguire," under a sentence of seven years for conspiracy to murder, has obtained a recommendation for pardon. He testified against others concerned in the murder of Sanger and Wren.

A letter has arrived at the postoffice of Independence, Iowa, directed "To the handsomest girl in the city." The *Bulletin* says that as the postmaster does not desire to be run through a threshing machine, he has turned it over to his administrator

A letter from Rome to London, speaking of the prevalence of crime, says, "the knife is everywhere and forever at work." Some American corn doctor must have removed to Rome lately.

The number of letter carriers employed in the free delivery service of the United States is 2,265. Of this number 1,513 were born in the United States, 331 in Germany, 258 in Ireland, 92 in England and 76 in France, Scotland, Prussia and other foreign countries.

"Next Sabbath," remarked a Deadwood pastor to his congregation as the contribution box was being dealt around; "next Sabbath there will be no morning services, provided the collection will warrant us sending down to Yankton for a hundred rats and Red Nosed Bill's black-and-tan pup."

The Anti-Horse Thief Association has 361 lodges and 8,000 members in Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. It does not encourage lynching, although that course is permitted in places where the officers of the law can not be relied on to prosecute thieves. In a recent convention in Augusta, Ill., it was said that the order had secured the conviction of over 1,000 thieves within a year.

A lady sent a note to the newspaper to get a receipt to cure the whooping cough in a pair of twins. By a mistake a receipt for pickling onions was unconsciously inserted, and her name attached, and received this answer through the "Answers to Correspondents": "*Mrs. H. L. B.*—If not too young, skin them: pretty closely, immerse in scalding water, sprinkle plentiful with salt, and immerse them for a week in strong brine."

**American vs. English Locomotives**

The following letter, published over the signature "B." in *Engineering* of October 25, was suggested by a letter to that paper from Mr. Howard Fry, which contained much of the matter given in his recent letter to the *Railroad Gazette* on Fairlie and "Consolidation" locomotives:

Your correspondent, Mr. H. Fry, in an interesting letter in your last issue but one, appears to me a little at sea in some of his facts and deductions therefrom. Judging from a case or cases that have come under his observation, he has the impression that the engines supplied from England for use on colonial lines are generally unsuitable and ill-adapted for the light rails with which these lines are laid. Further considering that the Fairlie engine has been put forward as meeting every difficulty in the three particulars of narrow gauge, sharp curves and light rails, and hearing and knowing some of the objections raised against its use, he comes to the conclusion that our best card is played out, and that in any competition with American engines we can not but fail. To those who know what engines have been sent to our colonies will, I believe, appear misconceptions, as generally every care has been used to adapt them to the conditions under which they have to work. And more frequently than not this means the use of engines of the bogie class in one form or other. Your correspondent enlarges on the merits and growing popularity of the "Consolidation" type, and asks what description of engines the Fairlies sent to Queensland were to supersede. Singularly enough these are "Consolidations," but of course of dimensions suited to the line. This is 3 foot 6 inch gauge, laid with 40 pound or 45 pound rails; worst grade, 1 in 50; curves, 330 foot radius. The engines weigh  $18\frac{1}{2}$  tons, have outside cylinders 12 inches in diameter, by 20 inch stroke, three pairs coupled wheels, one being midway under firebox, and a two-wheeled pony bogie in front. The fixed wheel

base is 7 feet 2 inches, the centre wheels also have no tire flanges. The weight on coupled wheels is 15 or  $15\frac{1}{2}$  tons for the three pairs. These engines have been long in use and re-ordered from time to time, two lots having been built during the present year, and they will probably stand their ground against all present competitors. The same class has been repeatedly sent to the Cape and other colonies, so that whatever merit attaches to this particular engine it has been independently appreciated here as in America. On the Cape railways the same principle has been carried further in the form of a larger tank engine with pony bogie at each end. This allows a 15 inch cylinder, 18 tons adhesive weight, and yet a maximum of 3 tons per wheel. On the very extensive light Indian State lines the stock is nearly all bogie but none of it Fairlie, neither can the latter be said to have gained a footing on any main line in this country. And what is said as to the use of light engines on the particular lines mentioned might be shown to be the same elsewhere. As to "Consolidation" engines of a larger class (5 tons per wheel) Mr. Fry considers them an improvement on anything we have here. The conditions of service are, however, very different. In the United States rails seldom exceed 60 pounds or 65 pounds, and 100 wagon trains at slow speed are not impracticable—here 80 pound or 84 pound steel rails and a passenger service that forbids extreme loads. Our inside cylinder goods engine can be built large enough (say  $17\frac{1}{2}$  by 26 cylinders) to do the maximum practicable work and still not exceed 6 tons or so per wheel. As a case in point one of such engines was lately loaded up to 75 wagons on a line in the North, with the result of pulling away draw-bars and wagon headstocks, and the great length of train necessitated running through. In this particular case 62 was found the maximum practicable load. Our frequent and fast passenger trains would make extreme loads on our main lines unmanageable and dangerous. The six-coupled goods engine seems a machine leaving little

to be desired, and where it gives sufficient power to go from 35 tons to 45 tons as in the American, of course means much increased cost and working expenses. It is a little singular that the advocacy of eight coupling comes from those who very lately told us that the four-coupled standard American engine had adequate adhesion for any good train. That opinion facts have rightly modified, and on our part we should welcome light from any quarter to learn where we can.

And with every disposition to take hints, the number of improvements that we can usefully adopt does not seem large. The adaptation of two-wheel bogies with the spring arrangements, by which these are rendered safe, has merit, but we have few classes to which these could be added. Not so, however, on the Continent, where the universal goods engine, the outside cylinder overhanging boiler type, sorely needs remodeling. French and German engineers moving round and round in their own circle, and receiving nothing from others, are content to keep their unwieldy machine, although its unsteadiness confines it to the slowest speeds, and even then it works with a concentration of weight that makes it most destructive to the rails; nor are their passenger engines much better—all seems sacrificed to adhesion and tractive force. And in America, the land of original mechanical ideas on many subjects, the absence of foreign work has probably contributed to keep everything very much in a few stereotyped grooves. We may claim more freedom here, for we have had to consult everybody's varied requirements. At home it can not be said that any expense or trouble has been spared to make our railroads as near perfection as may be.

So far as concerns some of the details of American engines, there are points the wisdom of which appears from this side very negative. Allow me to instance a few:

*Frames.*—The why and wherefore is certainly a puzzle. When just fifty years ago, Bury's had to make the most of the resources of a blacksmith's shop, and when at a later

date large plates could not be obtained, the thing looked reasonable enough, but now that at a dozen places plates of any desired size can be got without weld, and at exceedingly cheap rates, it does seem strange that any one will incur so much labor, inconvenience and slowness of manufacture for so inferior a result. An English frame is machine work from beginning to end; four sets can be drilled and slotted at once, and with proper tools at a surprising speed. The surfaces planed, all attachments are accurate and widely spaced. It is rigid vertically and elastic laterally, and unlike the American, does not cripple the width of firebox shell, and compel abnormal modes of getting the firebox into place, neither does it need its nose keeping up by the characteristic stay to smokebox.

*Boiler.*—Wherein is the rationate of  $\frac{1}{4}$  and 5-16 plates in barrels and firebox shells. We know well enough how long 7-16 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  last, and the thinner would seem poor economy. Also why steel fireboxes failing "at the rate of from 1 to 10 per cent. annually" by these alarming rents, when copper will stand safely and be good value to melt up when taken out. The Pennsylvania regulations as to a weekly inspection and mapping out of broken stays tell their own tale.

*Connecting and Coupling Rods.*—Why not made solid? Wherefore the straps, gibs, cotters, bolts and nuts, and *hoc genus omne*? They all smack of the days when steam hammers were not.

*Cast-Iron Wheels.*—Are these not better confined to shunting engines and small sizes? Some of the Pennsylvania standards have a strong family likeness to nearly extinct species (the last survivors of which linger in the neighborhood of Darlington), whereat the world generally wonders.

*General Style.*—In England the object is to make all working parts accessible, but to keep out of sight all minor rods, pipes and excrescences, to study symmetry and simplicity, and to avoid tawdy ornamentation.

The pepper-castor style of thing, usual on American locomotives, we

should deem very indifferent taste, and not quite equal to the modern engines on the Midland and other main lines here. And is the cab made in the best possible way? Would not light iron plate be both cheaper in first cost, and more durable, as well as neater in appearance? The general suitability of American engines and their work is unquestionable, but a little importation of English ideas would do good. The use of the bogie truck, much in abeyance formerly, is now very general on this side, both on engine and carriage stock.

I must apologize for having wandered somewhat from the main point of your correspondent's letter, but would not be understood as questioning the special advantages of the particular engine he advocates. Given the conditions favorable to its use, it may be the best thing possible, and he has done a service by calling attention to the fact so clearly.

It has been ascertained that the man who held on to the last was a shoe-maker.

THE great bridge over the Ohio River for the Cincinnati Southern Railway is now completed, at a cost of \$700,000.

THE Lake Erie, Evansville & Southwestern Railroad was sold under foreclosure for \$6,100 at Seymour, Ind., October 31st, subject to claims before the court.

THE first serious accident in Japan occurred October 6th. A collision took place between night trains. Three Japanese were killed and several persons wounded, among them the two engine drivers, who are foreigners.

THIRTY years ago Coleman Stevens jumped from a train on the New York Central Railroad, leaving his wife aboard. They had been married only a few months, and no reason was apparent why he should desert her; but she was unable to find him until last summer, when she learned that he was living in San Francisco, where he had amassed a fortune and married again. Mrs. Stevens has sued for maintenance.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]  
**AN ODE TO TOM SCOTT.**

BY M. S. M.

When Tom Scott gets his "orders,"  
And leaves this earth "on time,"  
It will not be for a much better sphere,  
But a great deal warmer clime;  
'Tis summer all the time, boys,  
Where Tom Scott's train will stop,  
And if old Nick the bucket will "kick,"  
They'll make him "boss of the shop."

Tom Scott was the first man  
To cut our wages low,  
For which he'll dance the "can-can,"  
When he reaches the pit below;  
For old Nick has been awaiting  
To let his partner in,  
And one of these days he'll meet his gaze,  
With a smile that will crack his chin.

I often sit and shudder  
At what old Tom must think,  
With his hand upon the rudder,  
To steer so near the brink  
Of the bottomless pit below, boys,  
Where old Nick with his snaky arm,  
Will make it hot for old Tom Scott,  
For doing his men such harm.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]  
**HOLD YOUR HEAD UP LIKE A MAN**

If the stormy winds should rustle,  
While you tread the world's high way,  
Still against them bravely tussle,  
Hope and labor day by day;  
Falter not, no matter whether  
There is sunshine, storm or calm,  
And in every kind of weather,  
Hold your head up like a man.

If a brother should deceive you,  
And should act a traitor's part,  
Never let his treason grieve you,  
Jog along with lightsome heart;  
Fortune seldom favors fawning,  
Boldness is the plan,  
Hoping for a better dawning,  
Hold your head up like a man.

Earth, though e'er so rich and mellow,  
Yields not for a worthless drone,  
But the bold and honest fellow,  
He can shift and stand alone;  
Spurn the knave of every nation,  
Always do the best you can,  
And no matter what your station,  
Hold your head up like a man.



## Editorial.

*CONTRIBUTIONS. — Readers of the Magazine will materially assist us in making our news accurate and complete, if they will send us early information of events that occur under their observation, relative to experiments in the construction of roads and machinery—especially the locomotive—suggestions as to improvements, &c.*

### The Second Year.

The second year of the MAGAZINE commences with the present number, and we expect a continuation of all subscriptions expiring at this time. We have been very successful in establishing the MAGAZINE and putting it on a sound footing in the short space of one year, and in point of circulation we can compare favorably with the oldest monthly journals published. As an evidence that the MAGAZINE is appreciated, we have, during the past month, received upward of 1,000 new subscriptions, two-thirds of these being parties outside of our Order. Our book now reaches every railroad point in the United States and Canada, and is read by all kinds of railroad men and their families, from president to track men, which will make the MAGAZINE indispensable as an advertising medium, and we propose to call the attention of manufacturers to this fact.

The entire proceeds of this book will be devoted to the Charity Fund, and we trust that each member of our Order will work hard to increase its circulation.

### Our Railway Future.

The *Railway Age* prints a table showing that the United States has 80,000 miles of railroad track, while

Russia, Turkey, Germany, Austria, Great Britain, France and Italy have but 70,720. Another paper, commenting upon this statement, says that while we have beaten the seven powers as respects mileage, "when looked at from a financial point of view the victory is rather a costly one."

Now, let us see if this criticism is not faulty. We will grant that we undertook a heavier contract than we could carry out when we started in to pay off three billions of war debt as quickly as a man would an old grocery bill, and at the same time build four or five thousand miles of railroad annually. No country under heaven except ours could have stood the burden, and ours would have been whelmed in the financial flood but for the riches of our soil and mineral and metallic deposits. But hasty critics forget one thing. This nation is but a century old, and little more than three centuries have elapsed since the white man gained permanent foothold on this continent. To sum in one sentence the comparison between the United States and the old countries, we have been trying to accomplish from the resources of a hundred years more than England has done with the savings of eight hundred years, and France and Germany with the accumulation of a thousand. Without doubt this was unwise, and since the fall of 1873 we have been paying the penalty of the blunder. It would have been better to make haste more slowly. But the victory will not be a costly one, nor would any defeat even be costly if the experience gained teaches prudence for the future. The prediction may be safely ventured that there is no railroad west of the Mississippi which

will not be within ten years self-supporting, if not dividend paying—provided no new roads are started. Let emigration fill the land along the great roads already built in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and other Western States and Territories. When these trunk roads, by such increase of population, becomes self-supporting, and their lands are all taken, they will have the means to construct branches and connections into unoccupied territory, without calling on the general government for aid, and without going into the market for loans. Our critic is wrong, we think. The victory is yet to come, through economy and diligence, and it will be worth all its cost.

It is reported that the Union Pacific Co. has bought 10,500 tons of steel rails at \$48 per ton in Chicago.

#### **Railroad War in Vermont.**

An injunction was granted Monday, November 12th, on the Passumpsic road by Judge Royce, of St Albans, Vermont, debarring the Passumpsic road from interfering with the Mississquoit & Clyde River and the Southeastern road in any way or manner, and it was served November 14th by United States Marshal Foster, of Burlington, Vt., on E. C. Cleveland, clerk of the Passumpsic road at Coventry. Superintendent Folsom, of the Passumpsic road, was also arrested November 14th, on a civil suit of trespass in favor of the Southeastern road, by United States Marshal Foster, and put under \$10,000 bonds, J. L. Edwards, of Newport, signing the bail. A rumor is rife that Sheriff Holdridge and Deputy Newland will be arrested for aiding and abetting in the tearing up of the track.

We would earnestly advise the calling out of the army to put down this war, as trade and labor are sacrificed to a great extent. Let's have no more "strikes."

THE recent circular issued by the State Department to United States Consuls in regard to the encouragement of foreign trade in American goods, contains many interesting and important facts. It is plain that the markets of South America are open to us whenever we are prepared to take advantage of them; but that, hitherto, through supineness on the part of our merchants, this trade has gone principally to England. In British Guiana, American goods are popular, but they reach that country only by way of England, although the United States is a large consumer of Demerara sugar. If the trade with Guiana can only be increased by changes in our tariff—according to the well-known free-trade theory—the logic of the situation would seem to point to a reduction of the duties on sugar. There will be less difficulty in augmenting our trade with the Argentine Republic, since the Consuls' circular has awakened hearty responses there. Also, certain tricks are now exposed, by which inferior English goods have been palmed off as American, after going through the Argentine custom-house at a low valuation. In connection with this subject, an interesting point is suggested. How does it happen that our commerce with the Argentine Republic has increased so little since the importation of coffee was made free? Have we a coffee "ring" among our American importers of this staple and indispensable article of home consumption?

THE Boston & Albany Co. has put Safford's car coupler on 30 freight cars, for the purpose of giving it a full and careful test in daily use.

THE highest rent paid in London for a private residence is that paid to Sir Richard Sutton for Cambridge House, Picadilly—\$15,000 a year—by the Naval and Military Club. Cambridge House was let by Sir Richard's father, a famous sporting baronet, (who used to declare that his pheasants cost him a pound apiece, such was the immense sum he spent on his Norfolk preserves), to the Queen's queer old uncle, the late Duke of Cambridge, and thence was called Cambridge House. It was while driving out of its courtyard that the last attempt was made to assault Queen Victoria. At the Duke's death it became famous for many years as the residence of Lord and Lady Palmerston in their palmiest days, when every Saturday evening, from February to August, its saloons were thronged with the celebrities of the day. Lord Palmerston paid a rent of \$10,000 a year.

### COMMANDMENTS.

#### Workingmen's Ten Commandments.

[As written down in the Statute-Books of Railroad Officials and idle Monopolists, and Jay Gould Aristocrats.]

First Commandment.—I am thy lord and master, who has brought thee off and out of British bondage into a land where there are free institutions and equal rights given to all—black, red and white men.

Second Commandment.—Thou shalt have no other master besides myself, and do as I bid you do; for I am rich, and give you as much wages as I please.

Third Commandment.—Thou shalt not bow down to any other master, and not belong to trades' unions, or lecture on the principles of the working party, or do anything contrary to my wish or command,

for, if you do, I will call on the military.

Fourth Commandment.—Thou shalt not serve any other master, or work for any more pay than I give; for I am a jealous master. I will have you discharged on the least provocation, and half starve your wife and children, and have you punished as a communist, and not treat you as an American citizen, but as a tramp and a vagabond.

Fifth Commandment.—Thou shalt not call me any other name but sir and master: for I am a rich man and have piles of money, and therefore you are my slave, for I own your body and soul. Six days you must labor and do all I bid, or I will give you another reduction. If you murmur or growl I will make you work also part of the night: for I am all-powerful, and I can use the law to suit myself.

Sixth Commandment.—Thou shalt honor my money-bags, and also my high social standing in society. Then thy days shall be long on earth and in my employment, which I give thee with my usual blessing of long hours and small pay. So says thy master.

Seventh Commandment.—Thou shalt not incite riots with intent to kill. If you do, I will have you arrested and make you give bonds for three thousand dollars and promise of good behavior in the future.

Eighth Commandment.—Thou shalt not strike for any higher wages, so as to be able to make an honest living, and keep your children from begging, and make you eat bread and water three times a day—that's good enough for a greasy and ignorant mechanic, or a dirty, black miner.

Ninth Commandment.—Thou shalt

not steal or commit any other nuisance, for I will find you guilty and have you punished; for I am mighty and my name is Capital, Capital.

Tenth Commandment.—Thou shalt not covet my money, or own a house or lot, for if you do I will have it sold by the sheriff and own it myself, and shall say "hands off;" and I will say to the Government, you must protect me in all my undertakings, for I am mighty, and my name is Capital—O! Capital.

### Fastest on Record.

On the 13th of November one of the most remarkable railway runs on record was made on the Canada Southern Railroad, between St. Thomas and Amhersburg, the occasion being the reception of Rt. Rev. Bishop Borges (Catholic), on his return from Rome. Engine No. 20 was hitched to a train of two coaches—one being a parlor car and a baggage car. It was given out that this train was to make the distance to be run—111 miles—inside of a mile a minute. The train started from St. Thomas at 5:27 P. M., and made the first mile in 60 seconds, the second in 58 seconds, the third in 57 seconds, and the first six miles were made in five minutes. The 57 miles, between St. Thomas and Charing Cross, were made in 56½ minutes. A halt of four minutes was made at the latter place for water, and the train renewed its wonderful rate of speed. Finally Amhersburg was reached, the 111 miles being accomplished in 109 minutes. This is the fastest time ever made in America, and beats the remarkable run of Vanderbilt's fastest train by some three minutes. After the arrival at Amhersburg the engineer, Macomber, was highly complimented on his achievement, and a purse of \$20 was presented to him.

THE National Tube Works, the manufacturers of Mack's Patent Injector, has gained another victory. Their Injector has been adopted by the New York Central Railroad, as the best in use. It is also stated that these Works make a special locomotive tube of homogeneous iron and extra gauge, which will wear twice as long and stand double the pressure of common tubes.

Now that the elections are over, let us hope that Congress will devote itself earnestly and directly to the business of the country. Political capital is not now worth the seeking. Several months must elapse before the initial steps will be taken toward next year's canvass, and in that interval Congress will be as free from partisan pressure as it is at any time possible for it to be. In that time there should be some very important legislation completed that will inure to the good of the country and protect the interests of the working classes. If we refer to the past we can only say that both parties have spent their force on partisan legislation, or investigations that were intended to subserve partisan ends. This was inspired by the desire to control the Presidential election last year. Now that excuse is put aside, and merely political investigations can not be excused further. Hence the demand is very decided and forceful that attention shall be given to legitimate legislation. The demand is less politics and more substantial legislation in Congress.

THERE has been a total of 1,687 miles of new railroads completed in the United States in 1887, against 1,931 miles in 1876.

**Gen. Ewing's Speech in the House  
on the Repeal of the Re-  
sumption Act.**

The discussion of the repeal of the Resumption act came before the House of Representatives on the 22d of November. Gen. Ewing made a lengthy speech in favor of the repeal of the act, touching some very interesting facts relative to the working classes. He mentioned a statement made to him recently by the President of the Dayton & Southeastern Railroad Company in Ohio, to the effect that hundreds of men had been offering to work on that road for bread and meat. Nothing, said he, for clothes, nothing to lay up in store for the winter, merely enough to keep the poor human body, that was doing the labor able to exercise the necessary force. Said he:

"Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap."

The law, he continued, was not going to stop with that fall of values. Whoever hugged the hope that the bottom had been touched, had only to look at the facts to know that lower and lower ground had to be reached. A farther fall of values had to be witnessed. There had also to be witnessed an increase of poverty and suffering, and the practical confiscation of property and the repudiation of a large part of the public debts of the country. He appealed to the money men whether they would persist in their scheme of infatuation. Had they not heard enough to warn them that they had better stop. What meaning had the labor riots, that almost civil war of six months ago. The meaning of them was that labor had been trampled upon as much as it would stand. Go to any of our cities and see the hundreds and thousands and

tens of thousands of pale, worn, ragged, hungry people. I have seen them clubbed out of the parks of New York City at night—men who went there hoping to lie down on the grass and get a little fresh air and a cool resting place. The thing has been pushed just as far as it will bear. What are we to gain by inflicting such losses on our industry and labor? What is the great advantage to be accomplished? It costs this country in the loss of productive industries, in the urgent transfer of wealth from the debtor to the creditor, in the urgent increase of taxation, and in the loss of labor to wages. The people lost more than all the wastes of rebellion combined, and what are we to gain by adding to the enormous sacrifices of the rebellion, a self-inflicted sacrifice even more stupendous. Why are we to get back to the banking system which existed before the war, modified a little, a little better in one respect than the old State bank system, but a system the very genius of which will be a panic—a system which in the very nature of things can not be stable.

He spoke of the law for the payment of the bonds in gold, as an act of repudiation of \$200,000,000 of contracts, whose value rested on it, and he declared that the repeal of the law, and the putting back of those contracts to what was the understanding of the parties at the time they were made, was an act demanded by every consideration of individual interest and of national honor. If the repeal of that law were repudiation, the hapless sufferers would not be the people at large, but the men probably who had instigated the passage of the law. He quoted Edmund Burke to the ef-

fect that it is to the property of the citizen, and not to the demands of the creditor of the State, that the original faith of the nation is given, and that the claim of the citizen is prior in time, paramount in title, and superior in equity.

No greater question than this was ever presented to an American Congress for its action. It touches the happiness, the prosperity, the future of three-fourths of the men, women and children in this land. Thousands of men have been driven by the resumption law to insanity or suicide. Hundreds of thousands have been cast down from a competency to poverty. Millions have been deprived of employment for their labor, on which rest the dependency of their families. It is now too late to right that wrong, but we may avert any greater wrong from them, and millions more by prompt action on the part of Congress and the President. I do not appeal to that money power which seeks its fortune over the wrecked happiness and the accumulation of its fellow men, a power to which our unhappy civil war gave birth, which has grown so enormous through unjust financial legislation, which now bestrides our narrow world like a colossus, which subsidizes the press, which captures statesmen and parties and make them its subservient tools, which hounds down and vilifies every man who dares to raise his voice against it. That power, in the flush and arrogance of its enormous and ill-gotten gains, has a heart of stone, not to be touched by human sympathy and compassion. I appeal to the masses, to their faithful representatives. I thank God, that of both political parties on this floor, the true aim of

the Government is the greatest good to the greatest number, and whoever by legislation or otherwise changes the value of a contract, is as accursed as he who removes his neighbor's landmarks. For twelve years past the financial legislation of this country has been dictated, one would think, in Lombard street or in Wall street, and the people have been plundered by every fresh enactment. They have suffered the fate of Giant Gulliver, who was tied down by the Lilliputians. Thank God, they are now about to rise to burst the bands which their petty foes have fostered upon them while sleeping, and to walk abroad again in their own majesty.



### Train Men.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, writing from Blue Canyon, Cal., gives the following interesting study of the life, habits and character of train men:

"A variety of influences combine to make the men who run over our railroads a peculiar people. They have almost all been poor boys, with no one to help them to an education or employment. Forced by necessity, at an early age, into occupations which endanger their safety and test their courage, they become so thoroughly identified with their professions that they are awkward and ill at ease in other pursuits. The very experience which renders them invaluable in their work unfits them for other business, and thus places a means of oppression in the hands of unjust masters.

"Living away from home, free from authority, the young brakeman or fireman early becomes sharp and self-reliant, sometimes unfortunately falling into bad habits which impede

his progress or lose him his place.

"The frequent experience of seeing his companions cut down without a moment's warning is a large factor in the moulding of his character. The knowledge that his own life is in constant danger indicates bravery of a high order in him, who day after day through patient years, drives his mighty engine through the darkness of the midnight storm, over bridges that tremble under the giant's tread, around curves and along mountain sides where an animal on the track or a flaw in wheel or rail would send all to swift destruction. The duties of all branches severely tax the powers of endurance. The excitement of motion and the instinctive sympathy felt with the laboring machine is weakening. The key note of the whole system of this education is individuality. From the first day of service until old age superannuates him, or his life is sacrificed in the effort to save those entrusted to his care, each man on the roll is made to feel that upon his efforts depends the success of the entire line. He knows that by the stern law of discipline, an instant's inattention, a moment's forgetfulness, or a wrong calculation, may bring him into disgrace and send him among strangers an applicant for employment, whereby to earn a living for himself and loved ones. It is in a small way a case of the survival of the fittest. He who is neglectful or loses his presence of mind, who is lazy or dull, or who fears the danger, drops out and his place is filled by another. No favorites or sinecures are possible, and no man can prosper on another's merits. Pride in his reputation stimulates both mind and muscle until the grief occasioned by any accident for

which our subject is to blame is incredible to the outside world. Men feel reconciled to the loss when a comrade is one of his own victims, believing that he would share the sentiment if he were conscious.

"Men in nearly every occupation regard their particular trade as the less interesting and most disgraceful of all the list, and warrr their boys to learn any but their father's business, but with our hero of the rail the reverse seems to be the case. The conductor feels the weight of the whole system upon his shoulders. He monopolizes public attention to the chagrin of the engineer, who regards the moving power and the intelligence which controls it as first in importance, while his fireman recognizes the fact that without fuel properly applied, the whole affair would stagnate, and plainly sees that he is the fly upon the wheel that is raising all the dust; but the brakeman, 'the polisher of wheels,' who 'winds up the company's business,' as he sits perched aloft, is fully conscious that the whole mighty mass would rush to certain ruin but for his watchfulness. He looks with scorn upon that tremendous man, the caboose brakeman, whose soul swells with importance as he regulates the speed on the down-grades, while they all regard the way-bill clerk (he of the white shirt front and waxed mustache), as a fifth wheel and non-combatant, though the man who makes the figures, and thus secures the company's revenues, is no mean personage in the eyes of the last named gentleman.

"The train dispatcher is an autocrat. He says to this one go and he goeth, to another come and he cometh. The whole map of flying trains and scampering engines is en-

graved on his brain, and he moves them like men upon a checker-board. Throughout the darkness, amidst the whistling storm, far and near, his winged thoughts fly, keeping the tangled monsters threading in and out with the precision and dispatch of automatons. While many men in railroad positions practice the motto, 'Too much familiarity doth breed contempt,' and by their treatment of strangers have gained a reputation for short answers and rude deportment, yet I have found the maxim, 'Lack of manners shows a lack of sense,' true of them as the rest of us. I have seen charming instances of kind heartedness among them, and if approached at the proper time and in the right spirit, I do not believe their manners would suffer by comparison with any class.

"In their domestic relations the most chivalric gallantry is customary. The endearments of home and the society of wife and little ones is doubly sweet when their hours, spent with their alternates, with the dreary time spent upon the road—the frugal meal flavored with cheerful voices and smiling faces, contrasts pleasantly with those shared with a crowd in a cheap boarding house at the other end of the road. There is almost always some sign which betrays his loved one's listening ears—a peculiar blast of the whistle, a swinging of a lamp, or an opening of the furnace door for an instant, and the waiting form vanishes from the window to stir up the fire, warm the slippers, and have everything smiling a welcome. The evening is spent in gay conversation, anecdotes of the trip, or confidential opinions of this or that comrade. Our railroad man is quite a talker when the wheels are quiet.

Freed for the moment from anxiety, his spirits flow, and he 'railroads' at the table as heartily as can be. His engine is discussed, the train talked over, the minutest events of the trip are related with great zest, and he eats as heartily as he talks.

"It is delightful to see so valuable a class growing in intelligence and character, as it certainly is most perceptibly, and we hope in these good days, and in this good land, where a man is considered of more importance than the dirt or kid gloves which cover his hands, he may expect the recognition and reward his eminent services entitle him to."



[Extract from a speech by S. Myers of Chicago]  
**Our Adversaries.**

There is a power which rules the world from which as yet no commercial people have as yet been freed. That power is wielded by the great syndicate composed of a few great money kings. All administrations in representative governments, and all real managers of political parties are their instruments; monarchs are their servants; indeed, all these are but "cat's-paws" through which this power operates. It is a power more dangerous than the Commune, because more insidious. It carries on its nefarious operations by agiotage, financial corners, and corrupt legislation, which saps the foundation of commerce and industry, and is a standing menace against society itself. This power dictates to all countries and people what their debts shall be paid in, and it makes them payable in certain metals which the money kings alone control, and which they can withhold, or supply abundantly, as it suits their own interest. It was



this power that dictated the establishment of the English system in this country. It is this power that is coercing us through contraction and bankruptcy to again resume that system. It was this power that ordered silver to be demonetized in England, Germany and the United States, and its orders have been obeyed. This power condemned the greenback to cremation—it is again obeyed. We may dream about financial freedom, but we will never enjoy it until we learn who are our masters, and free ourselves from their strangling grasp. Under this modern gold redemption system the commercial and industrial world has been at the mercy of a centralized, foreign oligarchy, more powerful and more skillful in effecting its ends than Cæsar or Napoleon. It holds in its gloved but metallic hand, the power to make or mar at will the prosperity of every nation and every individual; it compels all who trade to be forever promising to deliver gold which that power alone commands and controls, and to rely in all transactions on like promises; promises the fulfillment of which is a physical impossibility, and has been so proved by the frequent recurrence of suspensions and disasters through many generations, and in all countries where the so-called "specie redemption" system has prevailed; which might with more propriety be called the "specie suspension" system.

ENOUGH has been prated about the dignity of labor. Is it not time to think of wise enjoyment of labor.

THE MAGAZINE now costs but \$1 per year. Cheapest book published. Send your subscription to W. N. Sayre, Indianapolis, Ind.

EVERY reduction of wages is a blow against the welfare of society, for by decreasing the purchasing power of so many men, the volume of business done is also lessened.

Does an increase of workingmen's wages injure society? Absurd! The working people, who are the great majority, will then have more to spend, and, therefore, business will be better all around.

MAGAZINE AGENTS should be energetic in getting subscribers, as it is to their interests that we should raise as large a sum from the printing of the book as possible. Remember that profits from it go into the Benevolent Fund for sick and disabled Brothers. The price of subscription is only \$1, which is so low that all can afford to take it.

It is with feelings of regret that we record the death of the father of W. T. Goundie, our Worthy Vice Grand Master, who died November 23, on his seventy-second birthday. His sufferings were few if any, and his last sleep wafted his soul to his Maker almost without the knowledge of his many friends.

DO RAILWAY officials think a brakeman earns \$35 per month with the thermometer at zero? Certainly our good officials will now—as freight and passenger rates have raised—advance the pay of the firemen and brakemen a little. If we remember right they promised a raise when business improved.

RESOLUTIONS from Lodge No. 61 pertaining to the death of Brother John Fleming, reached us too late for publication in the present number. Will appear in No. 2.

## Correspondence.

### A Letter From No. 47.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 7, 1877.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

At the Convention held at Indianapolis, I was requested by several not to let the "driving wheels stop going around." I do not suppose I can keep them going in a poetical way, but, as I promised to write something for the MAGAZINE, I will write it in prose, and at some future time will endeavor to turn out some poetry.

In the first place, I would like to say a few words to the credit of a few members of No. 16, whom I met at Terre Haute, Ind., after leaving Indianapolis. I don't know as I have ever met with more brotherly attention and treatment than I received from Brothers Brennan, Debbs and one other, whose name, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten. I shall always remember them, and my visit there, with feelings of pleasure, and hope some day to be able to repay the kindness shown to me.

Brother Crane, from No. 14, paid us a visit, and has left to try the southwest for a position, and has our best wishes for his success.

Brother Walsh, of No. 46, has been here on a sad visit. He was summoned to visit a dying sister, and remained here until after her death. We deeply sympathize with Brother Walsh in this bereavement.

The members of "47" are well pleased with the present plan of insurance, and I hope it will be a success.

Now, Brothers, I will close by asking a little question: If you have an engine whose valves are

oiled from the cab, why is it necessary to drop the lever down before oiling instead of leaving it where it was before shutting off? If the cups are opened before dropping the lever down it is impossible to get oil in.

Faternally,

R. V. DODGE.

### Wholesome Advice.

LOUISVILLE, KY., October 20, 1877.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Stand in the sunshine at the Lodge meetings. Lift up your heart and hold it close to those obligations which you have promised as a brother fireman, and make it a noble instrument for good; lift it up and let it be the pulse of thy Brother, infusing life into his very being; lift it up and let it be a sort of governor to the living, moving, fiery (it may be) engines between you, preventing explosions by the passions, danger from too high pressure, equalizing and tranquilizing the emotional nature of ours. Stand in the sunshine in the sick-room, at the bedside of thy Brother; he may be irrational and fidgety, he may be conjuring up danger and trouble without a cause, he may be foolish and fanciful beyond reason; no matter, he needs the sunshine of love and affection, he needs kind and soothing words, he needs sympathy and a Brother's watchful care; oh, how much he needs your generous attention and your most cheerful countenance. Bring no funeral train to the sick; give him God's pure air, the sunshine and flowers. Stand in the sunshine when in the presence of the widow and orphans; the light of life, perhaps, has temporarily gone out to her, and the shades of misfortune obscure her vision; you, by our Order laws, are

constituted to dispel her gloom and bring back the sunshine to her heart. A royal commission surely, but as a fireman you must fulfill it, and great is your reward. \* \* \*

### A Word to the Brotherhood.

SCRANTON, PA., November 5, 1877.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

The term brotherhood signifies a large field of operation, and when we take into consideration the vast amount of good it has done and the evil it has averted, it should cause all corporations, and, in fact, the whole world, to rise up and call it blessed. It gives to our employers a better set of men—men who go out on their engines with clear heads and steady nerves, for our institution makes war on all kinds of alcoholic drinks; and why should not our employers encourage the good work which will be a blessing in future years? We have the assurance of one of the greatest railroad magnates in the world—President Sloan—that he cares not how many Brotherhoods we have, but he says “Be careful that you do not abuse them, nor get the community down on them;” and I find in my own experience that if men will live up to the teachings of the institution that they will be better men in every sense of the word. Perhaps some may say, look at the evils it has already done. Now, I pray, don’t for a moment think that there has been a Brotherhood strike. It has been, in all cases, a strike of firemen and brakemen, as our institution will not sanction any such proceedings, but, on the other hand, will use ever honorably means to effect a reconciliation between the employers and employees; for the scriptures commands us to assemble together, and the true

spirit of America is to lay up something for our families as every one knows that our work is fraught with hardship and danger, and not one knows as they kiss their dear ones at home before going out, whether they will ever see them again in life; perhaps the last kiss or the clasp of the hand will ever remain a talisman to that bright spot on earth—home, with all the fullness of joy forever more.

And now, Brothers, remember that on you alone depend the future of your families’ conditions in life, and if you should be cut off in the prime of life, and knowing as you do that very few, if any, can save enough to keep their families from want even for a short period, and also remember that as long as you are square on the Lodge book if you are taken suddenly away you are insured for more than you could leave your families by years of toil. Think well of this, and then decide that your future weal or woe lies within your own grasp, that you have only to stretch forth your hand to make life pleasant in the future, or withdraw it and all will be blank, so far as insurance is concerned. Remember it costs you nothing to gain a competency for your families. Consider well and wisely, and then decide for the right. With these remarks for your consideration, I will close. Yours, etc.,

J. B. S.

### “I Always go Down Stairs that Way.”

CHICAGO, ILL., November 7, 1877.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

On the 6th of November, as the Cincinnati express on the Illinois Central Railroad was within twenty-five miles of Chicago, running at the

rate of forty-five miles an hour, the bell was rung to stop, which was done as soon as possible. The conductor came and told the engineer that a man had jumped off about half a mile back. The train was backed up with the expectation of finding a dead man. When reached he was found at the foot of a small embankment, about forty feet from where he jumped. The engineer went down touched him, and asked him if he was hurt. He grunted out, "Go away from me; let me alone." It was found that he was under the influence of liquor, and that his shoulder was dislocated and he had a few bruises on his head, otherwise he was uninjured, and at last accounts was doing well. His reply reminded me of the story of the drunken man who fell down the stairs at the entrance of the Wells Street Depot of the C. & N. W. R. R. A crowd gathered around him to see if he was injured; observing the crowd, he raised himself on his elbow, and waving his hand majestically, indignantly exclaimed: "Go 'way, go 'way! I always come down stairs that way!" I suppose that was the way the man who jumped off the train always gets off.

Yours, G.

**From Bowling Green, Ky.**

BOWLING GREEN, KY., November 20, 1877.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

On the morning of November 14th engine No. 111 was ditched at Cumberland City, Tenn., by the switch being thrown. The engineer was killed, and the fireman badly hurt, a car load of lumber falling over him. After they got the engine up, the ladies of Cumberland draped her in mourning, and on the reverse

lever they attached a white bouquet and streamers with the following lines:

"The ladies of Cumberland City,  
With heartfelt sympathy and pity,  
Shed many a silent tear  
For the wife and children dear."

Fraternally yours,

\* \* \*

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

### THE FAVORITES.

Of all lovely flowers that ever were seen  
In cottage, in palace, or bower,  
The red or white rose, which looks like a  
queen,  
Was ever my favorite flower.

—C. E. A.

The lily, so haughty, yet lovely and fair,  
With green stalks so graceful and tall—  
The flower which our Savior did mention—  
Is, I think, the queen of them all.

—W. T. G.

The flower which I think is most lovely and  
sweet,  
Have pink cups so satiny fine,  
I prefer it to all I have yet chanced to meet—  
The pink is that favorite of mine.

—C. W. B.

You may talk of the rose, the lily and pink,  
Of their colors, their textures like lace,  
But the loveliest of all lovely flowers, I think,  
Is the violet—perfection of grace.

—E. C. C.

Well, I have no favorite—all flowers are  
To Trainor just equally dear,  
For our Savior made all near or far—  
Each one to the others is queer.

—J. S. T.

—ENTERPRISE LODGE, No. 75.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

A luckless wight, from dungeon grate  
Peered forth. His glance all hope had fled.  
He sighed and cursed his wretched fate.  
Said he, "I stole a loaf of bread."

A wealthy man went riding by,  
With coachman, footman and postillion—  
A merry twinkle in his eye,  
"Aha," quoth he, "I stole a million."

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S  
*Monthly Magazine.*

DAYTON, O., DECEMBER, 1877.

**Important to Subscribers.**

All money for subscriptions to the *MAGAZINE* must be forwarded by Post-office Order to W. N. Sayre, Indianapolis, Ind. Otherwise we will not be responsible for any losses.

**Grand Lodge Notices.**

As per instructions, I have given the work of printing the present volume of the *MAGAZINE* to I. J. Bennett, he being the lowest bidder. The work will be issued from the printing house on the 26th day of each month. *MAGAZINE* agents will notify me of their *addresses in full*, which will be sufficient notice to guarantee safe shipment of works. Mistakes are more often caused by agents failing to ask postmasters for *ackage of Magazines*, than from any fault of publisher.

W. N. SAYRE.

By order of the Grand Convention held September 17, 1877. We, your committee, visited the Convention of Engineers at Boston, and stated your requirements, giving proofs of the statements. An answer has just been given, bearing date of November 9, which reads: "That as there is two Orders of firemen in existence, we, as engineers, can not enter into any alliance with either."

[Signed:] Committee.

Grand Lodge Deputies will inquire if there are any Lodges of the International Union of Locomotive Firemen in their jurisdiction. If so, write them a letter offering them

charter and works *free of charge*, if they desire to become of us send to this office their answer.

The following order issued September 15th, (second day's proceedings), reads as follows:

"That the Grand Officers, Grand Grievance Committee and Recording Secretary, in the last week of each month notify the Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the general condition of the Lodge, road employed on, business of same, and all points of interest."

You will comply with this order, as it is of the highest importance.

STAR LODGE, No. 58, gives a grand ball Friday evening, December 14, 1877. We are satisfied it will be a success as heretofore. We certainly wish you much happiness.

LODGES will carefully examine all traveling cards, seals, signatures, etc., at present.

BROTHER OLMSTED, of No. 54, writes of his Lodge as prospering in every branch, and, as he says, is made up of good material. We do not doubt it under such trials as No. 54 has been subjected too, and she now exclaims "Excelsior."

BROTHERS HENRY and Nichols are workers, and we thank them heartily for their support.

TOPEKA LODGE, No. 56, is alive to their interests and that of their Brothers. In fact between originals, good officers, marriages, banners and promotions, they go ahead of all.

BROTHERS FRANK SMITH, Jos. Zalurs and Fred Crane are all at work on the B. & M. Railroad, and doing well.

**Notice to all Locomotive Firemen.**

Look sharp for one T. H. Wagensler, he has decamped from Marshall, Texas, taking with him *one hundred dollars* of the *Widows' Fund*, belonging to the locomotive firemen at that point. Hunt him. He was last heard from in Little Rock, Ark. Keep us posted.

**To Financial Secretaries.**

You will give certificate to the Brother which he keeps for reference in case of death. All members whose names appear on the roll-book of R. S. pay the twenty-five cents at the death of a member. A member must be in good standing to draw the fund. You will find it don't pay a member to be in arrears for dues.

BROTHERS TREXARY and Watson are on the L. N. & Gt. S. Railroad, at Bowling Green, Ky.

WE have just had laid on our table *The Iron Trail*, an advertising medium of the A. T. & S. F. Railroad. We find on perusing the same that the company have merely given the facts as regards their line and the beautiful country it runs through.

WE are in receipt of the works of General M. Butt Hewson, C. E., formerly Adjutant General of the State of Mississippi, Chief Engineer of the M. C. Railroad, and of other public works in the United States, and will by permission publish portions of the work from time to time.

BROTHER J. R. GOHEEN, of No. 56, will accept our thanks for copies of the *Kansas City Times*, and we assure you his ideas are in accordance with ours.

**Vice Grand Master Goundie's Address.**

The following excellent address was recently issued by Vice Grand Master Goundie to members of the fraternity:

*"To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:*

*"Like an hour-glass is man. As the sands run, so wastes life. To-day we put forth the tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms, and the next day comes a frost, which nips the bud, and when least expected, launches us into eternity.*

*"Thus with one, if not two of our members, and, as the funeral chimes are still ringing in our ears, we say, 'To the rescue,' and let us immediately do the work which is necessary, and due the widow and fatherless children of our much beloved and lamented brethren.*

✓ *"At our last Convention held at Indianapolis, it was deemed necessary and expedient for the furtherance of our Order, to adopt an Insurance system, which would come within the reach, and embrace each member, thereby becoming popular, and, at the same time, cover all the deficiencies heretofore encountered. This we have endeavored to do, and I, as your Vice Grand Master, am glad and proud to say, that it has received the cordial endorsement of prominent men, and is to-day considered one of the best systems in existence.*

*"By a very small amount of reason, you will at once see that no corporation or company, ever will, or can offer you inducements similar to the one we are so earnestly and persistently trying to lay before you. The small sum of fifty cents per month, if paid promptly, will, at the*

present membership, upon your death, pay your heirs, at least six hundred and fifty dollars. You may say this sum is not sufficient. Pay your dues promptly, that the public may see that you mean business, and your membership will soon make it sufficient; and what do you pay to receive this sum—nothing, actually nothing, only to keep square on the books, and in good repute. As the members of our profession are generally young, you may imagine your lease on life is long. But brethren, remember, life is very uncertain, especially in our business.

“A dwelling may burn, or a ship go to the bottom without insurance, and the owner’s family not suffer, his life being their mint; but if he dies uninsured, they may find themselves beggars. The method which is offered to you, by which life may be insured against loss by the uncertain but inevitable destroyer, is truly one of the most important of social functions; and every way deserving of the profoundest attention of every Brother, none the less so, because it received its birth among a few delegates representing an Order.

“Its existence demonstrates its necessity, and its defects only call for care and correction. A mere glance at the great amount of good which is bound to follow must certainly show all of you that the subject has great magnitude, and a little practical attention to the details will convince any one who thinks, that he is in the presence of an Institution destined to effect great good for a course of years and ages. Now the question arises, do you wish to retain your distinction as an Order? Do you wish to substantiate the work of your delegates at Indianapolis? If so, do your duty at once.

“We all know of what paramount importance it is to us as an established organization, to immediately place at the disposal of our deceased Brother’s widow, the amount honorably and rightfully due her. It is well known, especially here in the East, that jealous eyes are watching our every move, and already the mischief-maker is ready and eager to give tongue to any report that might injure us.

“Wake up, Brothers! throw off this lethargy and be men. Let the world know that we are brothers, and never let a brother’s widow cast upon us the slurs and reproaches that would burn as heated iron, branding us with the brand of infamy and fraud, which we could in no way resent.

“Do not allow it to be said, that through your fault and neglect, fatherless children are running barefooted, scant of clothing and almost starved, seeking shelter and protection from some charitable institution. What would be the result? Would your Order thrive and live? Would success follow? Would your membership increase at the same ratio in which it has done? Enough. Let each Brother answer for himself. Let this most vital and all important subject be uppermost in your mind, and remember, upon it depends the future and life of your Order. Act promptly in accordance with your constitution and by-laws, and success must follow. Neglect and prevaricate, and a lingering dissolution is bound to be the result. Take your choice.

“I am always glad to hear from any Lodge or any individual member, who desires to communicate with me, and rest assured any letters received shall receive immediate

attention. Hoping you may, one and all, for your own benefit and success, take immediate action upon this, our first and most important subject, I am

"Yours in B. S. and I.,

"W. T. GOUNDIE, V. G. M.

**In Memoriam---T. S. Wildman.**

At a special meeting of Capitol Lodge, No. 46, B. of L. F., held November 18th, 1877, the following resolutions were adopted:

*Resolved*, That the thanks of Capitol Lodge, No. 46, are hereby tendered to Central Lodge, No. 22, B. of L. F., for the use of their regalia on the occasion of the funeral of our lamented Brother, T. S. Wildman.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Lodge are tendered to Brother J. C. Barnard, of No. 22, for acting as our Marshal on the above occasion.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Lodge are due Brother Heller, of No. 22, for services rendered on the above occasion.

*Resolved*, That we extend to Brothers McGarrahan and Dunn, of East St. Louis, No. 13, thanks for their presence with us.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Lodge are due the ladies, Misses Sallie Nicholas, Ella Bushel and Mary Brady, for the neat and appropriate way in which they draped our charter on the above occasion.

J. WALSH,

G. W. PARTINGTON,

W. R. WHITCOMB,

Committee.

Brother Thos. S. Wildman, of Capitol Lodge, No. 46, B. of L. F., was well known and universally respected by all, and it is with deep regret that we are called upon to record the death of so useful a member of our Order.

At a special meeting of Capitol Lodge, No. 46, B. of L. F., held November 18th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge are called upon for the first time to drape their Lodge room in mourning, it having been the will of Divine Providence to call from our midst our beloved Brother, Thos. S. Wildman, who died after a short illness, of lung fever; and,

WHEREAS, That while we mourn the loss of so true a brother and valuable friend to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, we will not forget that we, too, are mortal, and may it be an additional warning to us, so accustomed to accidents, not to forget danger; to be ready, for "in the moment we think not the Son of Man cometh."

*Resolved*, That by the death of Brother Wildman the Brotherhood has lost a true and valuable member, his associates a warm friend and gentle companion, and the bereaved father and mother an affectionate son.

*Resolved*, That we condole with the relations and friends of the deceased, and especially to the father and mother we would extend our heartfelt sympathy on this mournful occasion, assuring them that he was honored and esteemed by his fellow firemen.

*Resolved*, That as a token of respect for our deceased Brother, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his father, and also be printed in the Springfield papers and the BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

JOHN WALSH,

J. C. BARNARD,

W. R. WHITCOMB,

GEO. PARTINGTON,

Committee.



## Grand Lodge Officers.

F. B. ALLEY.....	Grand Master,
28d Wenzel street, Louisville, Ky.	
W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Vice Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
JOHN SAVAGE.....	Grand Warden,
Boston, Mass.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
C. W. SWAN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
WM. COWLES.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Camden, N. J.	
E. V. DEES.....	Grand Marshal,
Terre Haute, Ind.	
MARION BARNHILL.....	Grand Chaplain,
Indianapolis, Ind.	

## Grievance Committee.

F. B. ALLEY, Chairman.....	Louisville, Ky.
W. T. GOUNDIE, Assistant Ch.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. N. SAYRE, Secretary.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
W. W. SMITH.....	Belleville, Ont.
O. W. CUTLER.....	Providence, R. I.
J. B. SWARTZ.....	Scranton, Pa.
A. JENKINSON.....	Galion, O.
D. O. SHANK.....	Albany, N. Y.
F. SNYDER.....	Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. W. PHILLIPSON.....	Marshall, Texas
S. F. BROWNE.....	Austin, Minn.
JOHN MIZE.....	Denver, Col.
JAMES MCNEAL.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. ACHEY.....	Nashville, Tenn.
GEO. MCGARRAHAN.....	East St. Louis, Ill.

## Grand Lodge Deputies.

F. CLARK.....	Jurisdiction No. 1,
Detroit, Mich.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Jurisdiction No. 2,
Lowell, Mass.	
J. E. DUNAYON.....	Jurisdiction No. 3,
Hornellsville, N. Y.	
J. C. BARNARD.....	Jurisdiction No. 4,
Urbana, Ill.	
R. V. DODGE.....	Jurisdiction No. 5,
Chicago, Ill.	
J. R. GOHEEN.....	Jurisdiction No. 6,
Topeka, Kansas.	
WM. COYNE.....	Jurisdiction No. 7,
Little Rock, Arkansas.	

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jervis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.	
F. B. Fisher.....	Master:
Ed. Salley.....	Rec. Sec'y
L. D. Miller.....	Magazine Agent
2. ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.	
C. Hobart.....	Master
L. W. Graves.....	Rec. Sec'y
	Magazine Agent

3. JERSEY CITY, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets at Wagner's Hall, 490 Grove street, every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.	
S. S. Clark (care 14 Erie street).....	Master
Henry Jackson (care 14 Erie st.).....	Rec. Sec'y
	Magazine Agent
4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.	
W. H. Maxwell.....	Master
J. F. Hoffman.....	Rec. Sec'y
L. F. Williamson.....	Magazine Agent
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 p. m.	
A. Jenkinson.....	Master
C. Bennett.....	Rec. Sec'y
Chas. Bennett.....	Magazine Agent
6. DAYTON, at Dayton, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Sixth and Ludlow streets, first Sunday of each month.	
Frank States (19 Zeigler street).....	Master
J. C. McCutcheon.....	Rec. Sec'y
Chris. Sweetman.....	Magazine Agent
7. SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa. Meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.	
W. H. Whitmore.....	Master
Thos. Roach (Lockbox 37).....	Rec. Sec'y
	Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.	
T. F. Donovan.....	Master
Frank Schooley.....	Rec. Sec'y
Frank Schooley.....	Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 2d Tuesday nights of each month.	
F. J. Kistler (Fulcon Block).....	Master
J. Q. Glenn, 78 Spruce st.....	Rec. Sec'y
J. Q. Glenn, 78 Spruce st.....	Magazine Agent
10. CLEVELAND, at Cleveland, Ohio.	
D. T. Hendersen.....	Master
A. C. Burke.....	Rec. Sec'y
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.	
J. S. Gorgas.....	Master
L. D. Salisbury.....	Rec. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....	Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30; hall, 253 Michigan st.	
A. L. Jacobs.....	Master
J. C. Bradley, 547 S. Division st.....	Rec. Sec'y
	Magazine Agent
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m in Brick Bank hall.	
GEO. MCGARRAHAN.....	Master
J. M. Johnston.....	Rec. Sec'y
Jas. H. Hunt.....	Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 p. m., in Aetna Building, Pennsylvania street.	
Fred Crane.....	Master
C. P. Bond (456 E. Michigan st.).....	Rec. Sec'y
C. Duckwiler.....	Magazine Agent
(E. Market st.)	
15. PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays; hall, Chateau avenue, near Summit Avenue.	
J. J. Smith.....	Master
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....	Rec. Sec'y
J. F. Clough.....	Magazine Agent

16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Wm. Brennan.....Master  
✓ E. V. Debbs (Box 1074).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Romans (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. LEACH, at Mattoon, Ill. Meets every Saturday at 7:30 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
W. J. Nash.....Master  
George Howell.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Morgan.....Magazine Agent
18. FRIENDSHIP, at Fort Wayne, Ind. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.  
J. R. Anderson.....Master  
F. Snyder, 138 Force st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Ferd. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
19. HOPE, at Alliance, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
L. M. Holloway.....Master  
J. Martin (Crestline, Ohio).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. S. McKee, Crestline, O.....Magazine Agent
20. WESTERN STAR, at Galesburg, Ill. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
O. D. Pratt.....Master  
John McGee.....Rec. Sec'y
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
W. Stevenson.....Master  
James Buck.....Rec. Sec'y  
James Buck.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
F. C. Beatty.....Master  
S. M. Harvey.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. Graham.....Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
J. H. Smith (238 Zane street).....Master  
P. Powers (316 Wenzel st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. W. Richardson.....Magazine Agent  
(379 East Jefferson st.)
24. H. G. RUST, at Jackson, Mich.  
S. Smith.....Master  
Wm. E. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y  
Miles Grosvenor.....Magazine Agent
25. PROVIDENCE, at Providence, R. I. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Geo. H. Bragg.....Master  
C. S. Newton.....Rec. Sec'y  
(14 Chestnut st., Hartford, Conn.)  
O. W. Cutler.....Magazine Agent  
(14 Washburn street.)
26. J. W. THOMAS, at Nashville, Tennessee. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at Knights of Honor Hall, West Nashville.  
Geo. D. Smith (317 Church st.).....Master  
Will Achey.....Rec. Sec'y  
(cor. W. Gay and Hines sts.)  
Will Achey.....Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
F. A. Davis.....Master  
A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month.  
W. J. Stuart.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent
29. CHAMPION, at Detroit, Mich.  
J. A. Robertson.....Master  
(315 Congress street, West Detroit.)  
Frank Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Magazine Agent
30. HARMONY, at Susquehanna, Dep.  
James Cass.....Master  
Frank Choate (Box 259).....Rec. Sec'y
31. FORT CLARK, at Peora, Ill.  
A. F. Eaton.....Master  
D. B. Wright.....Rec. Sec'y
32. AMERICUS, at Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Charles Jewell, 82 Center st.....Master  
George H. Scott.....Rec. Sec'y
33. CECIL FLEMING, at Jackson, Tenn.  
J. Jones.....Master  
R. T. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Jones.....Magazine Agent
34. ORCHARD CITY, at Burlington, Iowa.  
Win. James.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
35. WASHINGTON, at Lafayette, N. J. Meets 1st Monday and 2d Saturday evenings at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
Horace Allen.....Master  
A. Zindle.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 Pine st., Jersey City, N. J.)  
J. Conklin.....Magazine Agent  
(183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. TIPPECANOE, at Lafayette, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Sixth and Main sts., Curtis' Block.  
H. C. Ward.....Master  
C. E. Quaco (216 Main street).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. E. Quaco, 216 Main st.....Magazine Agent
37. MOUNTAIN CITY, at Altoona, Pa. Meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.  
John Gardner.....Master  
J. Miles Stonbreaker, Box 343.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. McMurray, Box 343.....Magazine Agent
38. KEY STONE, at Pittsburg, Pa. Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Beaver avenue.  
Gust Sold.....Master  
Thos. Vanvoy.....Rec. Sec'y  
(184 South avenue, Allegheny, Pa.)  
Burt E. Gove.....Magazine Agent  
(134 Jun'at st., Allegheny, Pa.)
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.  
H. M. Baker.....Master  
Wm. Chambers.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Anderson.....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets every Thursday night.  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss (1206 N. Lee st.).....Master  
T. O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss.....Magazine Agent  
(1206 N. Lee st.)
41. FOX RIVER, at Aurora, Ill. Meets every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.  
C. Riddle.....Master  
C. E. Powell.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. L. Cummings.....Magazine Agent
42. MISSOURI VALLEY, at Sedalia, Mo. Meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th Wednesday.  
R. C. Yopst.....Master  
C. Schernowkie.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. D. Palmer.....Magazine Agent

43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
J. Donovan.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Donovan.....Magazine Agent
44. RELIABLE, at Brookfield, Mo. Meets  
2d and 4th Thursdays, in B. of L. E.  
Hall.  
R. Cheney.....Master  
S. Leonard.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. R. Worth (Box 13).....Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets  
every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main  
and Markham streets.  
Wm. Coyne.....Master  
M. W. Campbell (Lock Box 648).....Rec. Sec'y
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets  
every Sunday night at Engineers' Hall.  
John Walsh.....Master  
L. D. Partington (Box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Henry.....Magazine Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets  
every Sunday of each month, at 2:30  
p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
P. D. Furlong.....Master  
W. C. Houdan (644 S. Canal st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Costello.....Magazine Agent  
(957 S. Dearborn st.)
48. AMICITI, at Harrisburg, Pa. Meets every  
Saturday night and Sunday afternoon,  
corner 3d and Broad streets.  
M. G. Stoner.....Master  
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y  
937 Pennsylvania avenue  
Chas. Guyon.....Magazine Agent  
(411 Cumberland st.)
49. SPRINGFIELD, at Springfield, Mass.  
C. O. Mansus.....Master  
J. W. Hurlbert.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. M. Ball.....Magazine Agent
50. NEW YORK CITY, at New York. Meets  
every 2d Sunday and 4th Saturday of  
each month, at 869 Second avenue.  
Peter O'Daniel.....Master  
Henry J. Glover (815 2d avenue).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.).....Magazine Agent
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y.  
A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st.....Master  
Burt Lewis.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Gorman.....Magazine Agent
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Ind. Meets  
every Friday at 8 p. m., corner Market  
and Canal streets.  
Chas. Schrier.....Master  
J. H. Simodeh (Lockbox 626).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. D. Cool.....Magazine Agent
53. FIDELITY, at Sunbury, Pa. Meets every  
Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
John Pittenger.....Master  
D. F. Vollmer (Box 276).....Rec. Sec'y
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every  
Monday night, at 43 Reed street.  
M. Olmsted.....Master  
J. Mannert (Lockbox 580).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. J. Murphy (Lockbox 680).....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis, Tenn. Meets  
every Sunday at 2 p. m. at Engineers'  
Hall, Adams street.  
Wm. Bender, 206 Old Raleigh st.....Master  
O. B. Hanes.....Rec. Sec'y
56. TOPEKA, at Topeka, Kan. Meets at Odd  
Fellows' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each  
month.  
S. McGaffey.....Master  
J. R. Goheen.....Rec. Sec'y  
Charles McIlroy.....Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st and  
3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 a. m.,  
and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., in En-  
gineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
Francis Beadle.....Master  
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Box 336, E. Boston, Mass.)  
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent  
(70 Cambridge st., E. Cambridge, Mass.)
58. STAR, at Hoboken, N. J. Meets 2d Sun-  
days and 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark  
street.  
C. E. Borland.....Master  
O. Gillen (Box 41, Hoboken).....Rec. Sec'y  
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. ASHLEY, at Ashley, Pa.  
J. M. Peck.....Master  
A. E. Detro.....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets Sat-  
urday nights and Sundays, corner York  
and Amber streets.  
G. C. Green (107 Haydock st).....Master  
H. G. Winneman.....Rec. Sec'y  
(4662 North Frankfort st.)  
Robert Deary.....Magazine Agent  
(South Bethlehem, Pa.)
61. MINNEHAHA, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets  
every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 p. m., cor-  
ner 7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall.  
S. J. Murphy.....Master  
Clarence Linke (Box 1534).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Peel (183 Exchange st.).....Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets  
every 1st, 2d and 3d Thursdays of each  
month, in Engineers' Hall.  
O. E. Histed.....Master  
U. T. Bingham.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. W. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, at Danville, Ill. Meets  
every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
J. C. Boysel.....Master  
L. Browld, C. & E. I. shops.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. Rogers.....Magazine Agent
64. LOYAL, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of L.  
E. Hall, every Sunday.  
W. H. Hamilton.....Master  
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 16, Brookville, Kan.)
65. ISLAND CITY, at Brockville, Ontario,  
(Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays,  
King street, over McClean's boot and  
shoe store.  
Wm. T. Simpson.....Master  
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. CHALLENGE, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada).  
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in B. of L. E.  
Hall.  
Patrick Flannery.....Master  
James Cummins.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Smith.....Magazine Agent
67. DOMINION, at Toronto, Can. Meets  
every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in  
Occidental Hall, Queen street.  
Wm. Newlove.....Master  
Wm. Prenter (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y  
George Shields (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. HUDSON, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st  
Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday af-  
ternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.  
John McAuley.....Master  
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y  
(32 Union st., Elizabeth, N. J.)  
R. Hare (245 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent

69. HURON, at Port Huron, Mich. Meets every Sunday, over Postoffice.  
J. Britnall.....Master  
J. S. Beach.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)  
J. S. Beach.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)
70. LONESTAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets every Sunday night in I. O. O. F. Hall.  
A. C. Cayton.....Master  
James McDonough.....Rec. Sec'y  
James McDonough.....Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 540 Broadway.  
D. O. Shank, 85 Cherry street.....Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union street.....Rec. Sec'y  
S. Smith (103 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
Wm. Cows, 411 Hartman st.....Master  
L. Elberston (417 Henry st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave.....Magazine Agent
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Mechanic hall.  
C. E. Bullard.....Master  
T. E. Kelton, 42 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. E. Bullard.....Magazine Agent  
32 Plymouth street.
74. KANSAS CITY, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 7th and 3d Sundays, in Masonic hall, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Master  
John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y  
cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Magazine Agent  
905 Penn street.
75. ENTERPRISE, at West Philadelphia Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 3512 Haveford street.  
C. E. Austian, 3800 Story st.....Master  
W. T. Goundie.....Rec. Sec'y  
3405 Elm st.  
C. E. Austin.....Magazine Agent  
(3800 Story street.)
76. VALLEY CITY LODGE, at East Saginaw, Michigan. Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.  
F. C. Blanchett.....Master  
J. Lennox, Box 860.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Hannon, Box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
✓ I. C. Ames.....Master  
W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. C. Ames.....Magazine Agent
78. BINGHAMTON, at Binghamton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.  
Thomas Milan, Box 725.....Master  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. MIAMI, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays corner 8th and Freeman sts.  
J. F. Coakley.....Master  
G. Harrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Sperry.....Magazine Agent  
432 George st.
80. PALESTINE, Texas. Organizing.

# THE BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

Vol. 2.

JANUARY, 1878.

No. 2.

## THE GOLD COIN ROBBERS "DIE GAME."



THE following are the particulars of the killing of Collins and his confederate, Potts, *alias* Boss, *alias* Reed, and the recovery of about \$16,000 in gold coin; Collins was the chief of the gang of six, who stopped and robbed the Union Pacific Ex-

press, the night of Sept. 18th, 1877, making a haul of \$64,000 in gold coin, and in the neighborhood of \$4,000 in currency; also some valuable gold watches and jewelry taken from the persons of the passengers. The morning of September 26th, at 8:30 A. M., two men came into Buffalo Station, Kan., riding jaded horses, and leading a heavily packed horse; representing themselves as Texas cattle men, *en route* to Texas.

They asked where to find Mr. Thompson's store. I directed them, and one of the party, handing his bridle rein to his companion, went down into the cellar, where the supplies were kept. Something in the men's actions aroused my suspicions,

so I went into the store to have a good look at them, having been notified of the robbery and given a description of robbers and horses by the officials of the Union Pacific, and stating that the leader of the party was a cattle man named Joel Collins. The man, in paying for the provisions he purchased, exposed an envelope, I instantly scanned it, and was startled to read "Joel Collins." Not to jump at conclusions, I asked him if his name was Joel Collins. He eyed me sharply for a moment and replied, "Yes, sir, that's my name." I made no further remark but left the store and looked at the horses,

Here my suspicion became confirmed by perceiving that the description of horses answered in every particular to the ones ridden by the robbers. Sheriff Bardsley and Lieutenant Allen, of Hays City, Kan., with a detachment of ten soldiers, were in camp at this point, on the lookout for the robbers, expecting they would cross here on or near the cattle trail. I immediately notified the sheriff of my suspicions. The robbers were moving south at the time. He saddled his horse, rode out and held them in conversation

for a few minutes, talking on topics having no bearing upon the robbery, and left them, they entertaining no suspicions of his object. He returned and got out the soldiers, saying he would bring them back.

They only had to gallop a few hundred yards before overtaking them. He rode up to Collins and told him he wanted him and his companion to return to the station with them, as they filled the description of two of the robbers concerned in the affair at Big Springs. If they could show a clear manifest, they could go on through; if not, there was \$10,000 reward, and he (Bardsley) wanted it for their capture. Collins replied, "Certainly, we will go back with you; but you are mistaken in the party." They turned and started back with the *posse*, coming about fifty yards, when Collins suddenly turned to his companion, saying: "Well, if we are to die, we might as well die game," instantly following his words by an attempt to draw his revolver. Ditto Potts.

This overture was the signal for a volley from the *posse*, Bardsley's bullet penetrating the heart of Collins's, and a ball from one of the soldier's rifles pierced the heart of William Potts. They were both killed instantly, not having time to pull the triggers of their already drawn weapons. Upon the pack horse was found eighty pounds of gold coin, sewed up in the leg of a pair of overalls, two such sacks being required to hold the coin. Bardsley was highly elated over his good fortune in capturing the head of the gang and one confederate, \$16,000 of the treasure, and a *pro rata* amount of the \$10,000 reward. The robbers could make no attempt

to escape, as their ponies were completely exhausted, but one could hardly imagine they would attempt a resistance in the face of nine guns.

There were no papers at all upon the body of William Potts, and only a roll of poetry upon that of Collins, dedicated to him by a young lady (Whose name I withhold), the sentiment of which was very fine, one of the effusions being original, the other copied, and reads as follows:

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD?

I would ask of you, my darling,  
A question, soft and slow,  
That gives me many a heartache,  
As the moments come and go;  
I know your love is truthful,  
But the truest love grows cold;  
It is only this, my darling—  
Will you love me when I'm old?

Down the stream of life together  
We're sailing side by side,  
Hoping some bright day to anchor  
Safe beyond the surging tide;  
To-day our sky is cloudless,  
But the night may clouds unfold,  
It is only this, my darling—  
Will you love me when I'm old?

When my head it shames the snowdrift,  
And my eyes shall dimmer grow,  
I would lean upon some loved one  
Down the valley as we go;  
I would claim of you a promise  
Worth to me a mine of gold,  
It is only this, my darling—  
Will you love me when I'm old?

These papers seemed to be highly prized by Collins.

To-day our sky is cloudless,  
But the night may clouds unfold—

How applicable to the poor fellow's unhappy end. Only a few short moments elapsed from the time he left the station full of life, no doubt laying plans as to the disposition of his ill-gotten wealth, until he was a corpse. Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard. — *Buffalo Station (Kan.) Special to Chicago Times.*

### An Engine Pulled Over the Blue Ridge.

The Morgantown (Burke County, N. C.), *Blade* says: "We went up last week to see Wilson's negroes pull that engine over the Blue Ridge, and they did it. Stripping the locomotive 'Salisbury' to its lightest weight, 17 tons, they struck out along the stage road, laying a temporary track before them and dragging the engine, by means of three long ropes attached in front, after them. When the machine was pulled up to the end of this track, they took up all behind and moved it forward, when another pull was made, and so on till the top was reached. From this point, to make the descent on the other side, they had to put on their holding-back straps; but the engine was safely placed in position on the track in the western approach to the main tunnel. This is the first locomotive engine ever west of the Blue Ridge in North Carolina.

### An Irishman's Letter.

The following is a true copy of a letter received in Boston, from across the water:

"TIPPERARY, IRELAND, }  
"March 27th. }

"My Dear Nephew:—I have not heard anything of ye sense the last time I wrote ye. I have moved from the place where I now live or I should have written to you before. I did not no where a letter might find you fust, but I now take my pen in hand to drop you a few lines, to inform you of the death of your own living uncle, Kilpatrick. He died very suddenly after a long illness of six months. Poor man, he suffered a great deal. He lay a long time in convulsions, perfectly quiet

and spachless, and all the time talking incoherently, and enquiring for water. I'm very much at a loss to tell ye what his death was occasioned at, but the doctor thinks it was occasioned by his last sickness, for he was not well ten days during his confinement. His age ye know just as well as I can tell ye; he was twenty-five years old last March, lacking fifteen months; and if he had lived till this time, he would have been dead six months just.

"N. B.—Take notis. I enclose to ye a tin-pound note, which your father sends to ye, unknown to me. Your mother often spakes of ye; she wo'd like to send ye the brindle cow, and I would enclose her till ye, but for the horns. I would beg of ye not to brake the sale of this letter until two or three days after ye read it, for which time ye'll be better prepared for the sorrowful news.

"PATRICK O'BRANIGAN.

"To Michael Glancy,

"No. — Broad Street,

"United States of America,"

"State of Massachusetts,

"in Boston."

### The Narrowest Railroad in Existence.

The Eastern papers give accounts of the narrowest railroad in the country, now in operation between North Billerica and Bedford, in Massachusetts, a distance of eight and a half miles. The track is only ten inches wide. The projector or inventor of this road is named Geo. E. Mansfield, who is a practical wood and iron machinist and engineer. There are eleven bridges on the route of this road over one hundred feet long. The rail weighs twenty-five pounds to the yard, though it is believed that twenty

### Ingersoll on Intemperance.

In a recent letter to an Indiana paper, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll says that the only "temperance speech" he ever made was in what was known as the Munn trial in Chicago, when he made these few remarks on alcohol: "I believe, gentlemen, that alcohol to a certain degree demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisoned worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, dishonor and death, it demoralizes everybody that touches it from its source to its end. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against that liquid crime. All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of this stream of death—of the suicides—of the insanity—of the poverty—of the ignorance—of the destitution—of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread—of the men of genius it has wrecked—of the millions struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the alms-houses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against that damned stuff called alcohol."

### American Slavery.

In 1850 the Congress of the United States passed a most infamous act, known as the Fugitive Slave Law, the aim of which was to bind the negroes in everlasting servitude, and make 4,000,000 blacks do the work for, feed and clothe the "more

intelligent portion" of the Southern States. This law was dictated by slave owners and passed by them with the help of their servile tools from the Northern States. Their first institution was fostered and nursed until it developed into a hydra-headed monster that threatened the very life of the nation. The curse of God descended upon these traffickers in human flesh and blood, and the black stain on our nation's honor was washed out with blood. Avarice prompted slavery and was the main-spring in perpetuating it. The avarice of the slave owners enacted that damnable bill, the Fugitive Slave Law. Avarice drew the sword to enlarge the field where they could speculate in human beings. Slavery was blotted out, though it cost oceans of blood and millions of treasure. Now in another form we see the same spirit at work. Thwarted in the attempt to bind men in open slavery, avarice goes to work to bind the masses of the American people—both black and white—with bonds more subtle, yet far more powerful than the bonds of the Fugitive Slave Law. The bond that draws gold interest, that pays no taxes, and that makes national banks, is fast dragging the mass of the people to a condition little better than that of the blacks in 1850. There is one difference to-day. They can flee the country. Many have already done that, and more are doing it—going back to a land where the miserable condition of the people has excited the pity of the world. Those bonds that were created to save the life of the nation, avarice is fast changing to a weapon of destruction. In eight years the industrious people increased their exports of bread-stuffs four-fold;



yet the bonds grew more plenty. Immense taxes are paid; the people pay duties on the food they eat; they economize in everything, vainly hoping to wipe out this debt, and still it increases. And now, with the people nearly pauperized, with misery and want on every hand, with our industries paralyzed by class legislation and ruinous taxation, it is now proposed by these avaricious money lenders, through their servile tools in Congress, to load the people with \$50,000,000 of untaxed gold-bearing bonds. What excuse have they for this outrageous proposition of increasing our debt when our industries are crushed by this system of legislation? It is simply that they may lock up in their vaults a mass of gold so as to place our paper money on a "gold basis," on a basis that five men in New York City can control and speculate upon at pleasure. Load us down with more debts just to place us at the mercy of the gold gamblers of Wall street. Human slavery has been once wiped out in blood. And whether it comes in the form of the Fugitive Slave Law or in laws which cripple our industries, ruin our business men and pauperize the masses of the people, its fate will be the same. American soil is not congenial to human servitude, and it can not long exist. Let us hope that bitter experience has taught them not to push their aims too fast or to crowd their ends too far. The riots of the past season were the mutterings before the storm. Let the Shylocks in Congress pause and consider it well before they enact another Fugitive Slave Law.

A NEW JERSEY doctress has a practice of \$16,000 yearly.

THE Rogers Locomotive Works shipped a mogul engine to the Louisville & Nashville road recently.

RECEIVER DEVEREUX, of the A. & G. W. Road, in his annual report, reports an increase of expenses over receipts of \$67,838.58.

A CAVE has been discovered near Wythville, Va., which is said to rival the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky in extent and beauty.

THE directors of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad have unanimously re-elected John W. Garrett President.

"SILENCE in the court!" thundered a Kentucky judge, the other morning. "Half a dozen men have been convicted already without the court having been able to hear a word of the testimony."

MARK TWAIN says that nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for a huckleberry, and if it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as a currant, it dies happy.

EIGHT hundred and ninety locomotives were employed on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Pittsburgh and New York, during October, 1877. During a month they run 1,749,848 miles, or on average of 2,000 miles each.

A WEST HILL man paid \$140 the other day for a little mule only three feet and eight inches high, saying he wanted him small so that he couldn't kicked so far. Ten minutes afterward his purchase stood in the street and kicked a woman sitting at a second-story window, and now his owner drives him with a whole section of telegraph wire.

### A Plucky Engineer.

A circumstance which occurred the other day, says the *Baltimore American*, while not exactly thrilling or romantic, served to show the mettle of one of the oldest engineers on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. This engineer is named Curtis Elliott, and his home is in Baltimore. During his many years of exposure he has contracted a severe rheumatic affection, which rarely troubles him on the road; but when it does, the effects are sudden and alarming. Not long since while making the night run on the through western train from Martinsburg, W. Va., to Baltimore, when a little more than half way over the distance he was attacked by rheumatism, and within half an hour his arms and legs were useless. Up to the very last moment of commanding his muscles he kept his hand upon the lever, and when at last he was powerless he directed the fireman in the necessary movements. His condition was such that he should have left the cab and sought relief at the first stopping place, but he would not. He said he would stay at his post and bring the engine into Baltimore if he died in the effort. The many passengers in the train were of course unaware that the man who controlled their safety was sitting in the cab, unable to stir hand or foot. When the train came into Camden station, Mr. Elliot had to be lifted out by friends and carried to a hack, out of which he had again to be carried into the house.

WHEN a political opponent of Tom Marshall's attempted to win the sympathies of the crowd by boasting that his father was a cooper, Tom at once admitted the fact, and pointing at his antagonist said: "But the old man put a mighty poor head to one of his whisky barrels." That ended the matter.

A BOY of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and half years. Drawing her upon a foot-stool he imagined himself both the engine and conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out "New York," and in a moment after "Paterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and the next place he cried "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly: "Top! I dess I'll dit out here."

IT is antonishing how soon a man acknowledges his mistake when he puts the lighted end of a cigar into his mouth.

### TABLES OF DISTANCES.

#### Around the World.

New York to San Francisco, by rail.....	3307
San Francisco to Calcutta, India, by steamship.....	9980
Calcutta to Bombay, by rail.....	1230
Bombay to arseilles, France, by steamship.....	5590
Marseilles to Havre, by rail.....	575
Havre to New York, by steamship.....	3140
Total miles.....	23,732

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#### From New York to Foreign Ports.

Acapulco.....	11850
Amoor River.....	16000
Amsterdam.....	3500
Aspinwall.....	2300
Bordeaux.....	8300
Bombay.....	11600
Bremen.....	3700
Bristol.....	3025
Buenos Ayres.....	7100
Cadiz.....	3220
Calcutta.....	12800
Cape Horn.....	7500
Constantinople.....	5100
Genoa.....	4100
Havana.....	1225
Havre.....	3140
Hong Kong.....	14000
Honolulu.....	13550
Kingston, Jamaica.....	1625
Lisbon, Portugal.....	3000
Liverpool.....	5050
London.....	3225
Madras, India.....	11700
Melbourne.....	12800
Pekin, China.....	15000
Rio de Janeiro.....	4900
St. Domingo.....	1485
St. Petersburg.....	4420
Stockholm.....	4190
Sydney.....	12900
Trieste.....	2867
Valparaiso.....	8740
Venice.....	4950
Vera Cruz.....	1960

**Distances Between Principal Cities.**

By Railroad, by the Shortest Routes.

CITIES.	New York.....	Washington.....	Boston.....	Chicago.....
Albany .....	143	369	201	819
Baltimore .....	188	40	422	800
Boston .....	231	402	.....	1020
Charleston .....	815	587	1040	1110
Chicago .....	899	840	2020	.....
Cincinnati .....	744	611	978	293
Detroit .....	678	716	736	284
Galveston .....	1822	1504	2056	1215
Indianapolis .....	812	724	963	192
Leavenworth .....	1360	1260	1510	590
Memphis .....	1159	931	1393	526
Milwaukee .....	984	925	1105	85
New Orleans .....	1502	1274	1736	895
New York .....	.....	228	234	899
Philadelphia .....	90	138	324	822
Pittsburg .....	431	359	665	468
Richmond .....	358	130	592	970
Rock Island .....	1081	1022	1202	182
St. Louis .....	1051	951	1201	281
Salt Lake City .....	2459	2400	2580	1560
San Francisco .....	3307	3246	3425	2405
Tallahassee .....	1182	954	1416	1259
Vicksburg .....	1364	1136	1598	764
Yankton .....	1490	1430	1610	593

**A New Invention.**

Attention has recently been called to a newly invented station indicator, which appears to have great merit. Its operation is briefly as follows: A number of rectangular cards, equal to the number of stations between the terminal points reached by the car, are properly arranged and placed in the rear part of the machine. By simply pulling downward upon a lever, the nethermost card is drawn forward by a spring seated lug, and the reverse movement of the machine throws it up by means of a lever in front of a glass face, where the name printed thereon (that of the next station) can be seen. The next forward motion of the machine throws this card up to the top and draws another one forward, and the same motions are repeated as often as a new station is reached. The brakeman, instead of calling out the station a single time, leaving the greater portion of the pas-

sengers in doubt as to what he says simply, upon leaving a station, pulls this lever, and any passenger can, at any time, by looking up to the end of the car, see the name of the station at which the train will next arrive, plainly shown, together with such other information as is necessary, such as "telegraph station," "change cars," "breakfast," "dinner," etc.

The mechanism by which these results are accomplished is a simple system of gears, levers and springs, and are apparently constructed of sufficient strength to withstand any strain that can be put upon it. Its operation appears to be positive and the results certain. Mr. W. E. Schneider, assistant observer at one of the United States Signal Service stations, is the inventor of this device, on which a patent has been secured. A number of railroad men and mechanical experts have witnessed its operation, and they all pronounce in its favor.

JUDGE FELL, of Philadelphia, has granted a temporary injunction restraining the officers of the West Philadelphia Passenger Railway Company from transferring, or permitting the transfer, &c., upon their books, of any of the overissue of certificates of stock made by John S. Morton and others.

When a woman makes up her mind that a hen shall not set, and the hen makes her mind that she will, the irresistible meets the immovable, and every law of nature is broken or perverted.

Of a lady, who, as everybody knows, spares no effort to repair the ravages of time, it was recently remarked: "How old and worn she looks." "Yes, poor woman, was the reply, "she is beginning to look as old as her daughter."

### FOR THE LADIES.

New veils are edged with autumn leaves wrought in silk.

A lover of rare china is said never to be a lover of diamonds. But the later designs in diamond ornaments not only demand wealth in the purchase, but show evidences of taste and sentiment in the manufacturer.

A novelty in engagement rings has three stones—the ruby, diamond and sapphire, signifying truth, purity and love. The stones are set lengthwise, the diamond in the center, and should be perfect in color, though not necessarily large.

Another revival is that of velvet wristlets, with pendant ends, also fringed with steel beads—a style much more becoming than bangles, which, however, are still worn, and from all sorts of articles in miniature are suspended, as they were formerly from the chatelaine.

Combs of wonderful beauty are made in light designs of solid gold, and mounted with diamonds set as stars. Single stars are set as hair-pins, which quiver with every movement, and the same design is used for amethyst and garnets, which, however, do not show to advantage excepting in a very bright light, and in connection with very blonde or very black hair.

The question of winter mantles may be summed up thus: For general wear, double-breasted paletots, of medium length, buttoned down the front, and with coat flaps at the back, made in rough and smooth cloths. For more dressy occasions, long, close-fitting paletots, with flowing sleeves, made of plush cloth, black repped silk, knotted camel's hair, brocaded and stamped velvets.

A woman found a house that suited her, but the back yard didn't give satisfaction. The fence didn't contain a single knot-hole, and she said she was not going to break her neck by climbing on top of an old barrel to see what was going on in the next yard.

Painted candles for ornamental purposes are more fashionable than ever, but they are now ornamented mainly in Pompeian designs and colors, black and red. Leaf and flower designs, in delicate colors, have vanished, and in their place we find high color in solid masses relieved with lines or bars of black and gold.

Most attractive among the holiday fancies are pouches for the belt, of velvet or embroidered leather, with mediæval clasps of wrought silver; and if a real old English or German clasp can be found to match such a pocket, of course the value is so much the more enhanced. Long parses of knitted silk, crimson or dark blue, gray or brown, are also in demand, finished with steel bead fringe and steel rings.

According to the correspondence of the *Washington Capital*, the wife of a New York banker appeared the other night at a party as Capital. The dress was covered on the skirt, so as to make it appear one piece, with one hundred and five hundred dollar bills. The waist and sleeves were \$1,000 bonds sewed in, and her fingers and ears blazed with diamonds. The tiara was said to have been worth \$80,000, and the total value of the notes and diamonds on her person was \$260,000. Two pages carried her train, and watched lest the jewels and greenbacks should fall to the floor.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**

*Loaf Cake.*—Three cups of bread dough; two cups of sugar; one cup of raisins; one cup of currants; two eggs; one teaspoonful soda.

*Ginger Cookies.*—One pint New Orleans molasses; one cup brown sugar; one cup of water; one cup of lard; two teaspoonful of soda; one of salt and three of ginger.

*Brown Bread.*—One cup of flour, three cups of sweet milk, one cup of sour milk; one cup of molasses; half teaspoonful of salt; three and a half cups of Indian meal. Steam four hours and serve hot.

*Potato Soup.*—Boil six good sized potatoes; put them into one quart of milk, with one onion cut fine; simmer one hour, strain through a colander, add yolks of two eggs, pepper and salt to taste. If the milk should simmer away, add a little after the yolks are put in. Then put on the fire and heat through.

*Apple Fruit Cake.*—Soak three cups dried apples over night in cold water; in the morning chop the stew till soft in three cups of molasses; when cold mix with three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, spices, two cups raisins, one of currants, one lemon, chopped fine; this makes two pans of cakes.

*Aromatic Vinegar.*—Into a fifty-gallon cask put thirty-seven gallons of boiling hot fresh rain water, four and one-half gallons molasses, and four dozen eggs well beaten. Take three more gallons of the rain water, make it boiling hot, and take one-half ounce each of oil of spruce, winter-green and sassafras, and put them into the boiling water, until they are thoroughly cut, which, after doing, pour into the cask. After it has entirely cooled off add two

quarts of yeast. Should the yeast be put in before the liquid has entirely cooled some of its properties may be injured and result in failure. After it has become thoroughly sour draw the clear vinegar off and put in a clean cask. For many purposes this vinegar will be too strong—a fault easily remedied by the purchaser. Should a less quantity be desired reduce the proportions of the different ingredients accordingly. To lessen the amount of the oils named, in the absence of a graduating glass measure, divide them on a scale of four hundred and eighty drops to the liquid ounce. If it works too slow increase the quantity of yeast.

*Shoe Cases.*—These cases are meant to take the place of paper when shoes are to be wrapped up to go in a trunk. They are made of brown crash, bound with red worsted braid. One end is pointed so as to turn over and button down, or the top has strings over the braid to tie the mouth up. There should be three or four made at the same time, and you will find that mamma or your unmarried aunts will like them very much.

*Black silks* (or colored), alpacas, ribbons, etc.: One tablespoonful alcohol, one of soft soap, one of molasses. This is the proportion: Take as many spoonfuls of each as needed for the material; warm the soap that it may assimilate easily with the other ingredients; stir altogether thoroughly. Take a soft sponge, or something that won't leave lint, and sponge both side of your material. Have ready some warm soft water and rinse two or three times; hang up to drain; press with a hot iron while quite damp, and you will be agreeably surprised at the result.

## Editorial.

**CONTRIBUTIONS.** — *Readers of the Magazine will materially assist us in making our news accurate and complete, if they will send us early information of events that occur under their observation, relative to experiments in the construction of roads and machinery—especially the locomotive—suggestions as to improvements, &c.*

### Happy New Year.

"I thought to pass away before, yet alive I am."—TENNISON.

Once more are we spared to look upon a New Year, and we try to look back on the past year of our existence, both in private and public life; yet who would tell the secrets of the past, or look the future in the face if it were but a repetition of circumstances long since passed. Though the past may not be darkened by clouds of troubles untold, as with some, yet the very fact of our losing sight of many of God's useful gifts is evidence of bad faith with our simplest action. How often have we given our time to mental reflections unbecoming man; yet how much more so have our actions caused us deep and sad reflections, for which we should atone. But how, where, and to what degree are we corrupted let us ask ourselves. Have we been just to our own dictates? Have we followed the golden rule of "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you"? Has the full meaning of good teachings been present with us? or has it been like our preparations for a future—thrown to one side as a present incumbrance? Have we given a thought as to our future beyond to-day or tomorrow? and if so, have we fortified ourselves and profited by our thoughts such points as are of importance to our every move in life and indispensable to our future? Can we not look back on what

has been, and in viewing the wreck of our neglect, doubly profit by what has caused us to close our eyes and ears for fear of hearing the echo of our follies thrown back, or from seeing the panorama of life as spent, pass before us like a reality. If such visitations present themselves, no matter in what form, we can not but help repeating the old saying, "Let us turn over a new leaf in the page of life." A happy New Year can only be had through the channel of good, kind actions; honest, upright principles; dealing fairly with all men, and by keeping in mind three little words, you will be adding one name more to the list of such as should all men be. They are your beacon lights to warn off such as would not be men under favorable circumstances. They are those words which have floated from the mast-head of the good ship Brotherhood for four years, even into foreign waters, and have been unfurled only in the right. They are Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. Who dare not sail under such a flag, and who of us are any too worthy? Our good ship has weathered many hard storms, her timbers have been heard to crack and groan, yet she rides the waters of life as proudly as ever, keeping clear of the many rocks known well to her pilots, and now she rounds the point of a New Year, and her crew will renew with vigor their energies to bring her safely to her destination, which is the welfare of mankind. Oh, how easily we can make this year to our brave crew a happy one, with but little labor and a slight expenditure of the profits and fruits of our toil. We can make the good ship as fine a one as ever unfurled a sail, and years of happiness will follow in her wake. There is no doubt in existence as regards her safe journey; it is the necessity of her crew always holding the ropes properly. If perchance one is wanting, give him a

full explanation; although we lack encouragement, give it to others. Everybody feels the need of it, from the humblest to the king. It is food for all. Remember that West said, "My mother's smile made me an artist." Give it to its fullest extent, whenever and wherever you can, and you will find the New Year has not come for nought. But push on, and your reward will be a happy New Year.

### A Lesson for the Hour.

In the time of great calamity like that of civil war, every plan that can be devised for the benefit of the people is gladly received and carefully pondered.

Our nation is not at war, but when two millions of willing laborers are lying idle, with no prospect of work at hand, which is now our condition, it is a calamity fearful to contemplate. Its effect reaches beyond hunger and destitution. To this source is traced the increased amount of crime in the land, so alarming now in every neighborhood. In the time of war, all the wealth of the nation, all its strength and resources, if need be, combine and co-operate together to conquer the enemy. But in this our present calamity, capital and labor have no common cause. They have no alliance. Capital has no use for labor but to increase her wealth. They are to each other as master to slave, you work and I eat. You toil and labor, and I will appropriate the profit. If there is a rightful owner and possessor of the profits of all labor, it belongs to the person who works. Any man who seeks to obtain from another, and appropriates to himself, the profits of honest labor, puts his hand into another man's pockets. He is a robber. The

history of capital in her dealings with labor in past ages, has but one voice—how much can we get, how little shall we give? The millions who have emigrated to this country from all parts of the world, have come mainly to escape the bondage of wealth.

This is the first asylum ever offered where labor could receive her just dues and be protected by her own hand. But capital soon followed her track to plan, plot, and contrive to obtain the profits of honest toil. When manufacturers with capital began to be a power in the land, Franklin was alarmed. "Let it be the ambition," said he, "of every man to buy a piece of land and work on it; manufactures," he says, "are founded in poverty. No man who can have a piece of land of his own, sufficient to subsist his family in plenty, is poor enough to be a manufacturer and work for a master." Again, in speaking of the influence of wealth upon the people, as he saw it in foreign countries: "Better," said he, "for a nation of savages to never admit of civilization, than for a civilized people to have among them a class of gentry enormously wealthy." But no counsel or philosophy was ever able to baffle the cunning, crafty power of money. So much has the power of capital increased in our land that it now controls mainly the Legislatures of all the States, and even the Congress of the nation. The time occupied in the long sessions of our Legislatures is devoted chiefly to the interest of chartered corporations and large combinations of wealth. From time to time the characteristics of these combinations show themselves like black pirate ships on the face of the waters. They know

not the name of mercy, but plunder and robbery is their object, and all within the limits of the laws which they have made to aid and facilitate their purpose. But the effect of the evil influence of wealth and capital is not confined simply to its design to control and enslave labor. Like a malarial atmosphere, no one escapes the contagion. The disease penetrates in its social effects throughout all classes of society in all denominations. Respectability depends not on character, but upon your standing in wealth. Without doubt the condition has grown upon society very much within a few years. Time was when the printing press was the medium through which to transmit and communicate knowledge. Its object now with few exceptions is to make money. Within comparatively a few years Christian ministers denounced the reading of works of fiction as destructive and pernicious in their influence upon the minds of youth. They would have advocated the use of deadly poison for nourishment as soon as recommend novels to be read by young people. From this source, in whose hands it is presumed is entrusted all that is virtuous, just and of good report, for the benefit of youth, there now is heard not even a protest. Instead of protesting, novels are now advertised in the leading religious journals, and distinguished clergymen are ambitious to excel in this branch of literary accomplishment. The substance of all this is, there is wealth in it—it pays. Justice trembles before judge and jury, if crime but flourishes before them her filthy lucre. Thus principles bend and are trimmed to conform to the influence of money.

So completely has this power enslaved the people that possibly there can be no remedy adopted that will avert the calamity which is upon us. It may be our condition is to grow worse and worse till the disease has had its perfect work, and like Southern slavery end by becoming her own destroyer. But the laboring man, like the slave, in the end will win, for his cause rests upon the same foundation of justice. Charles Sumner, in the Senate of the United States, declared of slavery that the principle is oppression. You are contending against the power of Almighty God, and you will be destroyed. How soon and how truly have his words been verified. But while the means of redress and protection are yet in the hands of the laboring man, his sufferings need no longer be prolonged. He has education and ability and holds in his hand the ballot, and the power which capital holds over him is an imposition which he can shake from himself at any moment. Why is it necessary for a thousand workmen in a little manufacturing town to put themselves into the hands of some half a dozen other men and give them the management and control of their labor and possession of all the profits? But capital replies, our ability and our money are both used with labor for mutual benefit. Out of what pit was capital dug, and who was the miner that should lay claim to its possession but the laboring man? The capitalist has no more ability or education than the laboring man, oftener less. An instance of illustration occurs in almost every neighborhood. Here is a young man commencing business. He is regarded honest, and thus far has the confi-



dence of his neighbors. In this respect he would be a suitable man to be their agent with a fair compensation for his part of the work. But he induces them to become his servants. His desire for business is called ambition, but the proper name for it is pride and laziness. For forty years in the little village he carries on manufacturing. In the meantime, as the rule is, he has failed several times and been a bankrupt. But this experiment has finally brought him out a wealthy man. He has always appeared in his manner of living like a rich man, but he owes all his wealth to pay his honest debts. A rare instance possibly occurs where a manufacturer never failed—but gained property; yet every dollar of it came directly from the hand of the workingman. Between the laboring man and the manufacturer there has come to be a complete separation in all the principles of social life. In this small experiment it has come as everybody knows in a degree to be master and servant. Families feel its influence. Children of the workingman at school are repulsive to the children of the rich. If they worship in the same Christian denomination, the distinction is marked by locality in church, by dress, by equipage, and by costly show of ostentation and pride. In all social life, wealth makes a complete bar of separation between the poor and the rich. But the laboring man, in the dignity of his calling, is the superior of all other men. He holds in possession, if true to himself, invincible power. His friend and supporter is God. Workingmen should unite and co-operate together in all branches of manufacture and commercial trade, thus being to themselves a protec-

tion against all robbery of their just dues. If it is practicable for the people in towns to co-operate together for education, for large appropriations of money, for various purposes, and for the enforcement of the laws, it is practicable for the people to co-operate in manufactures and any commercial trade. It is not many years since protective union stores were established in many sections in the State of Massachusetts. They proved a success. Articles of general consumption in families were bought of first hands—the producer; and all the profits in passing through the hands of capitalists and middle men were saved for the consumer. Laboring men should thoroughly understand and realize their true condition. Let them co-operate together in every branch of trade, and elect their agents to carry out their purposes like a well formed democratic government, and save for themselves the profits of their labor, and the monopolizing power of wealth will speedily disappear. It had existence only as it was carried upon the shoulders of the laboring man. Henceforth let capital bear her own burden.

### **The Union Pacific and Branches.**

The resolution presented early in the special session of Congress by Mr. Chaffee, of Colorado, concerning the Union Pacific Railroad and its branches, was finally adopted on December 6, 1877, in the Senate. The preamble alludes to the several acts of Congress, providing that the main line and branches should be operated and used for all purposes of communication, travel, and transportation, so far as the public and Government are concerned, as one connected, continuous line, without any discrimination of any kind affecting any of

the companies, favorable or otherwise, enumerates the branches, and alleges that they all operate their roads in open violation of these acts. The resolution calls upon the President for information as to what legal impediments, if any, exist which prevent him from executing the laws in accordance with the obligations accepted and agreements made by the companies with the Government. Congress required the Kansas Pacific to form connection with the main line by means of the Denver Pacific & Cheyenne. The Union Pacific Company repudiates this action, and refuses to operate its road in connection with the Kansas Pacific branch. A spirited discussion arose in the Senate upon that part of the preamble which embraces the names of the branches, the two Senators from Nebraska, Messrs. Paddock and Saunders, contending for the Union Pacific that the mere mention of the names might be construed as committing the Senate to the recognition of these roads as branches of the main line; on the other hand, Messrs. Chaffee and Thurman argued that the preamble simply cited the language of Congress as expressed in its laws. Mr. Thurman, especially, gave emphatic expression to his sentiments on the subject, and said that unless the Government forced the Union Pacific to "pro rata" with the Kansas Pacific, as the law required, not one dollar of the money due the United States by the latter company would ever be paid, because it could not possibly be in a position to liquidate that indebtedness until the Union Pacific Company was compelled to do it justice. A substitute proposed by Mr. Paddock was voted down, and Mr. Chaffee's preamble and resolution adopted. A similar resolution, passed by the House of Representatives, is already before the President.

"LAST Saturday was flogging day at New Castle, Delaware, and a

hundred and fifty persons stood through a driving rain to see the four or five prisoners flogged. All were colored, and the report informs us that they received the stated number of lashes with 'much ease.' The severest flogging fell to the lot of William Barry, a man who had been in thirty-six different prisons. He never flinched after the first blow, and as he threatened to kill the warden, it is not certain that the flogging did him much good."—*Etc.*

If a good flogging was given those who pass such barbarous laws, establishing the whipping post, it would be a blessing to the country. The practice is out of fashion even with the uncivilized Indians.

#### **The Locomotive Brotherhood.**

✓ We are informed that within the last thirty days a combined and determined effort has been made by the superintendents of the D. L. & W. Co. against the Brotherhood by compelling the engineers on their sections to disband the Order by signing a paper to that effect or be discharged. These superintendents are of course acting under instructions of their superiors, and are bound to enforce the decree or suffer a discharge themselves. We hardly think that the order originated from Hallstead and Graham, as our opinion of those gentlemen is such that we can not believe that they would be guilty of such a cowardly, mean, despicable act on their own responsibility, knowing the circumstances of the men, and that the coming winter will cause more suffering among the unemployed than any previous winter for many years. Do these gentlemen sanction this tyranny, or do they think the arbitrary

order they are issuing at present reflects any credit to them? If they do, we have only to hope that they will soon be convinced of their mistake. If it's a crime for engineers to belong to the Brotherhood, why not discharge them also for their relation with Masonry, Odd Fellows, etc.? Victimized men for their connection with labor organization is a tyranny that deserves the bitterest censure, and should not be tolerated with. Submitting to such an order is a surrender of manhood and the rights of society. Such an act can only be characterized as selfish, mean and contemptible, and done for the aggrandizement of the monopolized corporations.

♦♦♦  
An engine on a Buffalo division recently drew a train of two hundred and eighty-three coal cars.

♦♦♦  
The employes of the Dayton & South-eastera (narrow-gauge) road are kept three months back in pay, and yet the road is making money. It is whispered that there is a "Ring" on this road which is making stockholders dissatisfied at present.

♦♦♦  
Just about Christmas time it is quite the thing for papers in the interest of wealth to remind their rich patrons that it is in order to give the crumbs of their superabundance to the suffering poor. There is a little too much of this. It is time the soup bowl style of benevolence was brought severely to a close. It is not charitable alms-giving that is needed, gentlemen of the plethoric purses. What is wanted is that you cease to monopolize the lion's share of the world's products for little or no equivalent in return, and give to the workman honest payment for his toil.

### Burial of the Late Edwin Garfield, of Hartford, Conn.

The funeral of the late Edwin Garfield, Master Mechanic of the Hartford, Providence & Fishkill Railroad, was attended by the Masonic fraternity of Hartford, railroad officials and employes from various sections of the State, and from the Boston & Providence road, and also by a large concourse of citizens. At 2 o'clock, after a brief prayer by Rev. Charles A. Skinner at the Park Central Hotel, where the deceased resided, the procession was formed and marched thence, headed by the Hartford City Band, to the church, where the obsequies, including a memorial address by Rev Mr. Skinner, were to be performed. The Hartford Knights Templar, numbering sixty-four men, in full uniforms, held the post of honor in the procession. The Master Masons, numbered 240 men, including a large delegation from New Britain. Following the Masonic organizations were at least 200 railroad officials and employes, making over 500 men in the line of march. On arriving at the church the Knights Templar were drawn up in single file and stood at present arms, while the remains were conveyed from the street past them to the altar. The pall-bearers included six members each from the Knights Templar and Lafayette Lodge, to which Mr. Garfield belonged. The railroad men, marching by fours, followed the remains into the church. The column was headed by Messrs. Samuel Nott, Superintendent; J. C. McManus, Assistant Superintendent, and L. B. Bidwell, Civil Engineer of the Hartford, Providence & Fishkill road, and Superintendent Davidson, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford

road. The Connecticut Western road was represented by Superintendent Yeomans; the New London & Northern by Master Mechanic Isaac W. Dow; the Housatonic road by Master Mechanic Slingland; the Stonington & Providence by Master Mechanic George Richards. The railroad engineers, numbering fifty-one men, and under the command of Mr. Dennis McCarthy, of Willimantic, filed into the church after the officials, and were followed in turn by a long line of workmen. The roads represented by the engineers were the Boston & Providence, the Norwich & Worcester, the New York & New England, the Providence & Stonington, the New London & Northern, the Connecticut Western, the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and the Hartford, Providence & Fishkill, the majority of the delegation being of course from the latter road. Among the visiting engineers was L. J. Patton, of Providence, a fellow engineer with Mr. Garfield on the Boston & Providence road some thirty years ago. Mr. Joseph Kelly, formerly Master Mechanic of the Providence & Worcester road, was also present. He had been an old and dear friend of the deceased.

The contribution of flowers was unusually beautiful, and consisted of a pillow with cross and crown, the pillow having the word "Engineer" handsomely worked into it in English violets, and being the gift of the engineers of the Hartford, Providence & Fishkill Railroad. There was also an anchor, a star wreath and a cross, and a number of exquisite Masonic emblems wrought with flowers. The altar and pulpit were decorated with flowers and autumn leaves, producing a singular

impressive effect. The choir at the conclusion of the address sang the burial hymn, "I heard a voice from Heaven," one part being rendered in an adjoining room, and producing the impression of far away music. The effect was singularly beautiful, harmonizing exactly with the sorrowful rites that were being observed. The impressive ceremonies of the Order were performed by J. K. Wheeler, Grand Secretary of the Masonic Order in the State, Henry Leitch, Recorder of Washington Commandery, and Rev. Charles A. Skinner, formerly Prelate of the Commandery. The final scene of all, the farewell hymn, the six Knights standing with crossed swords over the grave, the clouds black overhead, but edged with golden light along the horizon, was a harmonious close of a brave and manly career.

On the Moscow & Raizan line, in Russia, a new locomotive has been provided which is heated by condensed petroleum. It promises to be economical.

THE net earnings of the Erie for the past year foot up \$3,809,090, which is an increase of \$1,187,700 over last year. The floating debt has been diminished \$379,039.37 during the year.

### **An Order for Forty Locomotives From America.**

It was stated last month that a member of the Baldwin Locomotive Works had sailed for Russia to make inquiries in regard to a cable dispatch about the building of a large number of locomotives. On the 17th of December the firm received from their agent, Mr. Parry, directions to immediately proceed with the con-

struction of forty large size, first class freight engines, of five feet gauge, to be completed during February and March, 1878. It is stated in a letter received from Mr. Parry, a few days ago, that the Russian Government has absorbed nearly all the railway facilities for war purposes, and that it is being rapidly used up and destroyed in that ruinous service. Meanwhile the largest crop of wheat ever raised in Southern Russia and Bulgaria is rotting in the bins for need of transportation. The wheat which usually find an outlet from the Black Sea ports will have to be transported by rail to the Baltic ports, and about 300 new engines will be required at once. A large proportion of these will, however, be built in Europe. The engines to be built at the Baldwin Locomotive Works will cost upward of \$500,000, and in their construction employment will be given to about 800 men, in addition to the force of 1,100 men now employed in the works.

### **The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad.**

For several months the embarrassed position of this company has been noticed, but nothing definite was known until the announcement was made that the guaranteed interest due January 1, 1878, on the bonds of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Indianapolis Railroad would not be paid. This road was formerly known as the Junction Railroad, and was bought by the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton at foreclosure sale in 1872, and was reorganized under the present name. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton owns all the stock and \$654,000 out of an issue of \$2,500,000 of bonds, \$1,846,000 being held by

outside parties. This default was not unexpected, and is accompanied by a suggested compromise, to the effect that if the holders of the bonds will consent to reduce the amount of their bonds one-half, the company will agree to cancel all its holding. Cincinnati dispatches say that this suggestion meets with little favor, and proceedings in bankruptcy are talked of, though no definite action has been taken as yet.

The company publishes a statement showing a net gain this year of \$149,371 over last year, in spite of a reduction of \$31,100 in the gross earnings of the entire system. The present trouble, however, has probably come, not because there is a falling off in this year's receipts, but because the load has been carried as long as possible, and the time has come when something must be done. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton had, by its last report, a funded debt of \$3,091,000 and a floating debt of about \$680,000. This does not include the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Indianapolis guarantee, nor a guarantee of one-third of the interest on the bonds of the Cincinnati, Richmond & Fort Wayne, which required \$25,752 to meet it last year. The company has a large amount invested in securities of its leased lines, inventoried in the last report at \$067,121, and has claims against them for advances amounting to \$1,500,056, of which \$977,033 was to the Indianapolis road. These securities and claims are, of course, not available as assets, though charged as such in the accounts. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton was formerly one of the most prosperous roads in the West. It had a very large traffic, and for many years paid regular dividends of 8 and 10 per cent.

## Correspondence.

### The Right Spirit.

TORONTO, CAN., December 1877. 5.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

In thus taking the liberty of writing to you, it is not with the express wish of showing my inability (for you will see that soon enough), but principally to let the Brothers know that the Order is flourishing here, and also with the hope that some may profit by my humble ideas; however, as a Brother, I consider it my duty to assist in the cultivation and diffusion of that brotherly love which is the tie that binds so closely the Brotherhood, an organization with objects as pure and noble as ever called true men together in council, namely, Benevolence—a practical illustration of man's humanity to man; and for our mutual, social, mental, and moral improvement, thus fitting ourselves for the higher position in our profession to which we aspire, and for a better social standing, thereby greatly increasing our usefulness to our employers and fellow-beings.

Brothers, as we have the interests of our Order at heart, let us cultivate the feeling of Christian charity and love. If you know a Brother who is at times liable to violate the principles of morality, go and talk to and reason with him, and try and show him the errors of his ways. If he is wronged, see him righted. If calumny should assail the character of a Brother, recollect you should not stand idly by, but step forward and vindicate his good name. If a Brother commits himself, or violates the laws of our Order, do not thrust him coldly out without at least an

attempt to raise him from his fallen condition; for you should remember that, though he may have erred, yet indiscretion on his part should never destroy humanity in you.

In conclusion, I hope you may all long continue true and worthy members of our noble Order, upholding its objects, advocating its principles, honoring and supporting its officers, and obeying and maintaining its laws. Thus you will not only be an honor to the institution to which you belong, but you will so preserve it as always to be as it now is, a credit to you to be connected with it, and, at the same time, preserve that feeling of brotherly love which I earnestly hope may be severed only in death.

CHARLIE, OF No. 67.

### Seven Dollars.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

My husband has received his new book of Constitution and By-laws, also his certificate from the Lodge showing him to be a member of the Insurance Fund of the Order of Locomotive Firemen. Having discussed freely the benefits of the Order, with all its charitable acts, the brotherly love, and the promotion of good feeling, inculcative of sobriety, and then the MAGAZINE, we have concluded that there can be nothing brought into our little circle of five that will do for us as much as the little seven dollars, which Harry invests once a year. Oh, I can only hope and pray that all firemen and their wives can see it thus as we do. It may be that all have not so much depending on his small investment as Harry and I have, yet the little items of which most all of Harry's Lodge is in the habit of running up, would bring prosperity to hundreds.

I find no fault with those who come under the head I speak of, which is the use of tobacco. I illustrate only to show how much money is thrown away to injure the health of those addicted to its use and wonder if they invest the little sum of seven dollars once a year. Now I know my husband uses thirty-five cents worth of tobacco every week, or \$18.20 for a year's supply. Will that provide for him in sickness and in death, assist me and my little ones; secure for him position, and make him a follower of a most beautiful motto? No; and well he knows it, and has ever in view my future by protecting his present. The true value of the investment is only known to the needy, and I being of that class, ask you to patiently read my comments on the good work you are now doing. With best wishes for success, I am a

BRAVE FIREMAN'S WIFE.

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**From Jackson Lodge, No. 8.**

SEYMOUR, IND., December 5, 1877.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

As no one seems disposed to write you from this quarter of the globe, I will make an effort to give you a description of the road and Lodge. No. 8 has but few members at present. but what she has are good men. At our next meeting we will have several to admit, and they are picked men. We have been at fault, heretofore, by being too eager to increase the membership, and not looking at the quality of the men; this error we will now remedy. We intend to make No. 8 one of the banner Lodges. Our boys are highly pleased with the Insurance policy, and every one keeps his dues paid at least a month ahead, and all say, "Long may it wave."

Brother Geo. Boas, our Vice-Mas-

ter, has taken hold of the throttle within the last week, which makes the boys feel encouraged, as it leaves room for another man to step off the extra board.

We can boast of one of the best General Master Mechanics in the country. He is a first-class mechanic and a high-toned gentleman. All the engineers and firemen think there is no man like J. F. Zechler. One thing, he is bitterly opposed to the use of spirituous liquor, and expects every man to be strictly temperate, and no other kind will suit on this road.

Then comes our Division Master Mechanic, little J. B. Wilson, that all the boys think so much of,—always ready to help us along with an encouraging word, and is generally in a good humor.

Many of the old-time runners are here yet that were at the room when No. 8 was first organized.

Old Brother Watkins now runs a first-class freight engine, the No. 66, and occasionally gives us a sermon.

Minnick, Apgar and Goudy are still the old passenger men.

A great many firemen have been promoted, as the General Master Mechanic believes in making his own runners, and I am glad to say all have done well so far.

Well, we intend to give a grand ball New Year's Eve, for the benefit of No. 8. We would be pleased to see some members from other Lodges with us on that night, as we intend to keep up the Insurance, and have money always on hand to meet all calls promptly.

I will now close my chapter, and give some other member of No. 8 a chance to say something.

Yours, OLD BAD LUCK.

## Railroad Men and Their Wives.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Much has been said and written concerning railroad men, their habits and ways, their hardships and trials, and much pity has been bestowed upon them; but I wonder if any one ever thinks of their wives. Does any one ever pity her? Does any one ever think of her many cares, trials and anxiety? Does any one ever think of the lonely hours she has to endure? Not many, I venture to say; and sometimes I catch myself thinking or wondering if the railroad men ever think of it themselves.

Take for instance a dark, rainy night, when the wife knows that her beloved husband is out on the road; knowing too at that very instant that he is in imminent danger, of being hurled over some terrible embankment. With every keen flash of lightning she shudders; with every loud peal of thunder she trembles, and with every gust of wind, bringing with it torrents of rain, she sees, or seems to see, that engine with its precious load rushing madly over some ill-fated bridge, and just ahead she fancies the rails are washed away, but on, on comes the engine; but another blinding light, another burst of thunder cuts short this horrible sight for a moment, just to be repeated again and again through that long, long night. Morning dawns, and after awhile a neighbor enters and says: "Oh, what an awful night! In my heart I pitied railroad men." But never a word of sympathy had she for the lone watcher of the night.

Then again, after there has been a wreck on the road, see how the wife

suffers, every trip her husband makes she is in constant dread; if she sees a stranger approaching the house, or hears a quick walk up to the door, she momentarily expects them to enter and tell her that there has been another wreck on the road, and that her husband is the sad victim. Such is her life of fear and dread, of anxiety and uneasiness, of loneliness and unrest, that she leads; yet never a word of pity gets she. While nearly all the world grieves over the hard fate of railroad men (who, I might add, are the jolliest men of the age), the wife scarcely ever gets a word, unless some kind friend (in masculine attire, I imagine,) prompts her to her duty. Be neat and tidy, cheerful and gay; make home as attractive as possible, so as to while away his hours at home; just as if this advice wasn't needed on the other side, only, methinks, it ought to be changed a little, and the pronoun *her* employed for *him*, to while away *part* of *her* lonely hours. So with all your surplus of pity don't forget us poor wives.

ETTA KILLMER.

## Trades Unions.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

✓ Many of our superintendents and master mechanics of the various railways have stooped so low in their positions as officers to deny the right by intimidation of their employes with threats of discharge if they did not leave the different trades unions to which they were attached. Why is it? Don't let the public, whose eyes have been partly opened, believe it arises from fear of unlawful acts. Not in the least. To the contrary, it is for the purpose of putting men down to starvation wages,



and place us in chains branded "Tyranny." The public has read the constitutions of the many labor orders; the officers of railways have likewise been informed repeatedly of the good intentions, and have in no one case had trouble with their men as representatives of labor orders. Committees have been discharged, fined and suspended, for daring to show that their members were only protecting their families and their Brothers from want in times of health, sickness and death. Who will do this if we do not? No one. What is the state of affairs in the railway employes circle of life? Absolute want. There are many shopmen who work but half time or five hours, at fifteen cents per hour, making an average of from four dollars and a half to six dollars per week. What will alleviate the wrongs and sufferings of such laborers? Many things can be done, yet our point is not to provide the direct remedy, but to provide for those now doubly needy on account of not receiving sufficient to take care of themselves and families. We have succeeded in a measure. Thousands of dollars have been expended in the cause of benevolence and charity, but not a cent to destroy the laws or property of our officials, as they often claim and so announce to the public. Yet we are informed through circulars that we must either quit trades unions or leave the employ of the company. But a few weeks ago the representatives of the public claimed that railroad employes had actual grievances; and if the people only knew to what extent they were aggrieved, a far different feeling would exist, and probably something could be done to overrule the oppression. Alas, how

soon are the facts dropped and the companies become the powerful antagonists of their employes. How long, we ask, is this mighty irregularity to last? and how long are men to be ruled as it were by monarchy? We ask again, What will companies do for us through sickness and death? Will they provide for the widow and take care of the orphans? and as they never have done so, why do they object to Orders known as benevolent, and protection to and profitable to its members, being upon their lines? Answer, some one, can any one give us a reason? Give to the member of the many trades unions the guarantee they get from their Orders, and then you show a just reason. If not, let men alone who desire to do for themselves what their employers will not do for them. This question can not be easily hushed. It is like a dread nightmare, and comes to the mind of every thinking man. We ask for a cause. Who will come out and give it. Laborers, you are yet men, though nearly trampled under by the yoke of tyrannical oppression. Yet never let it be said you discarded your interests and that of your families to a corporation who demands your rights as a citizen, and says to you, "You can not work for me if you intend to act honorably by your profession and your family."

G. L. PEN.

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**From Moberly, Mo.**

MOBERLY, MO., December 10, 1877.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

An accident occurred to an east-bound train drawn by engine No. 94, fired by Brother H. McKenzie, of this place, and when near a station called Pendleton, she ran off a

misplaced switch, and turned over an embankment of thirty feet, with several cars. After an hour or two of work Brother McKenzie was extricated from among the coal under the tank, and, to the surprise of all present, he was not hurt in the least, though it was a narrow escape for him. Mr. White, the engineer, jumped off and escaped unhurt.

Another accident occurred to a west-bound train, with a Roger engine, No. 47, fired by Brother W. Sullivan, and when near Huntsville Station, she blew out several of her flues, and the door being open at the time, Brother Sullivan and the engineer, Mr. Burke, got scalded by the escape of hot water and steam before they could get out of the way. Brother Sullivan is badly hurt about the head, face and neck, but is doing as well as can be expected.

Yours, M.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

[Concluded.]

THE A. & G. W. R. R.

BY SLASHBAR.

Jim Williams runs the "101,"  
I tell you she's a thumper.  
But she would steam a great deal better,  
If Jim would only pump her.

Then there is old Ben Miller,  
Who runs the "116,"  
A splendid place for a firemen,  
But he's got to keep her clean.

Bill Haney runs the No. "16,"  
He is a great ladies man;  
And Jackson, that runs the "72,"  
Beat these two if you can.

We have some fast engineers here,  
And of them I must let you know—  
Sweet William, with the "103"—  
You ought to see him go.

He has a brother Charley,  
Who runs the "109,"  
She pulls trains Nos. 3 and 12—  
That is our fastest line.

Mose Mansfield, with the "110,"  
Is on time every pop;  
He caught up with a freight train—  
And they put her in the shop.

Charley Spofford rung the "106,"  
George Williamson the "84,"  
A good old soul is George Record,  
That runs the "124."

Hold on, just wait a minute,  
And give me your attention.  
We have got some fat boys here,  
Of them I've got to mention.

Jack Hanratty and Jack Quick,  
Then comes Fessenden, the boulder,  
Jack Bruner and Johnson Dick,  
And Mitchell, the 260 pounder.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

THE NEW YEAR.

BY M. S. M.

[To Wm. N. Sayre these lines are respectfully dedicated.]

The bright New Year has come at last,  
The old one's numbered with the past,  
Let former troubles be buried too,  
Commence this year completely new.

For we have occasion to rejoice,  
And shout aloud in one glad voice,  
No one, I'm sure, will ask the cause,  
Who has ever seen our Order laws.

Or knew the men who're at the "wheel,"  
As firm as iron, as true as steel,  
Or saw report of last Convention—  
Enough, no more of this I'll mention.

We, my Brothers, know the whole,  
How Brother Sayre, heart and soul,  
Worked night and main, day and night,  
To advance our cause of truth and right,

How the Brothers in grand communion,  
Offered to members of Firemen's Union  
Charter and all—to take them free,  
To "shake" the "U." and wear the "B."

Then hurrah for Alley, Goundie and Sayre.  
On with our Order, let nothing delay 'er.  
Bless the Grand Body, give them a cheer,  
We'll stand by them in this our New Year.

THE Farmers' Loan and Trust  
Company, of New York City, entered  
suit December 17th, against the  
Chicago, Pekin & Southwestern  
Railroad for \$1,000,000.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S  
**Monthly Magazine.**

DAYTON, O., JANUARY, 1878.

**The Banner.**

PETTIBONE'S REGALIA EMPORIUM, )  
 CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 6, 1877. )

Wm. N. Sayre, G. S. and T., B. of  
 L. F.:

DEAR SIR:—I have shipped this day, by Mr. I. J. Bennett's order, the banner to Chas. McIlroy, of Topeka Lodge, No. 56, B. of L. F., for his energetic endeavors in securing the largest list of subscribers for your valuable MAGAZINE. The banner is a fine one, and can not help but please him and all who may see it.

Truly yours, JAS. PETTIBONE.

The banner is of finished make and of seamless blue silk.

**Four Grand Prizes.**

To the four MAGAZINE Agents who will furnish the largest subscription list of Volume 2, No. 1, of our MAGAZINE, will be given the following prizes:

*First.*—To the highest, a handsome silver watch, American works.

*Second.*—To the next highest, a fine sixteen-karrat gold chain.

*Third.*—To the third highest, a fine gold pin, with monogram of the Order and name of agent.

*Fourth.*—To the fourth highest, a large family Bible.

A fine group picture of the Delegates to the Fourth Annual Convention can be had of Mr. Clark, Vance Block, Indianapolis, Ind., for the small sum of \$1.10.

**Grand Lodge Notices.**

Masters of subordinate Lodges are required to know that Brothers from a distant Lodge, who may be working on their lines, are in possession of a withdrawal card, and prepared to deposit it. This will save much trouble and confusion, and immediate attention will be given this notice.

Locomotive firemen desiring to organize a Lodge, will first get from ten to fifteen of the best material of their lines, and apply for charter to W. N. Sayre, Indianapolis, Ind., who will furnish charter, applications and work—and will also institute the Lodge. Firemen will set an appropriate day, when the greatest number of charter applicants are "in," as the ceremonies of initiation and institution require nine hours of hard labor. To instituting officer all questions relative to the Order cheerfully answered.

F. B. ALLEY, G. M.

**General Notes.**

Wanted to know—the whereabouts of J. J. Ebby.

Watch for T. H. Wagensler, who has left his Lodge in a disgraceful manner.

Brother Clough, of No. 15, reports "Pacific" in good order, and business fair.

Brother Bennett, of No. 5, reports all well, and is working up a big subscription for the MAGAZINE.

All absent members from Lone Star Lodge, No. 70, will do well to correspond with his Lodge.

Brother Chas. Hope, of No. 72, stopped to see us on his way to Sedalia, Mo.; he looks natural, and reports his Lodge doing well.

E. H. Sanford, formerly of No. 25, will do well to arrange differences between his Lodge and himself, and save trouble.

We would be pleased to hear from Brothers Raymond, Lord and Brentnal, of No. 69. Don't get discouraged, dance the more next time.

Brother McIlroy wants to hold tight or he won't come in for the watch this time. It will be one Charley that you can not sneeze at.

Brothers J. H. Smith, of No. 23, W. J. Stuart, of No. 28, and M. Olmsted, of No. 54, will accept thanks for lists. You have done nobly.

Past Master Frazier, of No. 4, has taken unto himself a wife. May you live long and prosper, is our wish. Brother Frazier.

"Where there is a will there's a way," runs the old proverb, and where an agent is active and energetic, a big subscription list follows.

Mrs. Carr, of Quebec, hanged herself with her false hair last week. The Coroner's verdict was "that the Carr was demolished by a misplaced switch."

No. 75 will move into their new hall January 1st, the location of which will be given hereafter; they will also hold a grand ball, so look out for notices.

Frank Bray, or any Brother of the Order who knows of his whereabouts, will codfer a favor by notifying Recording Secretary of No. 52 immediately.

Brothers away from their Lodges will do well to notify their Recording Secretaries of their whereabouts, as they may hear something to their advantage.

Brothers Allen and Kennedy, of No. 35, will accept the thanks of the Grand Lodge for services at Trenton, N. J., and with you, desire that your attempts may prove a success.

Brother Olmstead, of No. 54, has, with many of the Brothers, redewed their subscription, in order to assist us, and though many numbers are yet due on the old list, we will be relieved of quite a sum, and certainly are very thankful to the members of No. 64.

Brother J. M. Dodge, of No. 57, starts on an extended tour through the South and East, and will spend the winter in Florida. We wish him a pleasant journey and good health.

We have made arrangements with a large manufacturing house to furnish a beautiful gold pin, with number of Lodge on, for \$11 per half dozen. Send your orders to W. N. Sayre. Goods sent C. O. D.

Welcome Lodge. No. 72, at Camden, N. J., was presented with a beautiful motto by a lady of that city—the word "Welcome," finely worked. It is appropriate to the name of the Lodge, also to our motto of welcome to all worthy Brothers.

### He Robbed the Orphans' Fund.

T. H. Wagensler, formerly of Marshall, Texas, has absconded, taking with him \$100 belonging to the Orphans and Widows' Fund. Any one knowing of his whereabouts will confer a favor by advising us.

### New Lodges.

No. 80, Early Sunrise, at Palestine, Texas, instituted November 24th, by Brothers J. McDonough and Smith, of No. 70. We are pleased to state that No. 80 starts out on her mission with a fine membership and a determined set of officers, whose names we give below:

Master—J. A. Morely.  
Vice Master—E. N. Rutledge.  
Recording Secretary—C. Reitch.  
Financial Secretary—J. R. Young.  
Treasurer—J. Melvin.  
Past Master—J. McCann.  
Inner Guard—J. Davis.  
Warden—J. Rose.  
Chaplain—A. P. Draper.  
Magazine Agent—J. Lowry.

The account given by the instituting officers of this work is certainly a proof of the success of our new addition to the followers of our motto. Brothers, we wish you well.

**Amusements.**

The ball given by Amiciti Lodge, of Harrisburg, Pa., was a grand success, financially and otherwise.

Scranton Lodge, No. 7, give their Fourth Annual Ball January 25, 1878, and if followed by the usual success a big sum will be realized.

No. 75 cleared a nice sum from their concert, and had a pleasant time generally. Some other Lodges should try "75's" successful experiment.

We have received an invitation from Lodge No. 52, for their Second Annual Ball, for which accept thanks; would be pleased to be in attendance, but regret that we can not. Wish you a happy time.

No. 65 give their First Annual Ball New Years Eve, at Victoria Hall, Brockville, Ont. A good time and a large attendance is expected, as our Brothers are highly respected by the people of Brockville. Sister Lodges are cordially invited.

Thanksgiving Eve Enterprise Lodge, No. 60, gave their grand benevolent concert. The house, we are told, was more than crowded, and reports from the ticket office caused the Brothers all to smile over their large receipts. Good for Nos. 60 and 75. Now our Brothers in Camden, N. J., should make a move—no law against it in Jersey.

**MARRIED.**—At Meadville, Pa., on the 31st of October, 1877, by the Rev. R. Craighead, Mr. L. B. Frazier, of Meadville, Pa., and Miss Bertha A. Clark, of Spartinsburg, Crawford Co., Pa.

Mr. Frazier is a member of No. 4, and has been running an engine for the past year or more, giving good satisfaction to his employers. May your run through life be ever happy, and may there be one that will look up to you and say, "Pa, how long will it be before I can take the right hand side?"

**To Union Firemen.**

OFFICE GRAND LODGE,  
BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE  
FIREMEN, December, 1877.

*To all Subordinate Lodges, International Union of Locomotive Firemen:*

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—In view of a stronger bond of union, we do herewith offer to each Lodge of your Order, now in working order, a complete set of works and charter of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen *gratuitously*, to become of our Order. We will also institute and put all Lodges in thorough working order. Would be pleased to open communications on the subject with any of your officers; also will furnish copies of our monthly MAGAZINE *gratuitously* on receipt of address.

Fraternally yours,

W. N. SAYRE,  
Grand Secretary.

**Answers to Financial Secretaries.**

H. W. M.—A policy can be changed to suit the holder at any time by you, as on many occasions the Brothers desire to leave their money to a different person than originally intended.

S. P.—Every Brother is supposed to be paid for when you receive notice of death, but no such notice will ever be issued unless the Brother holds a certificate of Insurance Fund, and is in good standing in his Lodge.

G. E. V.—You will always forward every proof of the death of a Brother, including certificate of Insurance Fund and last receipt of dues.

WE are indebted to our good friend M. Olmstead, for the November number of the LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE. Each succeeding number grows brighter and more interesting, giving evidence of increasing prosperity.—*Moberle (Mo.) Ex.*

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]  
**IN MEMORY OF THOS. WILDMAN.**

BY M.

Spirit, thy labor is o'er,  
 Thy term of probation is run.  
 Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden  
 shore,  
 And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit, look not on the strife,  
 Or the pleasures of earth with regret—  
 Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,  
 To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit, no fetters can bind,  
 No wicked have power to molest;  
 There the weary, like thee—the wretched  
 shall find  
 A Heaven—a mansion of rest.

Spirit, how bright is the road,  
 For which thou art now on the wing;  
 Thy home it will be, with angels and God,  
 Their loud hallelujahs to sing.  
 —SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., Nov. 27, 1877.

**Thanks.**

The Grand officers desire to return to Brothers McDonough and Smith, their sincere thanks, for kind and most valuable services rendered, and assure you that the same will not be forgotten by us soon.

F. B. ALLEY,  
 W. T. GOENDEL,  
 W. N. SAYRE.

**Queries**

As we are apt to gather around our engines at times and talk of the fast runs we make, and I being doubtful of this sixty miles per hour running on level lines, would ask is it possible for a five-foot wheel engine on such a track (level) to make sixty miles per hour. Please give revolutions per second.

P. D. X.

If it takes seven miles of a river to fill an engine tank with water, and at every revolution of the drivers she travels eleven miles, how long will I have to wait on those Brothers who promised faithfully to send me their cards on their arrival home from the Convention?

Yours in B. S. and I.

J. R. GOHEEN.

**An Excellent Number.**

"No. 1 of Volume 2, BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE, is on our table. This valuable MAGAZINE comes to us with new "clothes" on, and is a very decided improvement on the other cover. The matter in this number is far above the average, and shows the determination of the editor and managers to keep the MAGAZINE up to the high standard desirable in a magazine for railroad men."—[DAYTON (O.) PEOPLE.]

**Resolutions.**

CHICAGO, ILL., November 18, 1877.

At the regular meeting of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, An all wise God, in his mysterious Providence, has seen fit to visit our worthy Brother, N. Veghte with the loss of a Brother by death; be it

*Resolved*, That we, the members of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, do sincerely sympathize with Brother Veghte in this affliction, and trust that the same God who has seen fit to cause it, may sustain him through it; and be it

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Brother Veghte, and be published in our monthly MAGAZINE.

R. V. DODGE,

J. COSTELLO,

V. BERNA,

Committee.

**Withdrawals.**

From No. 52 to join No. 46.—Harvey McGinnes.

**Rejected.**

Nathaniel Gorman, on general principles.

**BLACK LIST.**

**EXPELLED.**

No. 70.—T. H. Wagensler, for defrauding his Lodge of Orphan and Widows' Fund of \$100. Locomotive firemen and master mechanics should look out for him. Immediate steps will be taken to bring him to justice.

## Grand Lodge Officers.

F. B. ALLEY.....	Grand Master,
286 Wenzel street, Louisville, Ky.	
W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Vice Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
JOHN SAVAGE.....	Grand Warden,
Boston, Mass.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
C. G. SWAN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Suspension Bridge, N. Y.	
WM. COWLES.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Camden, N. J.	
E. V. DEBS.....	Grand Marshal,
Terre Haute, Ind.	
MARION BARNHILL.....	Grand Chaplain,
Indianapolis, Ind.	

## Grievance Committee.

F. B. ALLEY, Chairman.....	Louisville, Ky.
W. T. GOUNDIE, Assistant Ch.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. N. SAYRE, Secretary.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
W. W. SMITH.....	Belleville, Ont.
O. W. CUTLER.....	Providence, R. I.
J. B. SWARTZ.....	Scranton, Pa.
A. JENKINSON.....	Galion, O.
D. O. SHANK.....	Albany, N. Y.
F. SNYDER.....	Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. W. PHILLIPSON.....	Marshall, Texas
S. F. BROWNE.....	Austin, Minn.
JOHN MIZE.....	Denver, Col.
JAMES MCNEAL.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. ACHESY.....	Nashville, Tenn.
GEO. MCGARRAHAN.....	East St. Louis, Ill.

## Grand Lodge Deputies.

F. CLARK.....	Jurisdiction No. 1,
	Detroit, Mich.
S. M. STEVENS.....	Jurisdiction No. 2,
	Lowell, Mass.
J. E. DUNAVON.....	Jurisdiction No. 3,
	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. C. BARNARD.....	Jurisdiction No. 4,
	Urbana, Ill.
R. V. DODGE.....	Jurisdiction No. 5,
	Chicago, Ill.
J. R. GOHEEN.....	Jurisdiction No. 6,
	Topeka, Kansas.
WM. COYNE.....	Jurisdiction No. 7,
	Little Rock, Arkansas.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jervis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.  
I. B. Fisher (Box 724).....Master  
Ed. Bailey.....Rec. Sec'y  
N. C. Marshall.....Magazine Agent
2. ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.  
C. Hobart.....Master  
L. W. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent

3. JERSEY CITY, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets at Wagner's Hall, 490 Grove street, every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
S. S. Clark (care 14 Erie street).....Master  
Henry Jackson (care 14 Erie st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent
4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
W. H. Maxwell.....Master  
J. F. Hoffman.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. F. Williamson.....Magazine Agent
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 p. m.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
C. Bennett.....Rec. Sec'y  
Chas. Bennett.....Magazine Agent
6. DAYTON, at Dayton, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Sixth and Ludlow streets, first Sunday of each month.  
Frank States (19 Zeigler street).....Master  
J. C. McCutcheon.....Rec. Sec'y  
Chris. Sweetman.....Magazine Agent
7. SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa. Meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.  
W. H. Whitmore.....Master  
Thos. Roach (Lockbox 37).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. D. Schooley.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
T. F. Donovan.....Master  
Frank Schooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Schooley.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 2d Tuesday nights of each month.  
F. J. Kistler (24 West Fulton st.).....Master  
J. Q. Glenn, 78 Spruce st.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Q. Glenn, 78 Spruce st.....Magazine Agent
10. CLEVELAND, at Cleveland, Ohio.  
D. T. Hendersen.....Master  
A. C. Burke.....Rec. Sec'y
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
L. D. Salisbury.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30; hall, 253 Michigan st.  
A. L. Jacobs.....Master  
J. C. Bradley, 547 S. Division st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan (Susp. Bridge).....Magazine Agent
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. in Brick Bank hall.  
J. Hunt.....Master  
J. M. Johnston (Box 342).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. H. Hunt.....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 p. m., in Aetna Building, Pennsylvania street.  
Fred Crane.....Master  
C. P. Bond (456 E. Michigan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. P. Bond.....Magazine Agent  
(456 E. Michigan st.)
15. PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays; hall, Chateau avenue, near Summit Avenue.  
J. J. Smith.....Master  
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent

16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Wm. Brennan.....Master  
E. V. Debbs (Box 1074).....Rec. Sec'y  
Robert Ebbage (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. LEACH, at Mattoon, Ill. Meets every Saturday at 7:30 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
W. J. Nash.....Master  
George Howell.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Morgan.....Magazine Agent
18. FRIENDSHIP, at Fort Wayne, Ind. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.  
J. R. Anderson.....Master  
F. Snyder, 138 Force st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Ferd. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
19. HOPE, at Alliance, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
L. M. Holloway.....Master  
J. Martin (Crestline, Ohio).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. S. McKee, Crestline, O.....Magazine Agent
20. WESTERN STAR, at Galesburg, Ill. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
O. D. Pratt.....Master  
John McGee.....Rec. Sec'y
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
W. Stevenson.....Master  
James Buck.....Rec. Sec'y  
James Buck.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
F. C. Beatty.....Master  
S. M. Harvey.....Rec. Sec'y  
Isaac Littler (Box 598).....Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
J. H. Smith (252 Zane street).....Master  
P. Powers (316 Wenzel st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Smith.....Magazine Agent  
[252 Zane street.]
24. H. G. RUST, at Jackson, Mich.  
S. Smith.....Master  
Wm. E. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y  
Miles Grosvenor.....Magazine Agent
25. PROVIDENCE, at Providence, R. I. Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Saturday evenings in each month in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Geo. H. Bragg.....Master  
C. S. Newton.....Rec. Sec'y  
(14 Chestnut st., Hartford, Conn.)  
O. W. Cutler.....Magazine Agent  
(14 Washburn street.)
26. J. W. THOMAS, at Nashville, Tennessee. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at Knights of Honor Hall, West Nashville.  
Geo. D. Smith (317 Church st.).....Master  
Will Achey.....Rec. Sec'y  
(cor. W. Gay and Hines sts.)  
Will Achey.....Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
F. A. Davis.....Master  
A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month.  
W. J. Stuart.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. J. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
29. CHAMPION, at Detroit, Mich.  
J. A. Robertson.....Master  
(315 Congress street, West Detroit.)  
Frank Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Magazine Agent
30. HARMONY, at Susquehanna, Dep.  
James Cass.....Master  
Frank Choate (Box 269).....Rec. Sec'y
31. FORT CLARK, at Peoria, Ill.  
A. F. Eaton.....Master  
D. B. Wright.....Rec. Sec'y
32. AMERICUS, at Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Charles Jewell, 82 Center st.....Master  
George H. Scott.....Rec. Sec'y
33. CECIL FLEMING, at Jackson, Tenn.  
J. Jones.....Master  
R. T. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Jones.....Magazine Agent
34. ORCHARD CITY, at Burlington, Iowa.  
Win. James.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
35. WASHINGTON, at Lafayette, N. J. Meets 1st Monday and 2d Saturday evenings at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
Horace Allen.....Master  
A. Zindle.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 Pine st., Jersey City, N. J.)  
J. Conklin.....Magazine Agent  
(183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. TIPPECANOE, at Lafayette, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, corner Sixth and Main sts., Curtis' Block.  
H. C. Ward.....Master  
Pat. Roman (182 W. 7th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer (216 Main st.).....Magazine Agent
37. MOUNTAIN CITY, at Altoona, Pa. Meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.  
John Gardner.....Master  
J. Miles Stonebraker, Box 343.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. McMurray, Box 343.....Magazine Agent
38. KEY STONE, at Pittsburg, Pa. Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Beaver avenue.  
Gust Sold.....Master  
Thos. Vanvoy.....Rec. Sec'y  
(148 Bidwell st., Allegheny, Pa.)  
Burt E. Gove.....Magazine Agent  
(134 Juniata st., Allegheny, Pa.)
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.  
H. M. Baker.....Master  
Wm. Chambers.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Anderson (Box 56).....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets every Thursday night.  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss (1206 N. Lee st.).....Master  
T. O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y  
(902 W. Chestnut st.)  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss.....Magazine Agent
41. FOX RIVER, at Aurora, Ill. Meets every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.  
C. Riddle.....Master  
C. E. Powell.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. L. Cummings.....Magazine Agent
42. MISSOURI VALLEY, at Sedalia, Mo. Meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th Wednesday.  
R. C. Yopst.....Master  
C. Schernowkie.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. D. Palmer.....Magazine Agent



43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
DeWitt Pearce.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Donovan.....Magazine Agent
44. RELIABLE, at Brookfield, Mo. Meets  
2d and 4th Thursdays, in B. of L. E. hall.  
R. Cheney.....Master  
S. Leonard.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. R. Worth (Box 13).....Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets  
every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main  
and Markham streets.  
Wm. Coyne.....Master  
M. W. Campbell (Lock Box 648).....Rec. Sec'y
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets  
every alternate Sunday at Eng. Hall.  
John Walsh.....Master  
G. D. Partington (Box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Henry.....Magazine Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets  
every Sunday of each month, at 2:30  
P. M., in Railroad Chapel.  
P. D. Furlong (872 State st.).....Master  
W. Woodin (544 S. Canal st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Costello.....Magazine Agent  
(957 S. Dearborn st.)
48. AMICITI, at Harrisburg, Pa. Meets every  
Saturday night and Sunday afternoon,  
corner 3d and Broad streets.  
M. G. Stoner.....Master  
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y  
937 Pennsylvania avenue  
C. W. Guyon.....Magazine Agent  
(411 Cumberland st.)
49. SPRINGFIELD, at Springfield, Mass.  
C. O. Mansus.....Master  
J. W. Hurlbert (Box 396).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. H. Porter (Box 396).....Magazine Agent
50. NEW YORK CITY, at New York. Meets  
every 2d Sunday and 4th Saturday of  
each month, at 869 Second avenue.  
Peter O'Dannel.....Master  
Henry J. Glover (231 E. 45th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.).....Magazine Agent
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y.  
A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st.....Master  
L. J. Boynton (112 W. Utica st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Gorman.....Magazine Agent
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Ind. Meets  
every Friday at 8 P. M., corner Market  
and Canal streets.  
Chas. Schrier.....Master  
S. Bricks.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. D. Cool.....Magazine Agent
53. FIDELITY, at Sunbury, Pa. Meets every  
Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. hall.  
John Pittenger.....Master  
D. F. Vollmer (Box 276).....Rec. Sec'y
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every  
Monday night, at 43 Reed street.  
M. Olmsted.....Master  
J. Mannert (Lockbox 580).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. J. Murphy (Lockbox 580).....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis, Tenn. Meets  
every Sunday at 2 P. M. at Engineers'  
Hall, Adams street.  
Wm. Bender, 206 Old Raleigh st.....Master  
O. B. Hanes.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Bender.....Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Topeka, Kan. Meets at Odd  
Fellows' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each  
month.  
S. McGaffey.....Master  
J. R. Goheen.....Rec. Sec'y  
Charles McIlroy.....Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st and  
3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 A. M.,  
and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., in En-  
gineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
Francis Beadle.....Master  
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
(123 Chelsea st., E. Boston, Mass.)  
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent  
(70 Cambridge st., E. Cambridge, Mass.)
58. STAR, at Hoboken, N. J. Meets 2d Sun-  
days and 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark  
street.  
C. E. Borland.....Master  
O. Gillen (Box 41, Hoboken).....Rec. Sec'y  
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. ASHLEY, at Ashley, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th  
Sundays, in I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 P. M.  
J. M. Peck.....Master  
A. E. Detro.....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets Sat-  
urday nights and Sundays, corner York  
and Amber streets.  
G. C. Green (107 Haydock st).....Master  
J McNeal (427 Schneider ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
Robert Deary.....Magazine Agent  
(South Bethlehem, Pa.)
61. MINNEHAHA, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets  
every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M., cor.  
7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall.  
S. J. Murphy (56 Goodrich ave.).....Master  
C. Sinks (58 Goodrich ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Peel (183 Exchange st.).....Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets  
every 1st, 2d and 3d Thursdays of each  
month, in Engineers' Hall.  
O. E. Histed.....Master  
U. T. Bingham.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. W. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, at Danville, Ill. Meets  
every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
J. C. Boyssel.....Master  
L. Browold, C. & E. I. shops.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. Rogers.....Magazine Agent
64. LOYAL, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of L.  
E. Hall, every Sunday.  
W. H. Hamilton.....Master  
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 16, Brookville, Kan.)
65. ISLAND CITY, at Brockville, Ontario,  
(Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays,  
King street, over McClean's boot and  
shoe store.  
Wm. T. Simpson.....Master  
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. CHALLENGE, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada).  
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in B. of L. E.  
Hall.  
Patrick Flannery.....Master  
James Cummins.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Smith.....Magazine Agent
67. DOMINION, at Toronto, Can. Meets  
every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in  
Occidental Hall, Queen street.  
Wm. Newlove.....Master  
Wm. Prenter (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y  
George Shields (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. HUDSON, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st  
Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday af-  
ternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.  
John McAuley.....Master  
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y  
332 Union st., Elizabeth, N. J.)  
R. Hare (245 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent

69. HURON, at Port Huron, Mich. Meets every Sunday, over Postoffice.  
J. Britnall.....Master  
J. S. Beach.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)  
J. S. Beach.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)
70. LONE STAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets every Sunday night in I. O. O. F. Hall.  
A. C. Cayton.....Master  
James McDonough.....Rec. Sec'y  
James McDonough.....Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 540 Broadway.  
D. O. Shank, 85 Cherry street.....Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union street.....Rec. Sec'y  
S. Smith (103 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
Wm. Cows, 411 Hartman st.....Master  
L. Elberston (417 Henry st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave.....Magazine Agent
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Mechanic hall.  
C. E. Bullard.....Master  
T. E. Kelton, 42 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. E. Bullard.....Magazine Agent  
32 Plymouth street,
74. KANSAS CITY, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 7st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic hall, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Master  
John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y  
cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Magazine Agent  
905 Penn street,
75. ENTERPRISE, at West Philadelphia Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
C. E. Austian, 3800 Story st.....Master  
W. T. Goundie.....Rec. Sec'y  
3405 Elm st.  
C. E. Austin.....Magazine Agent  
(3800 Story street.)
76. VALLEY CITY LODGE, at East Saginaw, Michigan. Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.  
F. C. Blanchett.....Master  
J. Lennox, Box 860.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Hannon, Box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
L. C. Ames.....Master  
W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. C. Ames.....Magazine Agent
78. BINGHAMTON, at Binghamton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.  
Thomas Milan, Box 725.....Master  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. MIAMI, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M., corner 8th and Freeman sts.  
J. F. Coakley.....Master  
G. Harrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. M. Sperry.....Magazine Agent  
432 George st.
80. EARLY SUNRISE, at Palestine, Texas. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall.  
J. H. Morely.....Master  
C. Reitch.....Recording Sec'y  
J. Lowry.....Magazine Agent

# THE BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

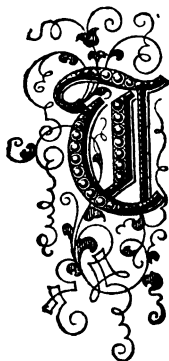
Vol. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

No. 3.

## SHOCKING!

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.



HE scene is at the Havre depot. The express is about leaving for Paris. The doors of the cars are slammed to by the guards, and off goes the train.

There are three men and three women in a compartment; the former sitting back and

the latter front, to escape that black and impalpable dust which is so defiling to the skin. A very pretty Parisian, who is returning home, hesitated a long while before entering there. She wishes to select her own place, and is no sooner seated than she opens a novel of Octave Feuillet. She is evidently a *honnête femme*.

Her neighbor is of an imposing aspect; she began by looking in at the door to assure herself that nothing could tarnish the purity of the wings of her daughter; an angel that has not yet flown. The reserved air of the young woman, and especially the sight of the *jeune homme* lying open on her lap, reassured her.

An old gentleman, wearing a decoration, has placed himself in the corner, facing the old lady. A young man, dressed in a suit of English stuff, is seated next to him, and opposite is the young miss. He has the wearied air of a young man who does not desire to see any-

thing, and which at once conveys to those around a good opinion of him as a traveler.

At the last moment, an Englishman jumped into the compartment, after having first thrown in a carpet-bag, which appeared more jaded than himself. He took a seat in front of the young woman. They are more at ease than the others, as they are only two, and occupy room enough for four.

The sight of the Englishman creates a general astonishment. His face and hair are covered with a black, clammy dust, and his rose and white-striped shirt is bordered by a dark thread of dirt like the edge of a sheet of mourning paper. With all this he has red hair, a red beard, yellow complexion and teeth, green eyes and eye-glasses on his nose. He has, nevertheless, the appearance of a gentleman—of an Englishman, not handsome, but pure-blooded.

The train dashes along with a stunning velocity, and no one speaks. Heads, arms and legs are all jerking about, as if in a pitching sea.

At Yvetot there is a halt of two minutes. Some trunks are tossed out on the quay, and a newspaper vender presents himself at the door with a basket. They all take a paper. The train is again in motion; each one tries to read his paper, which also flutters to and fro; these papers represent sails flapping about in a stormy sea. The young miss

does not read, but when her mother shall have perused the paper, she will allow her to peruse the charges of the bishops, the account of the pilgrimages, and the movements of the Count of Chambord.

Rouen is reached; ten minutes' halt. There is a general rush to the *buffet*. One asks for a cup of boiling chocolate, which he finds too hot to swallow; another the wing of a chicken, or a duck, of which he will only have time enough to see its golden skin. A waiter cries out:

"Lord B——! A dispatch for Lord B——!" holding up the dispatches at arm's length.

"*Moi, Lord B——, je suis,*" ("I, Lord B——, I am.")

The servant hesitates. An Englishman dirty! Improbable! He never saw one. He looks at him; he is verily, nevertheless, an Englishman. He gives him the dispatch.

Lord B—— at first seems delighted, but in paying for the refreshments which he had not time to swallow, he perceives in the mirror, that reflects the chignon of the *dame de buffet*, his own face, or better to express it, his horrible dirty face, which petrifies him with horror.

"Take your seats! Take your seats!" shouted the conductors. The money rattles in the drawer of the *buffet*, in the little baskets of the servants, in the pockets of the travelers, every one seeks to get what belongs to him.

The Englishman rushes on the quay; he seems to have lost his senses, and to be hunting after something.

"This way, sir, make haste, there is only one minute left," said an obliging employe to him, who thought he knew what he was seeking, and pitied his distress. But it is not that. It would require more than one minute for what Lord B—— wanted. "*En wagon! en wagon!*" This cry seemed like a menace to his ears; he proceeds, without knowing whither he is going. He sees the smoke of the locomotive on the roof of the depot. One carriage door only is yet open, it is his own. An employe takes him by the arm and pushes him in; he mounts, and falls into his seat the moment the signal

for starting is given. He then buries his face in his hands, which are more filthy even, and he considers his situation. He arrives from America. He came from Washington to Liverpool, from Liverpool to Southampton, and from Southampton to Havre, without stopping anywhere. Since he quitted the mail-boat, he has not touched a drop of water, nor opened his carpet-bag. He is engaged to be married, and the affair was about being settled, when he left for the United States. It was a question of realizing a very considerable sum of pounds sterling. His future father-in-law said to him, "Depart!" and Lady Mary, "Return." He went, he realized, and he returns.

Lord B—— is in love. But he is likewise about to make a splendid marriage. He is to marry a venerable heiress, an only daughter, who will not be obliged to cede the paternal inheritance to a cousin of the sixth degree. Her lands lie next to those of Lord B——, a superb estate in the county of Cumberland. Lady Mary is a little meagre, it is true, but when she shall have had three or four children, she will begin to grow fuller in form, and when she is the mother of ten, she will be all right.

The question is asked why Lady Mary has chosen Lord B——. He does not know himself. She was sought after by all the neighbors for twenty leagues around. She took Lord B—— to have an end of it. He adores her, and she accepts the adoration. She gave a rendezvous to her *fiancee* at Paris, where she is going to make up her wedding *trossau*. He was going to rejoin her at the Grand Hotel, but he conceived the fatal idea of announcing the same morning, by telegraph, his arrival, and she telegraphed in return that she would be at the depot Saint Lazare to give the traveler a friendly greeting.

Now, how could one present himself to his *fiancee*, and an Englishwoman, too, in such a pitiable state as he was in. The rapidity of his traveling is a proof of his love, but there are proofs of love which must not be given, under pain of inspiring much less than love. He asks himself what he could do. He sacks

his imagination. He regrets his foolish zeal. He would give a thousand pounds to have passed the night at Havre and taken a bath. He thinks of stopping at Vernon, or at Mantes, and of telegraphing that he had missed the train, but she would ask why he got out at Vernon, or at Mantes. Shocking!

He sees his black hands in contact with the white glace kid gloves of his *fiancee*. He sees her eyes fixed on his dusty beard, upon his face covered with sweat and blotches. It is horrible. All at once an idea strikes him. He seizes it. He is saved.

Addressing himself to his young neighbor, he says to him: "*Grand tunnel at Brunieres, j'vous prie?*" ("Great tunnel at Brunieres, I pray you?")

"Yes, the tunnel is long."

"*Combein de tempts passer le tunnel?*" ("How long a time to pass the tunnel?")

"A half an hour."

"Ah! Yes! Very well! Very well!"

He appears rejoiced, and the travelers wonder why he is so glad to arrive at the tunnel of Brunieres.

They arrive there. The lamps have not been lit. In summer the companies, on pretext of not heating the cars, frequently adopt this economy. The obscurity is complete. The train rolls through the sombre humidity and infernal noise.

In spite of the din the travelers distinguish a strange rustling. The Englishman has not evidently preserved the immobility which is naturally maintained in a tunnel, when there is no inopportune desire, or suspicious project. The young woman felt feet moving in front of her. She drew back her own. She felt also a soft and vaporous object graze her face, like a veil or handkerchief. She asks what it is, but, as nothing followed, she pays no further attention, and only awaits with a certain impatience the coming of the light again.

The old gentleman and the young man also hear something, but the young woman can only have anything to suffer from the evolutions of the Englishman, and as she does not complain, they do not feel themselves

obliged to interfere. The old lady and the young lady also hear the click of a lock, and the rustling of some kind of stuff, but there is nothing to alarm them. Very agreeable perfumes also suddenly diffuse themselves through the compartment.

At last the light burst forth resplendant. Horrors! The Englishman! Well, that Englishman, who, notwithstanding his uncleanness, had an air of *comme il faut*, has taken off his rose-colored shirt and has not put on his blue one.

The young woman covers her face with the *jeune homme pauvre*. The dowager shrieks aloud, and the young miss, while feigning to turn away her head, regards with astonishment.

The Englishman attempts in vain to hide himself behind his carpet-bag. He makes a shield of it, and protests, in a strangled voice, that he is in despair at offending the ladies.

The old gentleman throws upon him the outspread *Univers*.

Lord B—— thought that the passage of the tunnel would last half an hour, and that he would have time enough to change his shirt, to brush his hair, to wipe his face with a towel steeped in cologne, or  *vinaigre de toilette*, and to clean his nails.

He asks permission to explain; it is refused; he wishes to complete his toilet; he is ordered not to make a movement; he supplicates the ladies to turn their eyes a moment, but they turn a deaf ear to his entreaties.

At the station of Mantes, the train stops, and the decorated gentleman calls the chief conductor. This employe appears very much surprised on seeing that the most indispensable part of the dress of Lord B—— is represented by the *Univers*. This situation seems to him quite a novel one. He summons the chief of the station, and points out the traveler to his attention. This latter calls the inspector, and the inspector ends in quest of the gendarmes.

The train is already ten minutes behind time; they refuse to make Lord B—— alight, in order not to increase the scandal, and he is not permitted to resume his garments, so long as the *proces-verbal* is not drawn up. The doors are invaded

by the crowd; the women, in passing by on the quay, cast a flying glance in this compartment, which a squad of employes can not prevent people approaching. They telegraph to Paris: "*Train poste retard pour attentat pudeur.*" ("The mail train is delayed by an outrage on decency.")

The three female travelers demand at the top of their lungs to be let out; it is permitted to them, and they flee whither the men, at least, can not follow them. The young woman thinks that her husband would be provoked to see her mix up in such an affair. It was not worth the trouble of choosing her compartment; thenceforward she will go in that of the *dames seules* (for ladies only). They are always disputing there to be sure, but such things never occur. The dowager vows that her daughter shall never enter a railway carriage again until she is married, and the young miss says one sees most extraordinary things in traveling.

The report is finally made out, and the *Univers* is replaced by the garment Englishwomen do not mention, and which English men should never quit in a railway car.

They cause the *proces-verbal* to be signed by two witnesses; it is read to the women, who sign it also, excepting the young miss, who is a minor. Then Lord B—— is made to descend, and the train sets off again.

The accused, at a glance, now sees the horror of the situation. He wishes to speak, and the French words escape from his memory. At last he contrives to say: "Do not arrest me, I beg you; I will pay a great deal of money. Lord Lyons, a good friend of mine, will say that my intentions were good."

The name of Lord Lyons at first produced a certain effect; then, the employes of the *Champagne l'Oncet* on reflection, think that the English Ambassador will not entertain the idea of claiming for his compatriots the privilege of undressing *en wagon*.

Lord B——, in despair, speaks English, he gesticulates, and bitterly regrets not having kept on his dirty shirt.

All this while Lady Mary is waiting at the depot.

A half an hour passes—at last a shrill whistle is heard, and the train enters the station.

Lady Mary seeks her *fiance*, and sees him not—"Pardon, sir," she says to a traveler, in stopping his way with an umbrella, "might you have not seen on the journey a very tall Englishman, with rather reddish hair?"

"Red! oh, yes, very red, as it appears! It is the Englishman who was arrested at Mantes."

"Arrested! Lord B—— arrested?"

"Precisely, Lord B——!"

"But, arrested, wherefor?"

"That can not be explained to a young lady."

"Tell it without explanation, and I will understand."

"He was arrested for an offense against decency in a compartment where there were three women."

"Three women! how horrible! Oh! how happy I am to be not yet his."

Whilst Lord B—— is raving like a madman at Mantes to prove that, in spite of appearances, his intentions were pure, Lady Mary returns to Cumberland. Three days after, she promised her hand to another neighbor, whose estate lies to the north of her own, on the Scottish frontier, at Solway point. She was married to him last week.

### SIM'S LITTLE GIRL.

"Come out here, George Burks. Put that glass down—can't wait a minute. Business particular—concerns the company.

"Now, I've got you by the arm, boy, I want to tell you something. Then, if you want to go back into that saloon, you may.

"I don't often meddle in other folks' business, do I? When a tough old fellow like me sets out to warn a body, you may know it's because he sees sore need of it. I've had an eye on you ever since the company promoted you to an engine, and I want you to make a fair trip of your life. You're a fine, bright youngster. I

don't never say things to compliment.

"Just takin' drinks for good fellowship? Yes, I know all 'bout that. Been there myself. Sit down on the edge of the platform here.

"Of all men in the world, I take it, engineers ought to be the last to touch the bottle. We have life and property trusted to our hands uncommon. Ours is a grand business. I don't think folks look at it as they ought to. Remember when I was a young fellow like you, just set up with an engine, I used to feel like a strong angel or somethin' rushin' over the country, makin' that iron beast do just as I wanted him to. The power sort of made me think fast, square up and feel much of a man.

"I was doin' well when I married, and I did well long afterwards. We had a nice home, the little woman and me; our hearts was set on each other, and she was a little proud of her engineer. She used to say so, anyhow. She was sort of mild and tender with her tongue. Not one of your loud ones. And pretty, too. But you know what it is to love a woman, George Burks, I saw you walkin' with a blue-eyed little thing last Sunday.

"And after awhile we had the little girl. How I felt when I came home and they put her into my arms the first time! I looked sort of silly and sort of glad! My wife she just laughed out loud to see me handle that little thing so orkardly.

"I never liked little children much, but I took to that 'un powerful. Everybody took to her.

"George, boy, did you ever take time to go and peep at young ferns in the spring? You see 'em all doubled together like a teeny fist.

That's what she was at first; all fist and squirm; beauty curled up tight. Then they unfold and spread out, and come up bright and delicate, and finer'n you can put into words. That's just the way she did. Every night I come home I found her growed and plumpened out more. Used to toss her up, and she'd squeal like a squirrel, and come down on my face in fits of laughter.

"Oh, I darsen't think about her cunpingness! But the very first word she learned to say was 'Papa!'

"We talked a good deal about what we should call her, my wife and I. We went clean through the Bible, and set down all the fine story names we heard of. But nothin' seemed to suit. I used to puzzle the whole length of my route to find out a name for that little girl. My wife wanted to call her Eudora Isabel. But that sounded like folderrol. Then we had up Rebeccar and Maud, and Amanda Ann, and what not. Finally, whenever I looked at her, I seemed to see 'Katie.' She looked Katie, I took to callin' her Katie, and she learned it, so Katie she was.

"I tell you, George, that was a child to be noticed. She was rounder and prettier made'n a wax figger, her eyes was bigger and blacker'n any grown woman's you ever saw, set like stars under her forehead; and her hair was that light kind, that all runs to curls and glitter.

"Soon's she could toddle she used to come dancin' to meet me. I've soiled a many of her white pinafores, buryin' my face in them before I was washed, and sort of prayin' soft-like under the roof of my heart, 'God bless my baby!—God bless my little lamb!'

"As she grew older, I used to talk to her about engin'—even took her

into my cab, and showed her the 'tachments of the engine, and learned her signals and such things. She tuck such an interest, and was the smartest little thing! Seemed as if she had always knowed 'em. She loved the road. Remember, once hearing her say to a playmate, 'There's my papa. He's an engineer. Don't you wish he was your papa?'

"My home was close by the track. Often and often the little girl stood in our green yard, waving her little hand to me as we rushed by."

"Well, sir, them was happy years. It most kills me to look over 'em now. I was doin' too well. Had an idea I was a man made to prosper. I felt good to all the world, and that 'ud been well, if I'd showed my good fellowship some other way. But men are fools, I was so easy I couldn't refuse a social glass, and I was always free toasting others. Many's the time we've stood, three or four fools of us, clinkin' our glasses and drinkin' to brotherhood—drinkin' the very thing that made us fit for anything but brothers. It pleased me most to have them pledge my little girl. And the more they'd toast her, the deeper I'd drink. And I was drinkin' death to her and damnation to me."

"I'll cut it short. Didn't mean to say but a few words to you, but I got to thinkin' so. Can't spin it out much longer, or there'll be no man left of me."

"Well, one day I started on my home trip, full of that good fellowship you was imbibin' awhile ago. Made the engine whiz! We was awful jolly, the fireman an' me. Never was drunk when I got on my engine before, or the company would have shipped me. Wasn't no such time never made on that road before nor

since. I had just sense enough to know what I was about, but not enough to handle an emergency. We fairly roared down on the trestle that stood at the entrance of our town."

"I had a tipsy eye out, and George, as we was flying through the suburbs, I see my little girl on the track ahead, wavin' a red flag, and standin' stock still."

"The air seemed full of Katies. I could have stopped the engine, if I'd only had sense enough to know what to take hold of to reverse her! But I was too drunk! And that grand little angel stood up to it, trying to warn us in time, and we just swept right ahead into a pile of ties some wretch had laid on the track!—right over my baby!—Oh, my baby!—Go away, George."

"There! And now you want me to tell you how the sight of that mangled little mass killed her mother? And do you want me to tell you I walk alive to-day the murderer of my child, who stood up to save me? And do you want me to tell you the good fellowship you were drinkin' awhile ago brought all this on me?"

"You'll let this pass by, makin' up your mind to be moderate. Hope you will. I was a moderate 'un."

"(O, God! Oh, my baby!)"

"I can knock down any man twice my size for a good reason, George Burks, but my heart just melts to water for that little girl."

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APROPPOS of President and Mrs. Hayes: John Adams wrote to his Abigail, in 1877, praising General Washington for banishing wine from his table and entertaining his friends with rum and water.



**A Romance From a Floating Letter**

A few years ago a young lawyer of New York City, in good practice, was called by his business to visit a client whose counting-room was situated on one of the slips whence a line of Sound steamers have their arrivals and departures. His client had stepped out for a few moments, and while awaiting his return, the lawyer stood on the pier watching the movements of the boats in the harbor. All at once his eye was attracted by a letter lazily floating on the water of the dock. The tide was high and the water continually washed the fragment to his feet. Finally he put forth his cane, drew the paper to him, picked it up and opened it. The envelope was gone, the letter remained intact. The epistle was dated at Portland, and commenced, "My Dear Uncle," ending with the author's name, written in good English style, in full. It was so bright and interesting, even to a perfect stranger like the lawyer, that he could not help wishing that he had some fair lady correspondent like this one to write him such spicy billets. He could not get the letter out of his head.

On his return to his office a friend dropped in for a little chat. All at once it flashed across the lawyer's mind that his friend formerly resided in Portland, and might know the lady. In answer to his question the gentleman said he did not know her personally, but knew there was such a lady.

It appears that a gentleman of that city, who was possessed of much literary culture, had two daughters. Both were very highly educated, bright girls, and the elder was for some time one of our popular high-school teachers. The other was the

author of the letter. An uncle was captain of one of the Sound boats plying to New York, and the younger daughter was a favorite niece of his. She corresponded with him, and it was one of her letters to the uncle that the briny mariner, after reading, had consigned to the bosom of Neptune, and the young lawyer had rescued from oblivion. The young lady answered the lawyer's letter, and quite a correspondence ensued. At last one day she wrote him that she had accepted a school some distance from Chicago, and, on her way West, would be at the station of the Pennsylvania Central at such a time, where, if he would like to meet his correspondent, he would have an opportunity. The lawyer was promptly on hand at the stated hour, and was even more charmed with the lady after a personal interview than from her correspondence. He begged permission to continue the correspondence, which was granted. A few months ago the lady returned from her Western sojourn, for a purpose that can be readily guessed. The other day the Portland papers announced that the Rev. Mr. McWhinnie had united the couple in marriage, and the lady left that city for a happy and luxurious home in Plainfield, N. J., where her husband now resides.

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"I NEVER was knocked down by a human being but once in my life," said a braggart; "and then I was kicked by a mule."

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GENTLEMEN who can't tell a polonaise from an apron front, will bear in mind the prevailing distinction between a hat and a bonnet. One is worn over the ear, and the other on the nape of the neck.

### Paying for his Whistle.

Not many years ago, when a lofty building was on the point of completion, the mason, who was finishing the highest portion, was in the habit of whistling to the laborer who attended him whenever he wanted a fresh supply of lime, and, as the scaffold on which he wrought was rather small, this occurred very often during a day's work. A joiner, who was fitting in a window immediately underneath, noticing Pat answer dutifully to every whistle from the mason, thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus brought him up with a hodful of lime when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had not whistled, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with his load. This having occurred for the third time during one day, Pat thought he would watch to hear where the whistle came from. He had not waited long with the hod on his shoulder, when he heard the identical whistle directly underneath where he stood, and, leaning over, he saw the head of the joiner protruding out of the window immediately below. Pat, without more ado, emptied the hod right over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and spluttered while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mass, and, in the midst of his confusion, heard Paddy above, shouting at the top of his voice, "Whistle when you want more mortar!"

A LITTLE boy was much exercised for fear he would not know his father when he got to heaven, but his mother eased his mind by saying, "All you will have to do is to look for an angel with a red nose."

### Overworked Engineers---How Accidents Occur.

The *New York Sun*, of January 16th, contains the following communication :

"Within the last ten days we have had two collisions on our road (H. R. Division), but happily with no loss of life. The first was at the Highlands, where a train of sixty cars broke in two, and the main part of the train ran several miles before the engineer of either engine discovered it. As soon as their loss became known they started to back down, and had just got well under way when the extra following came in sight with the detached part of their train. Before they could stop they came together with a crash, destroying several cars and Engine 60, of which John Weaver is engineer. He escaped with his life by jumping—a very close call. The other collision was at Poughkeepsie station, where Engine 20 stopped with an extra, having run short of coal. The distant signal was set red, and the caboose red lights were displayed, but the engineer of Engine 92 could not see them, while they are to be seen a good three-quarters of a mile. He came dashing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and went crashing through the caboose and two freight cars. In this collision Cabooseman Ira Waters sustained injuries which, if they do not prove fatal, will disable him for life.

"What was the cause of this last collision? Why, engineer and fireman were asleep, was the conclusion the officers of the road came to. They slept simply because human beings can not get along without sleep. Place any of us that run freight trains on the Hudson River

Railroad under oath, and not one of us will say but what we sleep while running over the road. Just see what we have to do for a trip. Our run is 300 miles from New York to Albany and return. Our card time is about nine hours each way, but we seldom run it short of ten or eleven hours, and often it takes thirteen or fourteen each way. We are allowed no rest at West Albany, but must stand ready to take the next train that comes from the West. I have often stood with others waiting three hours to get a train for New York; and then for another thirteen hours' run to New York; so by the time we arrive at Thirtieth Street we have been on our engines from twenty-four to thirty hours. Can any human being sit over a hot boiler and keep watching for that time and not sleep? Our lay over in New York is also too long, as we run double crews to each engine, and must wait the same time that it takes our engine to go to Albany and back. We would like to place Mr. Toucey, or Mr. William Buchanan, our Master Mechanic, in our position; they would very quickly change to our former mode of running, when we were sure of our rest at each end of the road, and also sure of earning living wages, while now we make barely our expenses, and are never sure of our position from one trip to another. Superintendent Toucey sent us a letter which reads, "that if engineers continue to pass over portions of the road apparently asleep, he will insist on our resting at each end of the road." That is just what we wish him to do. Let us have less hours of labor, so we may have our natural rest. According to the tone of his letter, a person would think that it was the engineers' fault that

they have such long runs. Let him single crew each engine as formerly, and have extra men at each end of the road, and we will guarantee him no more collisions or avoidable accidents. FREIGHT ENGINEERS,

"of H. R. Railroad."

"Do you drink?" asked one of the ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Weber, the bookbinder, when he went with a rummy breath to the ladies to deliver some of his work. "Vell, I don't care oph I takes a leetle," said the good-natured German.

#### Rules of the Pordunk Valley R. R.

Conduktors are positively forbid triëing tew pass each other on a single track.

Passengers are warned ov the great danger ov standing on the platforms—many a promising man haz lost hiz life by having a platform drop from under him.

Positively no droves ov cattle or swine allowed on this road, unless they are traveling the same direck-shuns the trains are.

Engineers are earnestly requested tew keep their cow-ketchers well greased, and will bear in mind that when a cow is ketched the hide belongs to them; but the beef and tallo is tew be sent immejiately to the President of the road.

Enny switchman running a train oph from the trak will be fined 10 dollars, and interest on the fine at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum until the fine is paid.

No känduktor is invited tew remain on this road 10 minits who hasn't heard of the 10 commandments, espeshily the one which sez, "Thou shalt not spondulick thyself with the dimes ov another."

A GENTLEMAN of New York City was recently the victim to eccentric nomenclature, so to speak. Taking his usual evening stroll, he came across a couple who were engaged in a decided controversy which seemed to threaten violence to the female. At length upon what looked like a physical attack upon the woman from her male companion, the gentleman interposed, and by a well-planted blow in the region of the occiput, landed the belligerent masculine in the gutter. Turning to the lady with a view of ascertaining her residence, he inquired:

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, what is your name?"

"Hitty Maginn."

Seeing her assailant had approached menacingly during the colloquy, he complied with the seeming request, and again the other party dropped, but got up again as quickly now full of mad.

"What did you say?"

"Hitty Maginn."

And he did so.

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Hitty Maginn, I tell you."

And he would have done so, but the poor chap whom he had so roughly handled, seeing his hand again raised, yelled despairingly:

"Her name is Hitty Maginn; H-i-t-t-y M-a-g-i-n-n."

"Oh, I see; but why didn't she say so at first?"

Here the woman put in with:

"You didn't expect me to open a spelling-school right here on the sidewalk, did you?"

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A BOY with a wart on the end of his nose was subjected to the blue-glass bath. At the end of twenty minutes the wart had entirely disappeared. *P. S.*—So had the boy.

AT 4 o'clock on the afternoon of December 26th, Express No. 4 and freight train No. 7 collided one mile east of Cheyenne, Wy. T. A dense fog prevailed at the time, and neither saw the other approach until they were within a hundred yards of each other, when Engineer Weeks, of the express, discovered the freight approaching. He at once reversed his engine and applied the air-brake, when he and his fireman both jumped, the fireman receiving no injury, Weeks escaping with a dislocated ankle. On the freight engine were Michael Maguire, engineer, and Michael Callahan, fireman. The latter of whom was killed instantly, and the legs of the former were cut off, and his death occurred two hours later. Conductor Curtis, of the freight train, was on the engine and jumped, saving his life. The trains were neither moving at more than ten miles per hour. The engine of the freight train was driven entirely through the first freight car and badly wrecked. The passenger engine was less damaged, and the train behind the first baggage-car was very little injured. The express messenger was thrown from end to end of his car, but not injured. The responsibility for the accident rests on Dispatcher Langdon, who, it is said, realized his failure to hold No. 4 for No. 7 too late to stop her.

From Agent Wilson we learn several curious incidents in connection with the accident. In the freight train was a car loaded with coffins, somewhere near the engine, which was badly jammed up. The force of the collision threw the fireman from the engine, and when discovered he was lying dead on top of the second box-car from the engine, with an open coffin by his side, mournfully

suggestive of the last sad act in the drama, yet to be performed. At his home he had two pet canaries, which, during his leisure hours, he had taken great pleasure in teaching to do little interesting and wonderful tricks. The morning of the accident, his wife had attended to the birds as usual, and they were apparently as healthy as ever. A knock was heard at the door, and the wife was confronted by the friend who had been selected to convey the sad tidings of the death of the kind husband and father. The duty was performed, and, almost immediately after, the birds were both found lying on the bottom of the cage—dead!

DR. HALL says a person should go to sleep with his face to the wall. Bates says, "I 'spose that's the healthy way, but it's mighty unsociable."

"It isn't loud praying which counts with the Lord so much as giving four full quarts for every gallon," says an Arkansas circuit-rider.

A THICK headed squire being worsted by Sidney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by saying: "If I had a son that was an idiot, I'd make him a parson!" "Very probable," replied Sidney, "but I see your father was of a very different mind."

WHAT COAL LOSES BY BEING MADE INTO COKE.—Connellsville coal may be taken as the standard of coking coal, and it weighs 80 pounds to the bushel. When properly coked, 100 bushels yield 125 of coke, weighing 40 pounds to the bushel; that is 8,000 pounds of coal produce 5,000 pounds of coke, or, in other words, the coal gains 25 per cent. in bulk and loses 35½ per cent. in weight.

[For the B of L. F. Magazine.]

## THE NORTH PLATTE BROTHERS.

BY G. WHIZ.

I have scanned these pages a good deal of late  
To find there a line from old Twenty-eight,  
But look as I will not a word do I find,  
And now I have fully made up mind  
To give you an idea of what kind of men  
Elkhorn Lodge is made up of, as near as I can;  
(But a word in your ear), don't be hard on me  
now,  
And some other time I'll do better, I vow.

The first on the docket is Brother Goodale,  
As sly an old coon as you'll find on the trail;  
Then comes Brother Clark, called "Darby the  
bold,"  
Who comes to Lodge meetings without being  
told;  
And Brother O'Keefe, let me tell you of him,  
He looks out for "train robbers"—ain't that  
so, Jim?  
Hello, Brother Chapman, I'll give you a line,  
You ride on the left of a large freight engine.

The next two on the list are Brothers Bonner  
and Ell,  
Who handle the cash, and do it right well;  
Here comes Brother Harding, who is one of  
the best,  
He's a darling, the girls say—John, pull down  
your vest;  
Then there's Brother Tooley, from Virginia,  
I think,  
Who minds his own business, and won't take  
a drink;  
Brother Ferguson is here, perhaps you don't  
know it,  
He has a good "bazzoo," and knows how to  
blow it.

Brother Sullivan, the "comedian," we have  
just taken in,  
He's a good one, you bet—Pat, wipe off your  
chin;  
I would now speak a word of our dear little  
Pat,  
Who cleans engine "30"—"Arrah, boys, look  
at that;"  
And now, "Mistah Gawge," it's you, Brother  
Babbitt,  
You're a hunky good boy, but you've got a  
bad habit;  
Next comes Brother Stuart, who swears off  
every week,  
He's our Magazine Agent, and has got lots of  
cheek.

Brother Tarkington is here, and of him we are proud,

He goes by himself and is in a good crowd;  
Brother Davidson looks bad—guess he's got the blues,

He's as solid a "B." man as ever paid dues;  
But I'm afraid, Mr. Editor, I'll make this to long,

If I give all the boys a line in my song,  
So shall tumble down on myself and only say,  
I'll tell you who wrote it, but don't give it away.

## FOR THE LADIES.

### SPRING STYLES.

The indications are that the short costume with a cut-away coat and vest, will be very popularly worn in woolen materials for early spring. An overskirt will be worn with this basque, and the lower skirt will be without flounces, or else laid in kilt pleats. Various shapes will be used for the front of the coat, some of which will dispense with vests, but there will be many vests worn. The basques will be in habit shapes, square-cornered, or sloping, but with few curves, and very masculine in appearance, therefore very simple in design, and almost wholly without trimming, except ornamental stitching and buttons.

The polonaises, with broad belts in front, will become more generally worn. At present they are more used in very rich materials, but will soon be adopted for plain woollens. The back will remain in Princess shape, but for their materials the front will be slightly gathered, giving the full blouse effect that is so becoming to the figure. The fancy for using fringes headed with galloons for trimming these polonaises will continue. The fringe, however, will be confined to the front and sides, while the back will have only the galloon.

For wash dresses the pretty yoke waists and pleated blouses introduced, or rather revived, last fall, will be the appropriate designs. Deep sailor collars and belts will be worn with such waists. During the month of February merchants make a point of displaying wash goods, such as Scotch ginghams, soft-finished percales, linen lawns and prints, and ladies do well to make their selections then for summer dresses, and make them up in the leisure and quiet Lenten days. There is nothing known yet about the shapes of the skirts and overskirts, but it is generally safe to make the long overskirts that are simply hemmed and easily laundried. It is rumored

again, however, that these are to give place to shorter overskirts, and that many house dresses will have but one skirt; still the long overskirt is too popular to be suddenly banished. Flowing black breadths have been stylish all winter for trained dresses, and it is probable there will be more fulness than formerly in skirts of thin dresses, especially when worn without an overskirt.

For spring wraps, light gray, brown, or dark blue twilled and basket cloths will be made up in jackets very similar to those just described, though without vests. They will have rolling collars, and will button thence to the waist; there will be a seam at the waist line on the sides and back, and the pocket flaps will be sewed in this seam, which extends horizontally. A silk braid binding or else stitched edges will give the simple finish.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Fur trimmings on the midwinter costumes are wider than they have been used lately, measuring from four to eight inches.

The satin dresses that have been gradually coming into fashion for several winters, are now considered very elegant for full-dress toilettes, and, indeed, rival velvet. Black dresses are made of satin, and trimmed with panels and vests of white lace, and there are transparent lace sleeves.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

**SUPPER PUFFS.**—One cup of flour, two eggs beaten separately, one cup of milk, a pinch of salt, and a little cream. Half fill the cups, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

**HEADACHE.**—Dr. Brunton tells us that the administration of a brisk purgative, or small dose of Epsom salts, two or three times a day, is a most effectual remedy for frontal headache when combined with constipation.

**COFFEE CAKE.**—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of lukewarm coffee, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in molasses. Season with allspice, nutmegs and cloves; add plenty of currants, and make quite stiff with flour.

**CHAPPED HANDS.**—A paste to soften the hands made rough by hard work, or for chapped hands, may be made thus: Wash a quarter of a pound of hog's lard in clean, soft water, then in rose water; mix it with the yolks of two new-laid eggs and one teaspoonful of honey. To this add as much almond paste as will work it into paste. Oat-meal will form a very good paste, if you can not obtain the latter.

**MORTAR.**—Three bushels of clean sand, mingled with half a bushel of clean lime and half a bushel of cement, makes an excellent mortar, which is not liable to be dissolved by heavy storms.

**COPPER VESSELS.**—It is very dangerous to allow acid substances, used as food, to stand in copper vessels. Preserves, when made in pots of that metal, should be emptied out as soon as possible after cooking.

**POTATO PASTE.**—Boil and mash ten potatoes, add a teaspoonful of butter, and one-half cup of milk or cream; then stiffen with flour until it can be rolled out. This is nice for pot-pie or apple dumplings.

**DEADENED SOUND.**—If continual hammering is done in an upper story to such an extent as to be annoying on the floors beneath, the sound may be deadened by sheet India rubber cushions placed under the benches or anvils.

**BREAD PUDDING.**—Soak a small quantity of stale bread in three pints of sweet milk till perfectly soft; beat three eggs and stir into the bread and milk; add one teaspoonful of lemon extract and bake fifteen minutes. To be eaten hot, with any sauce preferred.

“My Lord,” began a pompous young barrister, “it is written in the book of nature——” “On what page, sir, on what page?” interrupted the judge, pen in hand.

**JUDGE GRIER**, late of the U. S. Supreme Court, was once trying a case in Pennsylvania. A blundering jury returned an unjust verdict. As the clerk turned to record it, Judge Grier said, “Mr. Clerk, that verdict is set aside by the court. It may as well be understood that in this State it takes thirteen men to steal a man’s farm.”

**MR. ASHTON**, of Boston, is introducing a new patent blow-back valve, for use on locomotive engines. The object of the patent is to carry the steam that is blown off back into the boiler, and thereby heat the water, and also prevent the noise made by the escaping steam. It is now being tested.

The best statemanship—self-government.

**CORNELIUS O'DOWD** says that in England a man meets a marvellous energy and “go” that he finds nowhere else. “I, of course, except America,” he says, “for with us we work life at a high boiler pressure; but the Yankees do more—they sit on the valves.”

WHAT a meaning and unique expression was that of a young Irish girl who was tendering testimony against an individual in a New Orleans court not long since: “Arrah, sir,” said she, “I’m sure he never made his mother smile.” There is a biography of unkindness in that single sentence.

A YOUNG lady asked of the poet Whittier his autograph, and he responded with the following lines:

“Our lives are albums, written through  
With good or ill, with false or true;  
And as the blessed angels turn

The pages of our years;  
God grant they read the good with smiles  
And blot the bad with tears.”

**HIS PURPOSE.**—A policeman discovered a boy recently, in close proximity to a carriage and buffalo robe, and he called out:

“Boy! what are you doing here!”

“Resting,” replied the lad.”

“Was it your purpose to steal that buffalo robe?” demanded the officer.

“No, sir, it wasn’t. There’s a feller out there who wants to lick me, and it’s my purpose to wait here till he goes away, and then I’ll purpose up home and get my brothers and our dog, and we’ll come back and raise the awfulest tragedy around here you ever seed off the gilded stage!”

He was permitted to wait.

## Editorial.

*CONTRIBUTIONS. — Readers of the Magazine will materially assist us in making our news accurate and complete, if they will send us early information of events that occur under their observation, relative to experiments in the construction of roads and machinery—especially the locomotive—suggestions as to improvements, &c.*

### Another Bridge Disaster.

A terrible accident occurred on the Connecticut Western Railroad, just beyond Tarriffville, twelve miles from Hartford, on the night of the 15th of January, which almost equaled that of the Ashtabula affair of last winter. An excursion train, returning from a Moody and Sankey meeting at Hartford, fell through the trestle bridge into the Farmington River. The train, consisting of ten crowded cars, was bound for Millerton, and it carried passengers for all the stations between Hartford and that place. The train was moved by two engines, which, together with a baggage-car and three coaches, went down on the western end of the bridge, the engines touching the shore—three cars breaking through the ice in three feet of water, and one car resting on the end of one pier. Special trains from Winsted and Hartford, bearing surgeons, reached the scene at 1 and 1:30 A. M. The factory and church bells were rung, and the citizens rallied, doing all that was possible. The bodies were taken on planks or rude sleds across the ice to the Tarriffville side. The wounded and dead were mostly put on the Hartford special train. A few were left at Tarriffville and Hartford, and the train took the rest around by Plainville, on the Fishkill and Canal roads to New Hartford, on the Western road. The railroad commissioners examined the

bridge two months ago, and pronounced it safe. The bridge was built by A. D. Briggs & Co., of Springfield, Mass., and completed in December, 1875. It is a Howe truss, with two spans, each span being 163 feet long. The spans were long, but some of the most experienced railroad men agree that the accident was wholly caused by the tremendous weight of the two locomotives passing over it at the same time. Both weighed sixty tons, and possible more. The number killed was 18, and about 40 were wounded.

WE have secured, through the influence of our worth Brother S. M. Stevens, of Lowell, Mass., the services of the Hon. Thomas S. Abbott, of Salem, Mass., who, having traveled extensively through India, has consented to write for the MAGAZINE, giving a sketch of his travels, including the customs of the people, etc. These will appear under the appropriate heading of "Our India Letter." The first one will be found in this number, and each succeeding number will contain one.

We shall also have contributions in each issue from the pen of a talented young lawyer, who will ably discuss the rights and wrongs of labor. In this number of the MAGAZINE, under the heading of "The Earnest Man," will be found his first paper.

A MANUFACTURING firm of Mansfield, Ohio, recently paid off their men for a month's work in silver dollars, by which process they made \$500. And yet capitalists have cheek enough to stand up and say our financial system is a good one.

FRANCIS MURPHY obtained 21,000 signatures to the Murphy pledge in Troy, N. Y., in one week.



A BILL was submitted to the United States Senate, on the 17th of January, by Howe, (Rep.) of Minnesota, which was in substance as follows:

"Whenever any person or persons shall conspire together to obstruct or hinder by force, violence, threats, or intimidations, the free and customary transit of persons, baggage, and merchandise, passing by railroad or water, from any one State or Territory into another, such offense shall be deemed a misdemeanor against the United States, and the persons found guilty thereof shall be punished by a fine of \$500 and one year's imprisonment; that whenever any persons shall compel any railroad employe, engaged in the transportation of inter-state commerce, to abandon his duties, they shall, on conviction thereof, be fined not less than \$300, nor more than \$3,000, and be imprisoned not less than one year, nor exceeding five years."

—:o:—

THE Ohio Legislature recently defeated a bill providing that railroad employes should receive their pay prior to the payment of first mortgages. Politicians always look to the interests of the working classes in about this style.

—:o:—

OUR good temperance friends, Messrs. Rouzer & Mowry, of Dayton, O., have started a neat little temperance paper, called *The Life-Boat*. It should be patronized by all interested in the cause. We wish you success.

—:o:—

THE Troy (N. Y.) *Trojan-Observer* now comes to us consolidated, and is one of the most readable papers published.

—:o:—

THE *Irish World* is sound on the financial question, and gives its readers some good ideas on the subject.

THE manuscript of the Farewell Address of Washington, now one of the treasures of the Lennox Library, cost the snug little sum of \$2,003.

—:o:—

THE Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity, in Sixty-eighth Street, New York, now contains about 1,622 children, the majority of whom are over two years old.

—:o:—

ROMAN gossip has it that Cardinal Cullen is the only foreigner in the Sacred College who stands a chance of being elected to the Papacy when Pius IX. shall have passed away.

—:o:—

AT the late Workingmen's Congress in Newark, Mr. John McIntosh, of Rochester, N. Y., was appointed chief editor of the organ of the party, to be established at Cincinnati.

—:o:—

HENRY WARD BEECHER, the old sinner, is now preaching that there is no hell. We are of the opinion that he hopes there is not. Judging by his past life, we should think he belives in what he preaches.

—:o:—

THE freight rates agreed upon by several leading lines, including the B. & O., A. & G. W., C. C. & I. C., has been reduced by the C. C. & I. C. road, which has been quietly carrying nearly all freight at ten cents or less per hundred than was agreed upon. The other lines learning of the facts, threaten to cut passenger rates, in which event we may look for another railroad war. It is hoped officials will not bring up the hobby that they can not afford to pay their men living wages, when it is due only to the bad management of the road officials.

## Correspondence.

### OUR INDIA LETTER.

CALCUTTA, INDIA, December 19, 1877.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I shall now devote a special portion of my letter to you to a complete description of a grand dinner party, given by a native Hindoo. At a future time I will endeavor to give you full details of other matters of interest relative to native customs, manners, and society in general; of jugglers, public institutions, amusements, etc. I will now proceed to the original subject. To-night, in Fred's honor, we have received cards with the compliments of Baboo Chunder Couth Moor-kerjee to a grand dinner, nautch dances and French opera, at his country residence, at Jonays, in his honor (Fred's), he having just returned from America. We are all invited, but on account of indisposition on the part of my brother and wife they will not attend, so I am going with Fred. I met him at his office at 4:30 o'clock; as we had a long ride before us, we started off. We left Calcutta via Havrah Bridge, and were soon in the country. Out of the city the scene is at first dull and uninteresting; the land is perfectly level, and covered with native huts, etc., and looks like the suburbs of any eastern city. After awhile we turned off the main road, and entered the forest or jungle. There were many beautiful trees on each side of the road. I saw a great variety of palm trees, large and small cocoa palms, plantain and banana trees, with huge clusters of fruit hanging from their tops, also banyan trees, guava trees and groves of tamarind trees, laden with green fruit hanging in large pods along their branches; then we passed groups of bamboo trees; these are beautiful, and resemble our willow trees, only the leaf

is finer and more feathery, and look finely as they wave in the breeze. In some places were large stacks of palm leaves drying, the natives utilizing these for thatching for their house-roofs. We then passed large fields of paddy, or rice. This grows in water, and the leaves are bright green, and resemble young corn. In the center of these fields was a hut of bamboo, resembling a large bee-hive; in this a native Cooley was stationed with a long bamboo, to frighten away the crows from the rice fields. We also passed through large fields of sugar-cane. It was perfectly delightful, passing through all this beautiful and varied scenery as we did, just at sunset. After a time we arrived at native villages—the houses with their white walls and thatched roofs looked very pretty peeping out from the dense foliage enveloping them. Many of these houses were overtopped with vines covered with beautiful flowers, almost reminding the observer of a richly carpeted roof. Each village had its tank of water with steps leading down, reminding one of old Bible stories. Many of the people were getting in their nightly supply of water and fuel, and making their fires, and preparing their meals of curry and rice, others were driving their cows and oxen home. I enjoyed the drive while the daylight lasted; after sunset it grows dark and chilly, and seems like our early fall at home.

Our conveyance was a hired gharee, or what is termed by the natives a ticca, our own horses being too delicate to go on such a long drive in this climate. After dark the way seemed endless, Finally, after a long ride, we came to a native settlement, and here were men standing by the road-side holding torches, and there were crowds of people, and every little hut was lighted, and as we passed by crowds of little boys and

girls came out and cheered us. From this place the road turned off and was lighted at intervals by torches. The road was very narrow, and on either side a wide river or canal; as the banks of the canal were very steep, these torches were a great help. There were also many men taking care of these lights; this road was lighted for six miles as the whole settlement belonged to the Baboo. At last we saw, a long distance ahead, a great arch of light, which proved to be the entrance to the Baboo's place. This was over the first gateway; here we entered a long avenue, and on our right passed a large house all in perfect darkness, and then we were informed by our driver that we had yet one and one-half mile further to go. Near this gate we came across a party of ladies and gentlemen standing by the roadside; we found their gharee had broken down. We stopped and helped them as best we could, and thence proceeded on our way. This road was in fine order and well lighted. At length we came to another arch, lighted by innumerable little glass lamps hanging on it in rows, this being the entrance to the grand avenue; each side of this avenue were long rows of lamps hung on wires, and festooned all along from tree to tree; these lights were of all colors. After riding a half mile we reached the palace. The avenue had begun to ascend for a long distance, and the palace stood on high land. As we neared the palace, on each side the way were full-length figures of men; these were made of canvas, on frames, and gaily painted, and lamps were fastened to them; all along the avenue were numerous figures, all holding lights. At last we drew up before the palace. It was an immense building, and had a grand entrance, and a large porch with great pillars which went up to the roof. On each end were large wings, with swelled fronts and

pointed roofs. Each side of the entrance were red-coated soldiers, with muskets upon their shoulders; the whole front of the house was hung with lights, and in front was another grand arch all illuminated with colored lights. As we drove under the porch the soldiers presented arms in our honor.

Servants ushered us into a spacious hall and up a grand stairway. These stairs were covered with a red velvet carpet, lighted by a huge chandelier. On the first landing, in a niche, stood a large Hindoo idol of bronze, holding a light in its hand, and on the upper landing a large Chinese god holding lights. When we reached the top we were shown into a large drawing-room. This room had Persian rugs upon the floor, and very gay and bright they were. The furniture was covered with white silk, and it had large sprays of leaves and roses upon it. There were large gothic arm-chairs, divans, etc., arranged about the room, and large mirrors at each end, with marble-topped tables under them, and on these tables were large vases of flowers. In the center of this great room was a round carved table of rose-wood from Bombay, and on this were six scent-bottles of different shapes and colors, filled with choice perfumes, and also with a vase of flowers. The walls of this room were covered with painting of landscapes, battle-scenes, horses, etc. On one table was a gilt French clock, the finest I ever saw. Out of this room were a suite of drawing and smoking-rooms, gaily furnished. One room was furnished with salmon-colored silk, and in the center of the room stood an elegant marble center-table, the top of which was inlaid in mosaic, representing a beautiful cluster of flowers in high colors, the edge bordered with a beautiful inlay of grape leaves, the under with ivy leaves. This table was made at Agra. There were also two

beautiful clocks on stands, and a great variety of paintings on the walls, and a crimson silk punkah with gold scroll border, and a fine chandelier. In another room the furniture was covered with cretarné, and on a white ground run large leaves and tendrils of dark green, and large, high colored flowers. In another room—the smoking-room—the furniture was covered with silk of striped purple and salmon color. Another smoking-room had red satin coverings. Most of the ornaments in these rooms were of English manufacture; the natives think English goods far superior to anything made in this country. Everything was nice but very gaudy. After awhile the Baboo Chunder Moorkjee came into this last drawing-room to receive us. He was very cordial, and thanked us for coming so far to see him. He was a large fat man and could hardly waddle about, but he possessed a fine visage, and merry, sparkling black eyes, and was so pleasant that one could not help liking him. He was attired in his native costume, being of yellow silk, Turkish style, made large and full, a sacque of the same, with long skirts, outside of which was a long-sleeved coat, made of rose-colored silk, buttoned with large heavy gold buttons, each having a large carbuncle set in it, and was connected with the others with a heavy gold chain. On his head was a turban of silver cloth, with a large streamer of the same hanging behind. His son then came in to receive us; he was a fine looking fellow, dressed in white clothes made in the same style of his father's, and a yellow silk sacque. He had a fine face and a heavy black mustache, and was a nice, pleasant fellow. He waited upon us about the house, first going into a wide balcony, which opened out of the large drawing-room, looking upon the square court-yard at the back of the house, this being all covered in with a

large red canopy; this had a large white medalion in the centre, of native gods, making the court-yard appear like a large hall. This court-yard was like others I saw in houses in Calcutta; the pavement or floor was covered first with straw matting, and on the matting were laid large Persian rugs. There were the usual pillars for holding lights, and there were twelve, and from each of them hung a large glass chandelier, lighted with candles. These chandeliers were of all colors; one was crimson, another blue, another yellow, another red, and white was intermingled, and made a great blaze of light.

T. S. ABBOTT.

### The Earnest Man.

Boston, Mass., January 15, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

When man realizes that he has been outraged in some right, or wrested from the protection of some inalienable principle of justice, his immediate and natural act will be one of redress. If a true man, his revolting mind will be in that lively and determined fervor, that can be measured only by his sense of injustice and wrong; and his zeal to procure reparation, heightened or restrained by the consciousness of the rectitude of his course. His mind will look forth sincerity from the eye; his soul will speak in an energy of action, akin to the quick flashes of the storm; in a word, his manhood stands forth in its nobleness, repelling vice, and attracting to itself the best virtues of the human heart.

Such is the earnest man upon whom we may depend; one from whom we expect always to receive just that which he has and no more, just that which he seems and nothing different, and just that which we

are expected to repay; for his creed in the second commandment, "doing unto others as he would be done by."

The earnest man too is an honest man, for he can not be otherwise. I do not speak of the active man, nor the impulsive man, characters which exhibit periodically a degree of earnestness that would be commendable, if at all times springing up from deep waters; too often, nay, frequently, the shallow streams reveals the uncertain fountain. But I mean the man who is zealously consistent, sound and sincere.

I say he is an honest man—not simply morally honest, giving four quarts to the gallon, and three feet to the yard, but he is honest to himself. His acts are not hurried forth to the world, crude and illy digested; each single act, and each successive impulse and desire, receives from him sharp and searching analysis, and all must be in harmony with the stable convictions of his mind. Thus no words of dangerous or mischievous power flow from the earnest man, to do injury to the individual or the commonwealth; he may be mistaken, but he will give you a solid reason for that what he does; his every deed bears the marks of honest and faithful workmanship, and he is controlled by an inner rectitude that will permit him to do no wrong, if by detection he can apprehend and prevent it.

The earnest man, too, is a progressive man. He is always doing something to place himself and others higher up on the special plane; you therefore find him most often in the middle class. He is an iconoclast when error is about, and his blows are full of power; he never destroys, but to build up; he leaves not the wreck about him, but removes speed-

ily the remains of falsehood and injustice that he may rear a solid superstructure of truth and equality. His boldness is not that of arrogance, nor his zeal that of selfishness, but is like the up-welling fountain, the gushing streams of deep, pure and fervid springs of true manhood; his reward is not found in the plaudits of men; his recompense comes from within himself. This is the earnest man.

Members of the Brotherhood, strive to be earnest men. By no other way can you combat error, strike down oppression and redress wrong; zeal in any cause however slight, must be the precursor of the conqueror; strive to build up by individual endeavor, that Order capable of so great good to all; that wrong, or that dissension, which affects you in your single rights, affects the rights of many, though perchance indirectly. Honesty in principle, sincerity in purpose, and earnestness in work, will alone give to you individually, and to the Brotherhood generally, stability, and that adhesiveness, which marks order from chaos, and irresistible strength from childish weakness.

Brothers, let your work be that of earnest men.

MARSHALL.

### The Future Prospects of our Order.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., January 12, 1878.

Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:

I desire to submit a few remarks upon the above subject, as it is quite evident that a great many of our members fail to manifest a willingness to promote the welfare of our organization. It appears as though many of our Brothers are impressed with the idea that the Order should

provide for their every want, and secure situations for them, as well as to regulate the price of labor, and if it fail in this, they consider the institution unworthy of support. To the candid mind this is certainly a very wrong impression, as the real merit of the Order is entirely ignored, while on the other hand endowments are expected which are not within its power to bestow. We must remember that the Brotherhood was not intended to provide for and protect the personal interest of each of its members in all instances. We rather entered into a compact with a view to administer to the wants of the widows, clothe and educate the orphans, who, by the death of a father, husband, or brother, are left comparatively helpless.

'Tis a selfish man indeed who lives for self alone, and one who is not deserving of admittance to any organization whose object is charity. It is a singular fact that the very man who does least toward sustaining his Lodge is the first to demand sympathy from its members when in distress. While in a good situation and in the enjoyment of health, he neglects to attend his meetings, forgets to pay his dues, and shuns the wants of a needy Brother, but the moment he meets with reverses, his first cry is, "Where is your Brotherhood?" We have a class of men of this type to-day, who infest our organization, and the quicker we discard them the quicker we establish an Order that will meet our every requirement in a prompt manner. We have also members who are prompt in the payment of their dues, and willing that the Order should flourish, yet they always look for others to bear the burden.

Our prospects in the future would be as bright as the glittering rays of sunshine, were each member to resolve within himself upon being an example of morality and a promulgator of the prospects which our Order embraces. There is not a man living who does not possess, to a certain extent, an influence over his associates. This influence may be for good or evil. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen endeavors to induce its members to exercise an unblemished influence, and thereby stimulate the victims of immorality to enter upon a more righteous course of conduct and emulate its example. This, however, can not be effected until we have banished from our midst all threatening vices, and can point upon our own members, without exception, as being a class of men worthy of confidence and respect. By virtue of the laws which govern us, every member in good standing is entitled to a proportionate endowment in case of sickness or death. We are ever ready to soothe and comfort a sick Brother—to sit by his bedside and attend to his wants. A weekly benefit is also allowed during the continuance of such sickness, and when death claims one of our members, we visit the afflicted family, comfort the mourners, join the funeral cortege, and deposit the remains in the silent precincts of the tomb. A donation for funeral expenses is allowed, thereby lessening the burden which otherwise his family have to bear. In addition to all this, we can boast of the most coherent system of insurance in existence, provided it is properly supported. The amount per assessment is but 25 cents, and where is the man who so little cares for his family's interest as to refuse

the payment of the small amount for so generous a purpose. Yet here is just where some of our members recognize no benefit. They seem to believe that the amounts paid out for charitable purposes are thrown to the breeze. They forget that they themselves are mortal, and that their own families may be left without a provider at any moment. Then let us cherish the virtues which our Order possesses, and not be discontented because it does not embrace more. The organization is an insurance association, is well worthy of future sustenance. It is at our own pleasure whether it shall become a feature of universal recognition in years to come, or whether it shall be permitted to perish for lack of attention and support.

Our Grand Officers are using every effort at their command to arouse us to a sense of the duty we owe ourselves as well as our families. Then, in considering the vast good they have already done, let it not be said that we are unfit to recognize in their works a struggle for our own future welfare. Unless we more vigorously apply ourselves to the performance of this work, a brief season may pass away and find us mourning the loss of the only organization that reared its proud head in our behalf. The realization of this sad prediction would certainly reflect but little credit on its members; therefore let us avoid even the bare possibility of such a termination, and by our own zeal and ambition establish an organization that will forever remain untainted and untarnished.

Fraternally yours,

E. V. D.,

Vigo Lodge, No. 16.

From Ellis, Kan.

ELLIS, KAN., January 28, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

I have often read your urgent calls for the Brothers to contribute to the columns of the MAGAZINE, but thinking there were enough that could write better and more interesting than I could; but one and all should do something to help it along, and I do earnestly hope it will succeed and do well, as all the Brothers should, who have the success of the B. of L. F. at heart. Christmas has passed and gladdened the hearts of many, and the new year is fast moving on, and finds No. 64 still alive and growing, slow but sure. Very near all the boys on this road are members of the B. of L. F., so we are united, and may the good work go on until it is the same everywhere. But again to No. 64. New Year's Eve, our worthy Treasurer, Chas. F. Haskins, thinking the duties of that office were too arduous for one person, concluded it would be a good time to take a partner, so he with two other parties (whose given names were Charles, making three Charles in all), had a triple wedding near Brookville. I have not the pleasure of the acquaintance of the new partner, but know the Brothers will all be satisfied with the new firm, for Brother Haskins is one of the best of boys, and has faithfully filled the office of Treasurer ever since our Lodge has been organized, and I know all the Brothers of 64 will join with me in wishing him and his wife a long and happy life.

Business on this line is dull at present, but all are expecting good times this coming year on account of the large emigration that is expected.

We have had very little winter so far; no snow at all on this division, but plenty west of here; but enough for the present. Yours,

HEAD-LIGHT BITTON.

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### Accident to Brother Coyne.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK, December 15, 1877.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

A very sad accident happened on our road Saturday, December 15th, by which one of our Brothers was very seriously injured by being scalded. These are the facts as near as can be ascertained at the present time: Some granger who was drunk rode his horse into a trestle and then went away and left him there. Train No. 19, bound south, with engine No. 3, Jas. Gaffney, engineer, and Wm. Coyne, fireman, came along about dusk, running into the trestle and horse. The result was, the engine was thrown full thirty feet from the track down an embankment about twenty feet. The engine lay right on her back, and Brother Coyne was caught some way and held fast until he was badly scalded. Gaffney, who was more fortunate, strange to say, escaped without a scratch. Brother Coyne is lying at Hope City too badly burned to be moved. There are two or three of the boys taking care of him, and the attending physician says he will have to be well cared for if he recovers.

This sad accident to one who is beloved by all who know him, has cast a gloom over all the boys on the road; and you will see them in little clusters talking of their friend who they fear they will lose, for he was a friend to everybody. The accident, I forgot to state, occurred about two miles north of Hope City,

Ark. While we bow submissively to the will of One that is mightier, we can but say, "He doeth all things well," and trust our Brother to his guardianship and care.

Respectfully yours,

M. W. CAMPBELL.

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### Painful Accident.

BUFFALO, N. Y., December 21, 1877.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Brother J. F. Diehl, of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, B. of L. F., met with a severe accident while in the discharge of his duty. He was out on the front end of his engine, and, missing his hold, fell to the ground, and passed under the forward trucks, but had presence of mind while in his perilous position to catch hold of the back x of the engine truck. His left leg was broken above and below the knee, and he was otherwise disfigured about the head and back, but with good care will recover. \*\*\*

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### What We are Doing.

PITTSBURG, PA. JANUARY 20, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Some time since I had occasion to visit the West, having business in some of our principal railroad cities, I took the pains to compare the Eastern and Western members of our Order, having visited several Lodges, and made special inquiry as to their progress. I found that while many of our Eastern Lodges number four times the membership, there is no more of an interest taken in the welfare of the Order than in the West. At Louisville, Ky., I was somewhat surprised to see the number of subscribers to the MAGAZINE. This is the home of our Grand Master. Of course Philadelphia, our Vice Grand Master's home, takes just the same interest. \*\*\*



## LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S

**Monthly Magazine.**

DAYTON, O., FEBRUARY, 1878.

**Four Grand Prizes.**

To the four MAGAZINE Agents who will furnish the largest subscription list of Volume 2, of our MAGAZINE, will be given the following prizes:

*First.*—To the highest, a handsome silver watch, American works.

*Second.*—To the next highest, a fine sixteen-karrat gold chain.

*Third.*—To the third highest, a fine gold pin, with monogram of the Order and name of agent.

*Fourth.*—To the fourth highest, choice of a large family Bible, or a handsomely bound volume of the MAGAZINE.

**Deaths---Insurance Fund.**

December 22, 1897, a draft for \$337.25 was sent to Mrs. Eliza Bartol, care of Brother Botts, of No. 60, to pay for the certificate she held, taken out by her husband, George Bartol, who was killed.

**Notice to Subscribers.**

I have contracted with a large book bindery of this city to bind neatly Vol. 1 of our MAGAZINE. We have samples of the work, and assure you the book is well worthy of preserving. It will compare with many of our best bound labor journals, and is simply neat. Orders received at Grand Office, in lots of 12 at the rate of 80 cents a piece, single, \$1. Now is your time.

W. N. SAYRE.

**To Union Firemen.**

OFFICE GRAND LODGE,  
BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE  
FIREMEN, December, 1877. }

*To all Subordinate Lodges, International Union of Locomotive Firemen:*

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—In view of a stronger bond of union, we do herewith offer to each Lodge of your Order, now in working order, a complete set of works and charter of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen *gratuitously*, to become of our Order. We will also institute and put all Lodges in thorough working order. Would be pleased to open communications on the subject with any of your officers; also will furnish copies of our monthly MAGAZINE *prututiously* on receipt of address.

Fraternally yours,

W. N. SAYRE,

Grand Secretary.

**Widows' Fund.**

We have collected thus far on our Insurance Fund ten hundred and twenty-five dollars; have paid Mrs. Bartol a part of her proportion, and will pay the balance when the Lodges who have failed to report make their returns. We can but exclaim, Eureka!

**Notice.**

The following members of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, are hereby notified to communicate with their Lodge without delay, viz.: Dan W. Daley, Mark Miller, Jas. McGerr, Edward Barret and Geo. McGaughey. Any one knowing the whereabouts of any of the above parties will please notify us of the same.

Fraternally,

E. V. DEBS, Box 1074,

Terre Haute, Ind.

**Reorganized.**

January 13th, W. N. Sayre, assisted by Brothers Barnard, Smith, and Henderson, with Brothers Maxwell, Hoffman, Quackenbush, Little and Van Norten, of No. 4, visited Cleveland, Ohio, and reorganized Cleveland Lodge, No. 10, by taking in some 35 members from the A. & G. W. R. R., Mahoning Branch, with the following named officers:

Master—J. L. Clark.  
 Vice Master—W. Linehan.  
 Rec. Secretary—D. T. Henderson.  
 Financial Secretary—S. S. Card.  
 Treasurer—T. Callahan.  
 Trustees—Raymond, Paddock and Brennan.  
 Warden—T. Morgan.  
 Conductor—T. Harrison.  
 Chaplain—T. Sheppard.  
 Inner Guard—C. Darling.  
 Outer Guard—I. McGuire.  
 Past Master—P. J. Culliton.  
 Magazine Agent—P. J. Culliton.

We have every person to be proud of our new admission to the Order, and highly pleased at the determination of the Lodge. Particulars as to hall, meetings, etc., will be found in list of Lodges.

**Lodge Notes.**

—M. S. M.'s article O. K., but too crowded; will hold over for No. 4.

—No traveling cards issued by Lodges Nos. 58 and 68 will be recognized under any consideration.

—We are indebted to many contributors for articles, many of which we will have to hold over for want of room.

—Brother Josh L. Clark wrote us, "Come well armed!" Now, Josh says, "I got enough, but will be square. Oh, that Henderson."

—Challenge Lodge, No. 66, is about to open a locomotive firemen's reading room at Bellville, Ont. We will publish the dedication in time.

—Would be pleased to hear from Brother Marshall, of No. 1.

—Brother L. Murphy, of No. 54, is alive and working. Success attend your efforts.

—Erie firemen are putting in 35 to 40 days per month. Glad some one is making a living.

—L. Biglow, of No. 4, will communicate with his Lodge immediately, and he will hear something to his advantage.

—Brother Cassidy, of No. 1, is now upon the right side. We are glad to hear it, as he is worthy, and a good member of the "B."

—There are a few firemen in and around Hoboken, N. J., whose motto is, "Every tub stands on its own bottom." It will be well for all to keep their eyes open.

—Brother Cal T. Richey must never say ought of the editorial chair, or he must suffer the consequences. Cal keeps bachelor hall at present—that may be the cause.

—Vice Grand Master W. T. Goun-  
 die visits Reading, Pa., to transfer Division No. 44, I. F. N., into the "B.," this month. The Grand Lodge will have a similar charge for our V. G. M. in New Jersey very soon.

—Brother W. H. Maxwell says no ulster coat was made for nought, and we believe him, as the old saying goes, "The proof of the pudding is in chewing the string." Max found the pudding and chewed the string, Oh, Max.

—The thanks of the Grand Lodge is hereby extended to the following Brothers of No. 4: W. H. Maxwell, John F. Hoffman, Jas. Little, S. H. Quackenbush, Chas. Van Norton, also Brothers Frank Smith and D. T. Henderson, for services rendered at the institution of Forest City Lodge, January 13, 1878.

—Brother Pat Powers, of No. 23, is an energetic worker, and we are under many obligations for services.

—Brother O. S. Tarflinger, of No. 22, received a fine Christmas present in the shape of a nine-pound boy—another addition to the Order.

—Brother John Mize, of No. 67, should not forget his promise to forward in that subscription list of 100 names. We are waiting patiently.

—Brothers Green, Bodey and McNeal, like their predecessors, are hard workers, and deserve the credit of the Lodge they represent. We are under obligations for valuable information.

—We record with the deepest regret the death of Mr. and Mrs. Gorman, of Oswego, N. Y., the parents of Brother James Gorman, of Frontier City Lodge, No. 51; both father and mother dying within seven days of each other.

—We are wanting the photos of Grand Officers W. T. Goundie, Jno. Savage, C. G. Swan, Wm. Cows, M. Barnhill, O. W. Cutler, L. W. Philipson, Jas. McNeal, Geo. McGarrahan and A. Jenkinson, before we can get the plates engraved for the work spoken of.

—Brother John Dennis, of No. 54, called on us during the month. We were much pleased to meet the Brother from old Anchor, and only regret his stay was not longer, but John has an eye to business, and visits all his friends as he pursues his little trip of pleasure.

—Brother H. M. Baker, of No. 39, is on his bridal tour. We certainly hope he will extend it to the Hoosier State, as Brother Baker is always welcome, as are any of the Brothers of No. 39. We wish you all the joys this life affords Brother B., and may you live long and prosper.

—Brother Ross, of No. 67, not believing he could stand the comforts of a New Year all alone, bid good-by to the old year and single life on the eve of December 31st, and has now a fair wife to help him in his fortunes.

—No. 35, of Lafayette, N. J., writes: "Have 40 subscribers for MAGAZINES; keep back numbers for us until agent secures all the money." We certainly shall, and wish many of our Lodges were as energetic as Nos. 4, 12, 14, 22, 23, 28, 35, 39, 45, 46, 47, 54, 61 and 77.

—Little Rock, Ark., is in a fair state to become thickly settled in the next few months. No sooner does Brother Stout get married, than off goes Brother Fitzsimmons; now comes Brother Stansbury and two or three others to follow suit. Brother Campbell holds to single blessedness like an old hero. Look out, Meriene.

—We have reports from No. 8 on general business, in which is included the report of their ball, a grand affair, and a financial success all around; also speaks highly of Mr. Ross, Engine Dispatcher, and the presentation of a handsome silver pitcher from the employes of his department. This certainly is a true exhibition of friendly relations.

—Too much praise can not be given Grand Lodge Deputies Frank Clark, S. M. Stevens and J. C. Barnard, for their energetic and successful management of the Lodges in their jurisdictions. Brother Clark has not only visited all his Lodges, but is now on a second tour. Brother Barnard has visited seven, and is now out completing the rounds. Brother Stevens likewise has started out on a trip which we are fully satisfied will prove remunerative to all. God speed you in the cause is the prayer of many.

—Many interesting contributions to the MAGAZINE have been unavoidably crowded out of this issue for want of space.

—Brother A. A. Kilborn, of Dedham, Mass., was one of our most energetic agents last year. Hope he will continue the good work this year.

—We are pleased to record the good success of Brother Tangman, of No. 56, as engineer, which fits him as easily as his position of F. S. in his Lodge.

—Brother W. J. Stuart is keeping well his word, while at the Convention he promised a few from North Platte, Neb., and his few are many more than we looked for.

—Attention of all Brothers is called to the article headed "The Future Prospects of Our Order," contributed by "E. V. D.," of Terre Haute, Ind., in which he states some plain facts that should be heeded.

—We received a call from Mr. C. L. Smith, engineer of the St. Paul & Duluth Railway, who is in our city. Friend Smith gives us a glowing account of our Brothers in No. 61. Would be pleased to meet with any of the members of No. 150 who may call this way.

—A correspondent wants to know: "Can Topeka Lodge, No. 56, compete for the prizes given for the greatest number of subscribers to the MAGAZINE this year?" In answer to this question, we will state, that their getting the banner last year does not make any difference, and if they furnish the largest list this year they will get the first prize. Our agent there, Brother McIlroy, already declares he shall worry any other Lodge that may try to compete with him, and we guess he shall have a chance.

### Magazine Agents.

We are now printing a surplus of Nos. 1 and 2. Agents sending us subscription lists, will pay particular attention that each subscriber's name is spelled correctly and plain. It is impossible for us to know the name of every member of our Order, and by writing plainly you will save us much trouble. In soliciting subscriptions commence with Vol. 2, if parties have not subscribed heretofore.

### Grand Lodge Notice.

Q. P. W. forwarded to all Lodges December 14th; any failure to receive should be reported immediately.  
F. B. ALLEY, G. M.

### Balls.

AT ALBANY, N. Y.

Capital City Lodge, No. 71, gave their first annual ball January 17th.

AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

The third annual ball of Lodge No. 12 will be held in February, but we do not know the exact date. A big time is expected. Success to you.

AT ALTOONA, PA.

Lodge No. 37 gave their second dress ball January 22, which proved a grand affair. We return thanks, and are very sorry we could not visit you.

AT WORCESTER, MASS.

The first annual ball of Bay State Lodge, No. 72, of Worcester, Mass., held January 15, in Horticultural Hall, was a success in every way, and the management deserve great credit.

AT NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

On Christmas Eve the Brothers of North Platte gave a grand ball at the Railroad House. The boys made all present happy, and the affair was a grand success, as everything they undertake is. Over sixty couples were present.

AT BROCKVILLE, ONT.

According to announcement, the ball given by the members of Lodge No. 65, B. of L. F., at Brockville, Ont., came off on New Year's night,

and was quite an enjoyable affair. Between 40 and 50 couples were present. The walls and ceiling of the hall were elegantly embellished with the mottoes of the Order, and the stars and stripes and union jack were displayed to advantage.

AT GALION, O.

The Brothers of No 5 held their third annual ball on the evening of December 26. The music was first-class. Although the weather was bad, the hall was crowded.

### Answers to Queries.

In answer to P. D. X., I would say that I hardly think it possible for an engine with five-foot drivers to make 60 miles per hour. An engine with such dimensions will travel at each revolution 15' 7"; to travel at the rate of 60 miles per hour, must make 5,605 revolutions per second, and if the piston has 24" stroke, it must travel 22.42 per second, which is very fast. These figures are giving without any allowance for dipping, which is quite an item. S. F. BROWNE.

ANSWER TO P. D. X.—If we work on the motto that "figures won't lie," I believe it impossible for a six-foot driving wheel to make a mile a minute on level track and while working steam. First, at each revolution, if the wheels don't slip, she covers or travels three times the diameter of her wheel, which is eighteen feet and two inches (18' 2"); now to travel 5,280 feet, she must necessarily cover 80 feet of rail every second; or, the wheel revolves four and nearly one-sixth times. I claim as an engine is working fine in cutting, she can not open and close valve ports admitting and exhausting her steam to perform the work. H. G.

In reply to R. V. Dodge's question, I would state that when you open the cups, after shutting off steam, the air goes into the cups and dips, and there not being enough suction with the valve cutting off steam at five or six inches to make the vacuum fast enough, or enough of it to suck the oil down.

DETROIT.

### Queries.

Suppose both forward cylinder-heads to be broken, what steps would you take to get your engine over the road? S. F. BROWNE.

R. V. D.—Please give your opinion.—[ED. MAGAZINE.]

When you shut off steam and leave the lever hooked up, there is always a noise or clatter in the cylinder or steam chest. Where is the noise, and what causes it? DETROIT.

### Obituary.

BOSTON, MASS., December 16, 1877.

At the last regular meeting of Boston Lodge, No. 57, B. of L. F., held December 16, 1877, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The members of this Lodge are called upon for the first time to drape the Lodge-room in mourning, it having been the will of Divine Providence to call from our midst our beloved Brother Charles H. Gardiner.

Whereas, We feel it a duty devolving upon us to manifest the sorrow we feel for the loss of a Brother, whose memory will ever be dear to the hearts of the B. of L. F., and we feel we have lost a true and valuable member, and the family a kind husband and an affectionate father; therefore be it

Resolved, That in his sudden death, we are admonished of the uncertainty of life, and certainty of death, which must sooner or later overtake us all, and that it behooves us all to prepare for the summons which at any time may call us from time to eternity.

Resolved, That we condole with the relatives and friends of the deceased, and especially with the bereaved widow would we extend our heartfelt sympathy on this sorrowful occasion, assuring her that he was honored and loved as a man and Brother by his fellow firemen.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be printed in the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family. L. L. PABKER, JR.,  
C. H. MOULTON,  
GEO. W. NICHOLS,

Committee.

At a regular meeting of Van Bergen Lodge, No. 73, B. of L. F., held in their hall, October 11th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, An all-wise and merciful God has in his infinite wisdom admonished us of the uncertainty of life, and of the inevitable certainty of death, by taking home to himself our worthy Brother Michael Merrick, who was stricken down almost without warning, and in the faithful discharge of his duty; therefore

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to this act of Divine Providence in taking from our midst one who was pre-eminent in all manly virtues, earnest and untiring in his efforts to improve and benefit his fellow-man; a worthy member whose place can not be filled in society; a citizen who was universally respected and trusted for his uprightness to his family, and to his parents as a dutiful son, a devoted husband, and a kind

indulgent father, yet we must not forget that the Father doth all things well, and with a purpose in view. To our short-sighted vision it may seem a burden too great to be borne, still we find grace to say it is God, let him do as to him seemeth best.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of our departed Brother, and tenderly point them to Jesus, who has power to heal the broken heart, that washed in his blood they may join him who has only gone before to that land where sorrow never comes, but happiness unspeakable, and all is joy.

Resolved, That the thanks of Lodge No. 62 are due and are hereby tendered to Superintendent R. Manville and S. A. McMullen, of the D. & H. R. R., for the many courtesies extended their kindness in furnishing passes to enable friends of the deceased to attend the funeral from Scranton and Ninevah, also in furnishing passes for Lodge No. 7, B. of L. F., from Scranton to Carbondale, enabling them to attend the funeral of our deceased brothers.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to Brothers of Lodge No. 7, for their kindness in assisting to pay the last tribute of respect to our departed Brother.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for our friend and Brother, we will drape our hall and charter in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the record of our Lodge, and that a copy be presented to the family of our deceased Brother, and published in the "Scranton Republican," in the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE, and in the Carbondale papers.

JOHN A. DRYDEN,  
HOMER HUTCHINS,  
FRANK COON.

Committee.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Dec. 31, 1877.

It is with feelings of sorrow that I have to announce the sad affair I am now going to relate. (As I suppose you have already heard through the press of the foul murder of Jas. O'Neil, engineer on the C. & A.) For the past three years and four months he was my right hand partner on engine 143, but on the morning of December 27th, after arriving here with the night express from Chicago, while on his way home met his death at the hands of a cruel assassin. It is sad to think that after escaping so many railroad accidents (for which he was noted but never blamed), he should meet his death in such a cruel manner. I do not flatter him when I say there never's good on the footboard a kinder, nobler or more generous man. Always ready to help those in trouble; and many are they on the C. & A. to-day who will miss him.

It is a lesson to us all, for we never know when death comes, but it very often strikes us when we get off our engines that we are free from danger this time, but death will come like a thief in the night when we least expect it.

Yours fraternally,

THOS. O'NEIL.

We agree with Brother O'Neil that no better man stood on the footboard; and he was a friend to the firemen, with a view of placing them in a more true light in the estimation of all. The many friends of the deceased will mourn his loss.

## Resolutions.

CHICAGO, ILL., December 23, 1877.

At a regular meeting of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, held at Railroad Chapel, December 23, 1877, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to Mrs. R. M. Germain, wife of our esteemed Brother, for the beautifully designed and neatly framed motto of the Ten Commandments, which she has so kindly presented to us; and be it

Resolved, That we do sincerely appreciate the beautiful gift, and trust that the lesson therein contained may be of great benefit to all of us; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Germain and also forwarded to the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE for publication.

F. PARKER,  
N. VEIGHTE,  
R. V. DODGE,  
Committee.

WORCESTER, MASS., December 26, 1878.

At a regular meeting of Ray State Lodge No. 73, B. of L. F., held October 14, 1877, the Lodge was presented with a handsome motto, neatly framed, containing the words, "Friendship, Love and Truth," by the sister of Brother Thomas Loynd, our worthy Financial Secretary, which was accepted in behalf of the Lodge by Brother Bullard, our worthy Master, and the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we as a Lodge return our sincere thanks to the above lady for her welcome gift, and that we recognize her friendship.

Resolved, That we present a copy of these resolutions to her, and that they be printed in the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE.

C. E. BULLARD,  
G. A. HEWITT,  
M. E. COBB,  
Committee.

HALL OF JACKSON LODGE }  
No. 8, Jan. 5, 1878. }

Be it resolved by this Lodge here assembled. That we return a vote of thanks to the following persons named: Mrs. A. J. Gabard and Miss Emma Stillman, for the beautiful wreath and motto in evergreens presented for the decoration of our hall on the evening of our first grand ball, New Year's Eve. Also to Geo. Minnick, S. H. Minnick, A. J. Ross, and Thos. Falkner, for courtesies extended, and to P. Ragan for the use of flags. Also to our Master Mechanic John Thumser, and A. J. Ross, our foreman, for favors shown our Brothers in arranging that all could be at the ball that it was possible to spare.

F. N. SCHOOLEY,  
T. ACKLEY,  
A. J. GABARD,  
Committee.

## Grand Lodge Officers.

F. B. ALLEY.....	Grand Master,
286 Wenzel street, Louisville, Ky.	
W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Vice Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
JOHN SAVAGE.....	Grand Warden,
Boston, Mass.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
C. G. SWAN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Suspension Bridge, N. Y.	
WM. COWLES.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Camden, N. J.	
E. V. DEBS.....	Grand Marshal,
Terre Haute, Ind.	
MARION BARNHILL.....	Grand Chaplain,
Indianapolis, Ind.	

## Grievance Committee.

F. B. ALLEY, Chairman.....	Louisville, Ky.
W. T. GOUNDIE, Assistant Ch.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. N. SAYRE, Secretary.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
W. W. SMITH.....	Belleville, Ont.
O. W. CUTLER.....	Providence, R. I.
J. B. SWARTZ.....	Scranton, Pa.
A. JENKINSON.....	Galion, O.
D. O. SHANK.....	Albany, N. Y.
F. SNYDER.....	Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. W. PHILLIPSON.....	Marshall, Texas
S. F. BROWNE.....	Austin, Minn.
JOHN MIZE.....	Denver, Col.
JAMES MCNEAL.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. ACHET.....	Nashville, Tenn.
GEO. MCGARRAHAN.....	East St. Louis, Ill.

## Grand Lodge Deputies.

F. CLARK.....	Jurisdiction No. 1,
Detroit, Mich.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Jurisdiction No. 2,
Lowell, Mass.	
J. E. DUNAVON.....	Jurisdiction No. 3,
Hornellsville, N. Y.	
J. C. BARNARD.....	Jurisdiction No. 4,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
R. V. DODGE.....	Jurisdiction No. 5,
Chicago, Ill.	
J. R. GOVERN.....	Jurisdiction No. 6,
Topeka, Kansas.	
WM. COYNE.....	Jurisdiction No. 7,
Little Rock, Arkansas.	

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jervis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.  
I. B. Fisher (Box 724).....Master  
Ed Salley.....Rec. Sec'y  
N. C. Marshall.....Magazine Agent
2. ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.  
C. Hohart.....Master  
L. W. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent

3. JERSEY CITY, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets at Wagner's Hall, 490 Grove street, every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
S. S. Clark (care 14 Erie street).....Master  
Henry Jackson (care 14 Erie st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent
4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
W. H. Maxwell.....Master  
J. F. Hoffman (box 51).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. F. Williamson.....Magazine Agent
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 p. m.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
C. Bennett.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
6. DAYTON, at Dayton, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Sixth and Ludlow streets, first Sunday of each month.  
Frank States (19 Zeigler street).....Master  
J. C. McCutcheon.....Rec. Sec'y  
Chris. Sweetman.....Magazine Agent
7. SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa., meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.  
W. H. Whitmore.....Master  
Thos. Roach (Lockbox 37).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. D. Schooley.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
Thomas Ackley.....Master  
Frank Schooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. J. Gabbard.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.  
F. J. Kistler (14 West Fulton st.).....Master  
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. block.)  
Chas. Collier (Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, Ohio. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m., K. of P. Hall, 357 Pearl st.  
Josh L. Clark, (8 Freeman st.).....Master  
D. T. Henderson (48 John st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
P. J. Culliton.....Magazine Agent  
(148 Rear Columbus st.)
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
L. D. Salisbury.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30; hall, 253 Michigan st.  
A. L. Jacobs (411 Perry st.).....Master  
J. C. Bradley, 547 S. Division st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan (Susp. Bridge).....Magazine Agent
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. in brick bank hall.  
J. Hunt.....Master  
J. M. Johnston (Box 342).....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 p. m., in Aetna Building, Pennsylvania street.  
Fred Crane.....Master  
C. P. Bond (456 E. Michigan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. P. Bond.....Magazine Agent  
(456 E. Michigan st.)

15. **PACIFIC**, at St. Louis, Mo. meets 2d and 4th Sundays: hall, Chateau avenue, near Summit Avenue.  
J. J. Smith.....Master  
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall  
Wm. Brennan.....Master  
E. V. Debbs (Box 1074).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Ebbage (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. **LEACH**, at Mattoon, Ill.
18. **FRIENDSHIP**, at Fort Wayne, Ind. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.  
J. R. Anderson.....Master  
F. Snyder, 138 Force st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Ferd. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
19. **HOPE**, at Alliance, Ohio. meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
L. M. Holloway.....Master  
J. Martin (Crestline, Ohio).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. S. McKee, Crestline, O. Magazine Agent
20. **WESTERN STAR**, at Galesburg, Ill. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
O. D. Pratt.....Master  
John McGee.....Rec. Sec'y
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
James Bucke.....Master  
H. Miller.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
F. C. Beatty.....Master  
S. M. Harvey.....Rec. Sec'y  
Isaac Littler (Box 598).....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
J. H. Smith (252 Zane street).....Master  
P. Powers (316 Wenzel st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Smith.....Magazine Agent  
[252 Zane street.]
24. **H. G. RUST**, at Jackson, Mich.  
S. Smith.....Master  
Wm. E. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y  
Miles Grosvenor.....Magazine Agent
25. **PROVIDENCE**, at Providence, R. I. meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Saturday evenings in each month in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Geo. H. Bragg.....Master  
C. S. Newton.....Rec. Sec'y  
(14 Chestnut st., Hartford, Conn.)  
O. W. Cutler.....Magazine Agent  
(14 Washburn street.)
26. **J. W. THOMAS**, at Nashville, Tennessee. meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at Knights of Honor Hall, W. Nashville.  
Geo. D. Smith (317 Church st.).....Master  
Will Achev.....Rec. Sec'y  
(cor. W. Gay and Hines sts.)  
Will Achev.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
F. A. Davis.....Master  
A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month  
W. J. Stuart.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. **CHAMPION**, at Detroit, Mich.  
John Munroe (239 Larned st.).....Master  
Frank Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Magazine Agent
30. **HARMONY**, at Susquehanna, Dep.  
James Cass.....Master  
Frank Choate (Box 269).....Rec. Sec'y
31. **FORT CLARK**, at Peora, Ill.  
A. F. Eaton.....Master  
D. B. Wright.....Rec. Sec'y
32. **AMERICUS**, at Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Charles Jewell, 82 Center st.....Master  
George H. Scott.....Rec. Sec'y
33. **CECIL FLEMING**, at Jackson, Tenn.  
J. Jones.....Master  
R. T. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Jones.....Magazine Agent
34. **ORCHARD CITY**, at Burlington, Iowa.  
Win. James.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
35. **WASHINGTON**, at Lafayette, N. J., meets 2d Monday and last Saturday evenings of each month at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
Horace Allen.....Master  
A. Zindle.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 Pine st., Jersey City, N. J.)  
J. Conklin.....Magazine Agent  
(183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at Lafayette, Ind. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, corner Sixth and Main sts., Curtis' Block.  
H. C. Ward.....Master  
P. Roman (182 N. 5th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer (81 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
37. **MOUNTAIN CITY**, at Altoona, Pa. meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.  
John Gardner.....Master  
J. Miles Stonebraker, Box 343.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. McMurray, Box 343.....Magazine Agent
38. **KEY STONE**, at Pittsburg, Pa. meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Beaver avenue.  
Gust Sold.....Master  
Thos. Vanvoy.....Rec. Sec'y  
(148 Bidwell st., Allegheny, Pa.)  
Burt E. Gove.....Magazine Agent  
(134 Juniata st., Allegheny, Pa.)
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.  
H. M. Baker.....Master  
Wm. Chambers.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Anderson (Box 56).....Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets every Thursday night.  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss (1206 N. Lee st.).....Master  
T. O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y  
(902 W. Chestnut st.)  
C. M. Stone.....Magazine Agent  
(1206 N. Lee st.)
41. **FOX RIVER**, at Aurora, Ill. Meets every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.  
C. Riddle.....Master  
C. E. Powell.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. L. Cummings.....Magazine Agent
42. **MISSOURI VALLEY**, at Sedalia, Mo. Meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th Wednesday.  
R. C. Yopst.....Master  
C. Schernowkie.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. D. Palmer.....Magazine Agent



43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
DeWitt Pearce.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Fitzpatrick.....Magazine Agent
44. **RELIABLE**, at Brookfield, Mo. Meets  
2d and 4th Thursdays, in B. of L. E. hall  
R. Cheney.....Master  
S. Leonard.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. R. Worth (Box 13).....Magazine Agent
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets  
every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main  
and Markham streets.  
Wm. Coyne.....Master  
M. W. Campbell (Lock Box 648).....Rec. Sec'y  
M. W. Campbell.....Magazine Agent
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. meets  
every alternate Sunday at Eng. Hall.  
John Walsh (532 North Fifth st.).....Master  
G. D. Partington (Box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Henry.....Magazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets  
every Sunday of each month, at 2:30  
P. M., in Railroad Chapel.  
P. D. Furlong (872 State st.).....Master  
W. Woodin (544 S. Canal st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Costello.....Magazine Agent  
(957 S. Dearborn st.)
48. **AMICITI**, at Harrisburg, Pa. Meets every  
Saturday night and Sunday afternoon,  
corner 3d and Broad streets.  
R. T. Shepherd (5th, near Riley).....Master  
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y  
937 Pennsylvania avenue  
C. W. Guyon.....Magazine Agent  
(411 Cumberland st.)
49. **SPRINGFIELD**, at Springfield, Mass.  
C. O. Mansus.....Master  
J. W. Hurlbert (Box 336).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. H. Porter (Box 336).....Magazine Agent
50. **NEW YORK CITY**, at New York. Meets  
every 2d Sunday and 4th Saturday of  
each month, at 869 Second avenue.  
Peter O'Daniel.....Master  
Henry J. Glover (231 E. 45th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.).....Magazine Agent
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y.  
A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st.....Master  
L. J. Boynton (112 W. Utica st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. McCarthy (48 W. Erie st.).....Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Ind. Meets  
every Friday at 8 P. M., corner Market  
and Canal streets.  
Chas. Schrier.....Master  
S. Bricks (box 626).....Rec. Sec'y  
Ambrose Ross.....Magazine Agent
53. **FIDELITY**, at Sunbury, Pa., meets every  
Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. hall.  
John Pittenger.....Master  
D. F. Vollmer (Box 276).....Rec. Sec'y
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo., meets every  
Monday night, at 43 Reed street.  
M. Olmsted.....Master  
J. Munnet (Lockbox 580).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. J. Murphy (Lockbox 580).....Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis, Tenn. Meets  
every Sunday at 2 P. M. at Engineers'  
Hall, Adams street.  
Wm. Bender, 206 Old Raleigh st.....Master  
O. B. Hanes.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Bender.....Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Empora, Kan., meets every  
alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
S. McGaffey.....Master  
J. R. Goheen (Topeka, Kan.).....Rec. Sec'y  
Charles McIlroy (Topeka).....Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st and  
3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 A. M.,  
and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., in En-  
gineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
Francis Beadle.....Master  
(No. 1 Mt. Vernon st., Bunker Hill District.)  
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
(123 Chelsea st., E. Boston, Mass.)  
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent  
(70 Cambridge st., E. Cambridge.)
58. **STAR**, at Hoboken, N. J. Meets 2d Sun-  
days and 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st.  
C. E. Barland.....Master  
O. Gillen (Box 41, Hoboken).....Rec. Sec'y  
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. **ASHLEY**, at Ashley, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th  
Sundays, in I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 P. M.  
J. M. Peck.....Master  
A. E. Detro.....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st  
Wednesday night and 3d Sunday morn-  
ing, corner Hancock and Diamond streets.  
G. C. Green (107 Haydock st.).....Master  
J. McNeal (427 Schneider ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
Robert Deary.....Magazine Agent  
(South Bethlehem, Pa.)
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets  
every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M., cor-  
ner 7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall.  
S. J. Murphy (56 Goodrich ave.).....Master  
C. Sinks (58 Goodrich ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Peel (Box 1534).....Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets  
every 2d Thursday and 4th Sunday of  
each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
O. E. Histed.....Master  
W. T. Bingham.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. W. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets  
every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
J. C. Boysel.....Master  
Chas. J. McGee.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. Rogers.....Magazine Agent
64. **LOYAL**, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of L.  
E. Hall, every Sunday.  
W. H. Hamilton.....Master  
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 16, Brookville, Kan.)
65. **ISLAND CITY**, at Brockville, Ontario,  
(Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays,  
King street, over McClean's boot and  
shoe store.  
Wm. T. Simpson.....Master  
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. **CHALLENGE**, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada).  
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in B. of L. E.  
Hall.  
Patrick Flannery.....Master  
James Cummins.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. C. McKnight.....Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets  
every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in  
Occidental Hall, Queen street.  
Wm. Newlove.....Master  
Wm. Prenter (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y  
George Shields (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. **HUDSON**, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st  
Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday af-  
ternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.  
John McAuley.....Master  
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y  
(232 Union st., Elizabeth, N. J.)  
R. Hare (245 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent

69. HURON, at Port Huron, Mich. Meets every Sunday, over Postoffice.  
J. Britnall.....Master  
J. S. Beach.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)  
J. French.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)
70. LONE STAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets every Friday night in I. O. O. F. Hall.  
James M. .....Master  
L. W. Phillips.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. F. Smith (box 92).....Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 540 Broadway.  
D. O. Shank, 85 Cherry street.....Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union street.....Rec. Sec'y  
S. Smith (103 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
Wm. Cowls, 411 Hartman st.....Master  
L. Elberston (417 Henry st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave.....Magazine Agent
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass., meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
Geo. Hewitt (Union Depot).....Master  
T. E. Kelton, 42 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. P. Danforth.....Magazine Agent  
(9 Myrtle street.)
74. KANSAS CITY, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 7st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic hall, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Master  
John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y  
cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Magazine Agent  
945 Penn street.
75. ENTERPRISE, at West Philadelphia Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
C. E. Austin, 3800 Story st.....Master  
W. T. Goundie.....Rec. Sec'y  
3405 Elm st.  
C. E. Austin.....Magazine Agent  
(3800 Story street.)
76. VALLEY CITY LODGE, at East Saginaw, Michigan Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.  
F. C. Blanchett.....Master  
J. Lennox, Box 860.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Hannon, Box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
L. C. Ames.....Master  
W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. C. Ames.....Magazine Agent
78. BINGHAMTON, at Binghamton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.  
Thomas Milan, Box 725.....Master  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. MIAMI, at Cincinnati, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M., corner 8th and Freeman sts.  
J. T. Coakley.....Master  
G. Horrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Sperry.....Magazine Agent  
432 George st.
80. EARLY SUNRISE, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st & 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. hall.  
J. H. Morely.....Master  
C. Reitch.....Recording Sec'y  
J. Lowry.....Magazine Agent
81. READING, at Reading Pa. meets every 2d and 4th Sunday, Bland's Hall, cor. Ninth and Penn st.  
.....Master  
C. J. Butler (100 S. 5th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
.....magazine agent
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn., meets in Druids Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet Avenue, between 1st and 2d streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday evenings of each month.  
T. P. Smith.....Master  
(1311 N. Washington avenue.)  
John Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
(M & St. L. freight office.)  
J. W. Cole (123 S. 7th st.).....Magazine Agent
83. MISSISSIPPI, at Winona, Minn.  
John Merrick.....Master  
Wm. Warren (box 686).....Rec. Sec'y  
B. F. Weller (box 26).....Magazine Agent

# THE BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE.

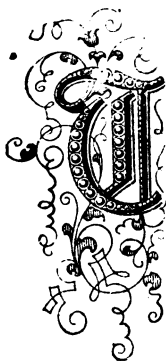
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

Vol. 2

MARCH, 1878.

No. 4.

## "ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."



HE immortal Shakespere once did say,

"All the world's a stage,"

And each one has a part to learn,  
From life's well-written page.

Some choose a part that's "tragedy,"  
And live a life of crime,  
Some play their part on land and sea,  
And travel all the time.

Some take a part that's always "high,"  
And some that's always "low,"  
Others' parts change them up and down,  
Like the ocean's ebb and flow.

The bankers, merchants, statesmen, all  
Have got a part to learn;  
The sailors, soldiers, and farmers, too,  
Must each one take their "turn."

The railroad men and railroad "kings,"  
The rich, and poor, alike, you know,  
Doctors, lawyers, and others, too,  
Must help make up the "worldly show."

There is many I have not mentioned, who  
Appear upon the "stage" each day,  
They need a "prompter" all the time  
To help them struggle through the "play."

As each one appears upon the "stage,"  
Let them remember well,  
They have got a "world of critics,"  
And every "miss" will tell.

Now, Brothers all, I hope you well,  
From this simple illustration learn,  
The world will "criticize" each move,  
So mind and do not "miss" your "turn."

So keep your Order's motto bright,  
And just before the "curtains fall"  
Upon life's "stage," on which you've "played,"  
The world will shout, "God bless you all."

—[Written for the B. of L. Magazine, by M. S. M., of Division 54.

### A New Flying Machine.

An exhibition was given in Bridgeport, Conn., not long since, of the working of a flying machine, invented by C. F. Ritchel, of Corry, Penn. Unlike many aerial machines this one is not shaped like a bird, nor has it any wings. It consists of a large bag, of cylindrical form, inflated with hydrofogen, and underneath a car provided with attachments designed to control the elevation and descent of the bag and to direct its course. The bag is twenty-five feet in diameter, and requires 30,000 feet of gas for its inflation. The rising and steering apparatus underneath has a frame-work made of brass-tubing, and is provided with a seat for the passenger. Directly in front of the seat is a crank which he turns to produce the power that puts in motion two small fans that can be operated singly or together. The elevated fan has five blades, set spirally, and can be made to rotate at the rate of 3,000 revolutions per minute. This fan furnishes, or is intended to furnish, the lifting power which constitutes the novelty and value of the invention, and by reversing the motion depresses the air-ship on the same principle as it raises it. At the end of the frame-work of the car, some ten or twelve feet distant from the passenger, is another similar fan which works at an angle with the air-ship, and is designed to turn it in any direction desired. It may be stated that both fans work in the air on the same principle that the Fowler steering and propelling apparatus works in the water. The exhibition was given in a large hall, a boy operating the cranks.

The boy commenced to turn the crank, the fan whizzed fiercely, and the bag rose three or four feet from the floor. It refused to go any higher, however, but after ascending slightly sank back toward the floor at each trial. Then the steering fan was set in motion with about the same degree of success. The attendants ascribing the partial failure of the experiment to the boy who engineered the machine, another boy was substituted. He succeeded considerably better than the first, elevating the bag to the ceiling

several times, and had turned it about half-way around with the steering fan when two of the blades broke. The experiment led to the opinion that with some changes in the fans the machine might be made to perform as intended. As is well known, one great difficulty in balloon navigation is that the aeronaut is dependent for his elevation on the buoyancy of the balloon alone; another is that its course is dependent on the direction of the wind. Mr. Ritchel thinks that his apparatus can be made to overcome both these difficulties.

### Experiments With the Electric Light.

On the 18th of February, an experiment was made with the electric light in the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway shops in Cleveland. The shop in which the experiment was tried was 80x150 feet, filled with machinery, lumber, etc., and the ceiling and walls begrimed as is usual in such places. The whole was brilliantly illuminated by two electric lamps, one hung near each end. Each light was 2,000-candle power, or equal to 125 gas burners of usual size. The electricity was furnished by a three-horse Brush dynamo-electric machine. The cost was estimated as follows: Cost of three-horse power, estimated  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent per horse power per hour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cents; 10 per cent. per annum on cost of engine and machine,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cents; total cost per hour of light equal to 250 gas burners, 12 cents; ten six-foot gas burners, gas at \$2 per thousand, cost 12 cents; relative expense, 1 to 25. In addition to these advantages the light is pure white, like sunlight, there is no danger in its use corresponding to defective or leaky gas pipes, and the amount of carbonic acid and other deleterious gases given off is asserted to be, compared to gas, as 1 to 200.

An exchange says that conductors on the railroad running through its town have become so strict since some on a neighboring road were discharged, that they will not let an observation pass without a ticket.

### General Passenger and Ticket Agents' Association of Michigan.

A regular meeting of this association was held in Grand Rapids, Mich., February 7th. The following were present: From the Michigan Central, Henry C. Wentworth, E. C. Brown, L. Whitney, C. B. Bush; Detroit. Lansing & Northern, J. B. Mulliken, N. A. Carpenter; Grand Rapids & Indiana, A. B. Leet, J. R. Metheany; Canada Southern, F. E. Snow; Chicago & Michigan Lake Shore, A. M. Nichols; Fort Wayne, Jackson & Saginaw, S. K. Hooper; Flint & Pere Marquette, S. Keeler; Great Western of Canada, W. H. Firth. No changes in rates were discussed, but the expediency of a new constitution, to secure uniformity of practice in minor details, was the subject considered. The meeting adjourned to meet again on March 6th at Jackson.

### The First Locomotive in Virginia.

The Raleigh (N. C.) *News* says: "Albert Johnson, Esq., of our city, assisted in putting together the first locomotive engine used in Virginia and North Carolina. It was built by Edward Bury, at Liverpool, England, and was brought to this country and delivered at Petersburg. The engine was named the 'Roanoke,' and its weight only  $5\frac{1}{2}$  tons. The cylinders were  $8 \times 16$ , and the driving wheels  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter; just in front of these were two pilot wheels, each three feet in diameter. There was no truck as in engines of the present day, nor was a tender used."

WE believe the most utterly unendurable, aggravating, conceited animal in all creation is the complacent man, when he has stolen a key that will unlock a car seat. The insane complacency with which he will flourish his key, turn a seat, sink back and stretch out his legs and gaze at the rest of the passengers with derisive superiority, always makes us want to run over him with a reaping-machine, or kill him, or something. But then we rarely do.  
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

### The Silver Question.

The New York Central & Hudson River Company has recently been paying silver to its men, and the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) *Eagle* of February 9th says: "Some of the conductors received as high as sixty trade dollars each, some fifteen or twenty dollars in ten-cent pieces and quarters, and the pay-car left the Grand Central Depot yesterday loaded with bags of silver to be paid out to laborers along the line between New York and Albany. The conductors are already lop-sided carrying their silver, and when they pass through the aisles of the cars it jingles in their pockets like sleigh-bells."

THE engineer of the British war vessel *Tourmaline* killed himself because he could not repair her machinery, which was disabled by a succession of accidents during a voyage.

A MAN from Boston would not confess astonishment at anything he saw in Nevada. As he was passing a hotel in Virginia City the cap blew from one of the chimneys. It was a circular piece of sheet-iron painted black, slightly convex, and the four supporters were like legs. The wind carried it down street, and it went straddling along like a living thing. The Boston man asked what it was. "A bedbug from the hotel," was the reply. "By George, I never saw anything like that," he began, and then added, "outside of Boston."

BOB COLVILLE, foreman of the round-houses, is running his feet in opposition to the Westinghouse air-brake, and on Tuesday stopped a locomotive by putting his toes under one of the driving-wheels. He called down from the cab the man in charge of the machine, and pointing out the situation quietly remarked: "See here, if you don't take that engine off from my foot I'll kick the old tub over!" It was a painful accident, and one which will confine Mr. Colville to his home for a few days, but we understand that only one toe was really broken.—*Aurora (Ill.) Beacon.*

## A ONE-LEGGED RAILROAD.

Something New by Hon. Eli Perkins.

I recently ran across a one-legged railroad, built by Gen. Roy Stone, and now running at Bradford, in the Pennsylvania oil regions. It is a railroad running on stilts—an elevated railroad in the country.

The cars run astride an elevated track, like the Greenwich elevated road, only over a single rail. This steel rail is nailed to a single wooden stringer, which rests on the top of beams or piles. In running across a river, or pond, the piles are simply driven in the ground, and so evenly balanced is the train that in passing over a pond of water at the rate of twenty miles an hour the water was hardly disturbed. The motive for building this novel railroad is economy. It can be built for \$3,000 per mile, and the locomotives, weighing ten tons, can be built for \$3,000; whereas ordinary locomotives cost \$6,000, and ordinary tracks costs from \$15,000 to \$20,000.

The locomotive is a queer looking thing. The workmen say "it looks like a gigantic pair of boots slung over a clothes line." The boiler is without a flue, the engine without a piston, and the drive-wheel without a crank.

I rode with General Stone around curves and up steep grades at the rate of thirty miles an hour with ease and comfort.

When I asked the inventor of this wonderful road why he built it he said:

"I found we must have a cheaper kind of railroad in this country than we are using. I found our railroad system was a stupendous failure. I found we had built 75,000 miles of road in this country at a cost of \$2,250,000,000, and that these 75,000 miles of road are not now worth over one-third their original cost. It is a delusion and a snare, billing the country and saddling us with two billions of dollars of expense, when one-fourth of that amount would have done as well. I found towns and counties bonded to build expensive roads, and then the roads given away as worthless. So I invented a

cheaper road—a road that don't take any grading—a road not troubled by snow, and a road that I can build through a mill-pond, or over a river, as cheap as I can build it on the prairie—a road that I can build right up the centre of the Hackensack River for \$4,000 per mile."

"How would your road do for quick transit in New York?" I asked.

"Splendid, sir! and I can build it for \$20,000 per mile right up through the heart of New York City. Again, it would be splendid for the river front. I could drive piles clear around the city, and lay the rails on them fifteen feet above the wharves. It's the coming road," said General Stone, "because it will do the work and can be built cheaper than any other road ever projected."

Scientists will do well to watch General Stone's new project, for in it may be germs of a railroad revolution.

## The Meanest Dead-Head

The Somerville (N. J.) *Unionist* says: "We have often heard of persons to whom the medal has been awarded for acts of meanness, but an instance was told us the other day which bears off the prize above anything we have yet heard or seen published. A young man well-known about Millstone, noted for being possessed of an exceedingly empty skull, is in the habit of riding to and from New Brunswick in the cars. One Saturday night not long ago he was in New Brunswick without a penny in his pocket and wanted to get home. He told the conductor his situation, and asked to be passed over the road and he would pay when he returned on Monday. The conductor, knowing the young man well, acceded to his request. When the fellow reached home he wrote a plausible letter to the railroad company to the effect that they had better be looking after their interests on that road, as the conductor was in the habit of passing his friends free. Whereupon the conductor was suspended, and is now out of employment."

## A CLOSE SHAVE.

How Engineer O'Niel Tossed Four  
Horses Down the Bank and  
Saved his Train.

"I reckon you've hearn tell of Jim O'Niel, what was 'sassinated down at Bloomington a short time ago?" remarked Jack Reynolds to a reporter of the *Chicago Times*. The latter acknowledged that he had heard a good deal lately about the man referred to. Jack Reynolds does the stoking on one of the largest locomotives on the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

"Just wait till I toss in a couple of shovelfuls, 'cause time's nearly up, and we'll be off soon, and I'll tell you somethin' about Jim," said the fireman, as he pitched some chunks of coal into the roaring furnace. "They don't make better engineers," he continued, "than what Jim O'Niel was. You see, you folks what ride back there in them fine coaches, and play poker, and read newspapers, and only look out when a halt is made, and commence readin' and playin' agin when the train darts away with a shriek, a roar, and a rattle; you folks, I say, don't know what danger is. No, sir. Just you come ahead here, and stand where Jim O'Niel stood for eighteen years, and I'll bet your back will raise up sometimes. But Jim didn't mind it much. He was the coolest and the most bravest man what I ever see in my life. He acted all the while just like he was ready to die any minute. And do you know, he would talk to his engine just like a man would talk to a woman. He would pet her, and say sweet, sympathizin' things to her. When she was leanin' out her level best, runnin' maybe forty miles an hour, Jim would look her all over kind of affectionately, and say to himself, with a shake of the head, 'She ain't well to-day; I don't know what ails her, but she ain't feelin' just right.'"

Jack opened the furnace door again and dropped in some fresh fuel on the glowing coals.

"You see," he continued, "Jim and me run an engine together five years, just as me and my boss here (pointing to the engineer who had at that moment stepped into the cab), are doing now. He took me when I was a green hand, and in all the years we stuck together,

he never spoke a cross word to me, and if he'd been a mind to he might have pitched me out of the cab window any time, for he was a powerful man. I'm got used to runnin' now, and I don't ever bother my head about what's going to happen; but when Jim O'Niel first took me on I was awful scary, and often wished I was one of them farmers what we saw holdin' the plow in the fields as we passed."

"O'Niel had a great many narrow escape, did he not?" interrupted the reporter.

"You are right he had," replied Jack, "and the half of them ain't been told about in the newspapers. Jim always knowed when anything was goin' to happen. Once we had nine cars and a big lot of people, and was runnin' to make up lost time. It was just a little afore dark, and, takin' his eye from off the track, Jim turned to me, and says he, 'There's trouble ahead; I feel it in my bones.' At first I kinder suspected thas he was tryin' to frighten me, but after a bit he said to me, 'D—n it, I wish I could look round the big curve and see if the bridge is all right.' That scared me more'n ever. I noticed that Jim had his eye set right down the rails, but it was gettin' so dark that he could not see fur. The old locomotive was just puttin' in her best licks, and presently we shot through the deep cut and out on to the high fillin' that ran to the bridge. As we made the curve at the mouth of the cut, right there in front of us, and not more'n two hundred feet away was four horses what was runnin' their best down the grade toward the bridge. I felt my heart thump agin the roof of my mouth. If Jim hadn't looked so cool, I guessed I'd have tossed myself right through the window; but I thought I'd stay as long as Jim did. He took in the chances at a glance. He knowed if them horses ever got to that bridge they'd tumble down 'twixt the stringers, and that when we struck 'em we'd jump the track, and go through the bridge into the river, and God only knows whether anybody of them hundreds of people would have lived to tell what I'm telling now. So, quick as a flash—for with a locomotive runnin' forty miles an hour you must do your figuren' in a hurry—Jim slapped on all the steam. My God! how she shot. She nearly jumped out from under me.

In three seconds the old locomotive just picked up that bunch of beasts and tossed 'em down the banks. They didn't any of 'em live to see the hind car pass by 'em.

"When my heart dropped back to its place," added Jack. "I ventured to say to Jim, 'That was a close shave, wasn't it?' but Jim never took his eye from the track, and never said yes or no; and, though him and me run together for years and years, he never once spoke of how he scooped them critters into the ditch, and saved God only knows how many lives."

### Put her Ticket in a Safe Place.

The Chicago *Times* tells the following: "A little brunette, as pretty as a picture, who lives out at Muscatine, Iowa, on her way to Buffalo, N. Y., passed through Chicago not long since over the Chicago & Rock Island road. While changing over to the Lake Shore road she thought she would look and see if her ticket was all right. It had disappeared from the place where she had secreted it—a little pocket on the inside of her dress, on the left-hand side, just around the brow of the hill. Her almost unspeakable grief at this discovery excited the liveliest interest among the bystanders, who were dying to help so handsome a girl out of so awkward a dilemma. What in the world to do, with train-time near at hand, and not enough wherewithal to pay for another ticket, was driving her wild, and the most delicious tears one ever saw, or tasted, trickled from her chin. Acting upon somebody's advice, the girl rushed for the office of the General Passenger Agent, followed by the whole mob of sympathizers. Mr. Morse, who is a good judge of nature, and Mr. Davis, who is a particularly good judge of women, both saw that the girl was honest, and the former was getting out his blanks to issue a pass. Before writing it, however, he insisted that the brunette should make one more search for the missing ticket, as he believed that it was sticking about her clothes somewhere. With a face suffused with blushes, the lady began her exploration, assisted

by the gallant Davis, while the more modest Morse pretended to be looking out of the window. Presently the girl uttered a shrill scream of delight, and renewed her tears, this time for very joy. Instead of sticking the ticket, as she supposed, into the little pocket, she had shoved it back to the armpit, where it was nestling cosily when found. The young lady thanked everybody, whirled round and round in girlish glee, and in a minute was kiting away east-bound on the 5:15 train."

THE Central Railroad of New Jersey, Long Branch Division, has suffered heavily by storms. As a train leaving New York recently crossed the trestle over the Raritan River, just this side of South Amboy, the waves dashed high over the cars. The bed of the track across Great Pond was so badly washed by the high water that as the 5 o'clock train from New York attempted to cross it the track sunk beneath the engine, and it plunged off the bank into the river, turning completely over as it did so. The engineer, Oscar Durand, and the fireman, Jack Coffee, leaped into the water and swam ashore in safety. John Bateman, a brakeman, who was on the engine, became entangled and went with it into the water, where he was drowned. His body was recovered.

We congratulate Jack on his lucky escape.

OFFICERS of Missouri railroads are being notified by the State Board of Commissioners that the law fixing the maximum rates for passengers and freight will be put into effect in March. By an act of the Legislature in 1868, the Missouri Pacific, Hannibal & St. Joe, Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs, Iron Mountain, St. Louis & Kansas City, and Northern, and the St. Louis & San Francisco, were released from State interference for ten years. The term is just expiring. The roads have been charging 4½ and 5 cents a mile. The law will reduce the rate to 3 cents on main lines, and 4 cents on branches.



**A Tramp's Long Ride.**

In a certain train of western grain which arrived at Toledo on the morning of February 13th, on the Wabash road, one particular car, billed as wheat, contained a parcel not usually found in a grain cargo. As the inspector opened the car preparatory to dumping its contents into the vast elevator, in one corner, half buried into the grain, was the well-worn carcass of a tramp, who had stolen a ride from the Far West. He was nearly dead, and, being taken out was borne to comfortable quarters at the city prison. He gave the name of Holden, and says that on Saturday, February 10th; he was in Hannibal, Mo., and lay about the freight grounds there until he discovered the grain car billed for Toledo. Then, unobserved by the train-men, he climbed in and hid himself in the grain. Soon after somebody locked doors of the car, and the train pulled out eastward.

He had had no food for some time previous to getting into the car, but thought he could live on wheat. He did eat some, but couldn't eat enough, in the absence of moisture or drink, to satisfy his hunger, which became intense, and his thirst correspondingly increased. He tried the doors, and found them securely sealed. He raised terrible cries whenever the train stopped at stations, but did not happen to attract attention. Finally his strength gave out, and with it hope departed. Then with his remaining strength he burrowed into the grain to keep from freezing, and lay in misery awaiting arrival at Toledo, if he should live so long. Unusual delays occurred, and he gave up, becoming unconscious, and with his last thought expecting to be dumped into the vast caverns of the Wabash elevators. When found he had been nearly seventy hours without drink or food, except the little wheat he could masticate.

THE statement is made that 150,000,000 of ties are now in use upon the railroads, and it is estimated that 1,000,000 of acres of timber are required to replace those worn out.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**

*Pop-overs.*—Three cups of milk, 3 eggs, 3 cups of flour, a piece of butter the size of a hickorynut. Bake in cups.

*Hair in Crimp.*—Dissolve five cents worth of gum-arabic in sufficient hot water to soften it, and add enough alcohol to thin it. Bottle it; wet the hair with it before crimping it.

*To Make a Nice Sauce.*—Take one quart of picked cranberries, and eight or ten large juicy apples. Pare and slice the apples; stir all together slowly for an hour, or until soft. When nearly done, sweeten with sugar to your taste.

*Poison Antidote.*—A large teaspoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water and swallowed as soon as possible, is a safe and convenient remedy for poison. It acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

*Delicious Brown Bread.*—Two coffee-cups corn-meal, one coffee-cup of molasses, one quart of sweet skim-milk, one tablespoonful salt, one of saleratus and two eggs; stir with flour or shorts, about as stiff as for cake, bake in a pudding dish. This is excellent, and testing it you will pronounce it good.

*Rice Cakes.*—These are delicious. To one teacup of boiled rice put two teacups of flour, one egg, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, teaspoonful of salt, and sour milk enough to make a batter. Mix smoothly, and lastly add a teaspoonful of soda and a little melted butter. Bake immediately. Cold boiled hominy may be used in the same way.

*Egg Ointment.*—The oil obtained out of the yolks of eggs is credited wonderful healing properties in cases of cuts, bruises and the like by Eastern nations. The eggs are first boiled hard, when the yoke is easily removed. Crushed and carefully stirred over a hot fire, the oil separates, when it is ready for use. The eggs of water fowls have the most oil, but that obtained from the eggs of the common and guinea hen is considered best.

## FOR THE LADIES.

—Knife plaitings are still in favor.  
—Fringe will continue to be worn the coming season.

—New silks have a polka dot or flower of satin of the same color.

—Silk Passamentries, with pendant balls, are among the latest novelties.

—Lace barbes are worn around the neck, fastened with a bow of flowers.

—Bright colored silk vests are worn with dark dresses by young ladies.

—The brims and crowns of bonnets are made of net covered with beads.

—Beads will be a special feature of the garniture of bonnets and dresses.

—One of the prettiest ornaments for the hair is a gauzy butterfly in gold or silver.

—Handkerchiefs scalloped in colors, with a monogram in one corner, are very stylish.

—Beaded trimmings cover evening dresses, making them look as if studded with jewels.

—Czar green is a forthcoming spring shade, brought out in fine silk and woolen goods.

—The polonaise is made without looping in the back, and crossed with sashes of silk or velvet.

—Skirt extenders have superseded the heavy wigin flounce formerly worn in trailing dresses.

—Grenadine dresses, trimmed with jet and satin, will be much worn during the coming summer.

—Among the latest novelties are bonnets composed entirely of flowers to be worn by very young ladies.

—The India colors and the rough threaded surfaces now worn in *hourettes*, will be seen in thin goods, such as grenadines and gauzes.

—Sleeves of dresses will continue to be worn in coat shape, but for warm weather they will be quite short, reaching only half way between the elbow and wrist.

—Fluffy wool fringes are to trim the first spring dresses.

—Side forms now begin at the arm-holes in the backs of dresses.

—New percales show dashes of color on grounds of white or black.

—Satin evening dresses are trimmed with single folds of crape of the same shade of color.

—Large lace collars and outside cuffs will be much worn in the spring.

—The last fancy in flower garniture is for them to be studded with artificial dew.

—The *laveuse*, or washwoman's tunic, is the only overdress worn in Paris at the moment.

—A handkerchief flirtation is a very simple thing; it only requires two fools and two handkerchiefs.

—The fancy of the moment for gentlemen's evening wear is black satin scarfs instead of white cambric neckties.

—Short dresses, with kilted skirts, and simple sash, or apron overskirt, and belted basque, will be the fashionably spring walking costume.

—A new spring wrap has appeared, which is, at present, without a name. It fits closely in the back, and has loose flowing sleeves.

—Those who can afford it still cling to real laces, but for those to whom the real is unattainable, the French is pretty and allowable by fashion.

—Satin ribbons with colored facings, black with cardinal, light blue, cream and gold, navy blue, with light blue and white, will be seen upon stylish spring and summer dresses in loops and bows.

—Point Russe border for bags are worked on a foundation of blue linen run *ecru* braid an inch wide, and on this fasten white *mignardise* with point Russe, chain, and knotted stitches of red and blue cotton. Besides this, apply white serpentine braid and *soutache* to the foundation with point Russe and chain stitches of blue and red cotton, and embroider the intervals with interlaced stain stitches of blue and white cotton.

## THE NEW CHURCH DOCTRINE.

BY WILL CARLTON.

There's come a sing'lar doctrine, Sue,  
 Into our church to-day;  
 These cur'us words are what the new  
 Young preacher had to say:  
 That fitteral everlastin' fire  
 Was mostly in our eyes;  
 That sinners dead, if they desire,  
 Can get another try;  
 He doubted if a warmer clime  
 Than this world could be proved;  
 The little snip—I fear some time  
 He'll get his doubts removed.

I've watched my duty straight an' true;  
 An' tried to do it well;  
 Part of the time kept Heaven in view,  
 An' part steered clear o' hell;  
 An' now half of this work is naught,  
 If I must list to him,  
 An' this 'ere devil I have fought  
 Was only just a whim.  
 Vain are the dangers I have braved,  
 The sacrifice they cost—  
 For what fun is it to be saved,  
 If no one else is lost?

Just think!—Suppose, when once I view  
 The heaven I've toiled to win,  
 A lot of unsaved sinners, too,  
 Come walkin' grandly in!  
 An' acts to home, same as if they  
 Had read their titles clear,  
 An' looks at me as if to say:  
 "We're glad to see you here!"  
 As if to say: "While *you* have been  
 So fast to toe the mark,  
 We waited till it rained, and *then*  
 Got tickets for the ark!

Yet there would be some in the crowd  
 I'd rather like to see;  
 My boy Jack—it must be allowed,  
 There were no worse than he!  
 I've always felt somewhat to blame,  
 In several different ways,  
 That he lay down on thorns o' shame  
 To end his boyhood days;  
 An' I'd be willin' to endure,  
 If that the Lord thought best,  
 A minute's quiet hot temperature,  
 To clasp him to my breast.

Old Captain Barns was evil's son—  
 With heterodoxy crammed;  
 I used to think he'd be the one  
 If any one was damned;

Still when I saw a lot o' poor,  
 That he had clothed and fed,  
 Cry desolately round his door  
 As soon as he was dead,  
 There came a thought I couldn't control,  
 That in some neutral land,  
 I'd like to meet that scorched up soul  
 An' shake it by the hand.

Poor Jennie Willis with a cry  
 Of hopeless sad distress,  
 Sank sudden down one night to die,  
 All in her ball-room dress;  
 She had a precious little while  
 To pack up an' away;  
 She even left her sweet, good smile—  
 'Twas on her face next day;  
 Her soul went up unclothed by even  
 One stitch of saving grace;  
 How *could* she hope to go to heaven,  
 An' start from such a place?

But once when sick an' weak,  
 She came an' begged to stay;  
 She kissed my faded, wrinkled cheek—  
 She soothed my pain away;  
 She brought me sweet bouquets of flowers  
 As fresh as her young heart—  
 Through many long and tedious hours  
 She played a christian part;  
 An' ere I long will stand around  
 The singing saints among,  
 I'll try to take some water down  
 To cool poor Jennie's tongue.

But tears can never quench my creed  
 Nor smooth God's righteous frown,  
 Though all the preachers learn to read  
 Their Bibles upside down,  
 I hold mine right side up with care  
 To shield my eyes from sin,  
 An' coax the Lord, with daily prayer,  
 To call poor wanderers in;  
 But if the sinners won't draw nigh,  
 An' takes salvation's plan,  
 I'll have to stand an' see 'em try  
 To dodge hell, if they can.

A POPULAR clergyman recently gave  
 a lecture on "Fools." The tickets of ad-  
 mission were inscribed, "Lecture on  
 Fools. Admit one." There was a large  
 audience.

I'm waiting 'neath the window, love,  
 upon the porch's seat; I'm waiting here  
 till you come down, your own true love  
 to greet. Don't be too long a fixin' up—  
 for if I may be bold, I ain't a-goin' to  
 wait out here, a-sittin' in the cold.

## Editorial.

**CONTRIBUTIONS.** — *Readers of the Magazine will materially assist us in making our news accurate and complete, if they will send us early information of events that occur under their observation, relative to experiments in the construction of roads and machinery—especially the locomotive—suggestions as to improvements, &c.*

### Death of Pius IX.

The death of the Pope, which occurred on the 7th of February, was by no means unexpected, but nevertheless sent a gloom over the entire world, for all, both Protestants and Catholics, had learned to revere him for his many good acts. Pope Pius IX., Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, was born in Sinigaglia, May 13, 1792, and, consequently at the time of his death, was in his eighty-sixth year. His devout mother intended him for the priesthood, but while pursuing his studies at the college of Voltena, he was afflicted with epileptic fits, which threatened to be a bar to his entrance into the sacred ministry. But in 1809, the malady having decreased in intensity, he obtained the clerical tonsure, and went to Rome to study theology. Three years afterwards his name was placed on the list of the "Noble Guard," which the French authorities were organizing in Milan, but his known infirmity caused him to be excused from active military service. During his theological course in Rome he occupied his leisure hours in imparting instruction to the inmates of an institution for orphans that had been established by a poor journeyman mason.

In June, 1823, he accompanied the apostolic delegate to Chili, South

America, and there remained two years, laboring on the mission chiefly among the Indians. On his return to Rome he was made domestic prelate to the Pope, and in 1827 was created Archbishop of Spoleto. In the latter place he established charitable and industrial institutions at his own expense. When in 1831 an insurrection broke out he persuaded a body of 4,000 insurgents to return quietly to their homes, and obtained their pardons from the authorities. He was created Cardinal December 13, 1839, and even then was favored by the people and clergy alike for the succession to Pope Gregory XVI. The latter dying on June 1, 1846, Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti was chosen Pope.

In 1869 the dogma of Papal Infallibility had been proclaimed. In 1871 Pius IX. attained the distinction of being the only Pope who "saw the years of Peter." The Pontificate of the latter is said to have been twenty-five years, three months, and seven days, and until Pius IX., no other Pope reigned so long. The occasion was one of universal rejoicing. On June 16th of the same year the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election was celebrated. In 1874 the first American pilgrimage to Rome, by way of Lourdes, took place, and the next year the Pope raised Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, to the dignity of Cardinal.

His last moments were lucid, and his last words are reported as being, "Guard the Church I loved so well." Once, when he had rallied, he said to his physicians, "Death wins this time." The time of his death is announced as 4:57 p. m., Thursday, February 7th. Pius IX. outlived nearly every Cardinal who took part

in his election. He founded 29 metropolitan churches, 130 episcopal chairs, 3 chairs *nullius in orbe*, 3 apostolic prefectures, and has seen a change in the ruler of every European nation save England. Personally he was of kindly disposition, simple-minded, and warm-hearted. His wit was a never-failing fountain and a thousand anecdotes illustrative of it have been circulated.

The new Pope, Leo XIII., was elected on the third ballot. He is a man of blameless character, sincerely religious, well versed in ecclesiastical matters, of moderate conservative opinions, and the possessor of fine executive and business abilities.

THOMAS BRASSEY, M. P., a son of the sagacious railroad contractor and capitalist, whose life story has been told with such charming simplicity by Arthur Helps, recently laid before an audience of workmen some wholesome thoughts on the comparative efficiency of American and English labor. He remarked that the cost of labor in the United States had stimulated the ingenuity of American inventors, and by labor-saving machinery they had been able to compete with England in her own special manufactures. Reduction in wages had cheapened the cost of production still further, and American manufactures were supplying rifles to the Turkish armies, and sending locomotives to South America and Australia. American mechanics, he said, worked longer and more industriously than their brethren in England.

THE Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad last year built 22 new engines, and rebuilt or repaired 224 old ones.

THE Brooks Locomotive Works at Dunkirk, N. Y., have recently shipped a freight engine to the Illinois Midland road; two narrow-gauge engines to the Olean, Bradford & Warren, and three consolidation engines to the Erie. These Erie engines are of standard gauge.

ON November 15th, in the Michigan Central Railroad shops at Jackson, Mich., two gangs of workmen, numbering fourteen men each, attempted to put two locomotives together in the shortest time yet made. The *Detroit Free Press* says:

"The jacks were applied, the huge boilers were raised and bolted on their frames; then they were placed on their wheels with all possible expedition, while simultaneously work was progressing on every portion of the machines, which were rapidly assuming perfect form. Water was let into the boilers, and even while the men were working at the grates the fires were kindled, and the 'infants' began to warm up for their work. At last one of them is ready for the smoke-stack, and is pulled along the track until she stops beneath the one designed for her. 'Lower away; cast off your tackle, go ahead,' and the yard engine pulls her out of the house and to another shop for completion, her constructors working as she moves, and busy hands being employed in fastening the bolts which hold the smoke-stack in its place. A few moments more and the last screw is turned, the last bolt is fastened, the engineer stands in his place, and in just two hours and fifty-one minutes from the time the signal to commence was given the throttle is pulled, and the first of the life twins moves off completed, followed a moment later by her mate. All the pieces of machinery connected with the locomotive had been finished and ready for use beforehand, but none had been fitted. On the same day the two new engines made trips of seventy-six miles each, and worked very nicely."

### **The Barney & Smith Manufacturing Company of Dayton, O.**

One of the largest and most complete manufacturing companies in the West, is that of Barney & Smith, Dayton, O. This company was established in 1849, since which time it has been constantly growing in favor. The capital stock of the company is \$750,000, and the capacity 15 freight cars per day and 10 passenger coaches per month. In the employ of the company are 1,000 men, many of whom rank as the very best mechanics. This firm has recently received an order for 750 freight cars, and are, we understand, already at work on them. The officers of this company are: President, E. E. Barney; Superintendent, E. J. Barney; Secretary, J. D. Platt; Assistant Secretary, F. E. Smith.

THERE were twenty-two new engines and two hundred and twenty-four old ones repaired at the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Altoona during the year 1877. Of these about fifty went to Pittsburg, and included those injured during the strike. Some of them were so badly wrecked by the conflagration as to be practically worthless, and were sent to the scrap pile. A locomotive can be built at the Altoona shops in ten hours.

SMITH, VAIL & Co., Dayton, O., manufacturers of the "Dayton Cam Pump," are said to be doing a very prosperous business in locomotive pumps, which they make a specialty.

THE railroad boys of St. Joseph, Mo., have formed a night school, which meets in the reading room of the Railroad Club. A move in the right direction.

THE Pittsburg Locomotive Works have orders for 20 locomotives for the Pittsburg & Lake Erie, and two for the Scioto Valley road.

It is officially stated that the New York Central's January earnings were \$800,000 more than any previous month in the history of the company, and the total earnings for the past four months aggregating \$10,000,000.

THE Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, now employ about 1,850 men, divided into relays, one in daytime and the other at night, to finish the forty locomotives for Russia. They expected to ship twenty on or before the 1st of March.

THE gross earnings of eighteen Western roads during the month of January, show a total increase of \$1,063,035. Those of nine Western roads show a total decrease of \$142,835; leaving the net increase on twenty-seven roads \$920,000. This has an encouraging look.

FROM September, 1876, to September, 1877, seems to have been the darkest period of railroad history in this country. The *Railroad Gazette* says that, taking sixty-four roads, covering 14,391 miles, the receipts show that with an increase of 1.3 per cent. in mileage, the profits fell off 4 per cent., though the expenses had been reduced more in proportion than the earnings.

A BILL to prevent discrimination in freight charges is before the House Committee on Commerce. Three propositions are involved in this bill: First, to prohibit charging lower rates of freight for longer than for short hauls; second, to prohibit the payment of drawbacks; and third, to require the publication of rates and notice of five days of any proposed change in rates.

**Rue's Little Giant Injector.**

There is no better locomotive injector made than "The Little Giant," which has been proven by those handling engines using the different patterns of injectors. We understand "The Little Giant" was the first successful injector manufactured, and although several other inventions tried to win its laurels, it yet stands first; in simplicity and durability it can not be excelled. Ask engine-men which injector they prefer, and nine out of ten will tell you "The Little Giant." This is not bragadocio, but a matter that will bear investigation. The engineer on the express train from Philadelphia to Baltimore, a run of 100 miles in 130 minutes, uses this injector instead of the pumps, and says he can run 70 miles without shutting off or touching it. Some of our most learned Master Mechanics say that "no injector is made that can do the work of the 'Little Giant.'" The company's works are located at 523 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE military history of the United States is as strange as the rise and rapid growth of the nation. In 1790 the rank and file of the army, as fixed by act of Congress, amounted to 1,216 men; and in 1814 an English expedition of 3,500 men was able to seize and burn Washington, the capital of a country which even then numbered eight millions of inhabitants. In 1861, at the commencement of the war of the secession, the whole regular force amounted to only 14,000 men. In April of that year the President called out 75,000 volunteers for three months to defend the capital, which was threatened; and in May a further call for 42,000 was made. In July two calls for 500,000 each were authorized by Congress, and, as even this vast force proved insufficient for the struggle which America had now em-

barked in, it was found necessary to introduce the conscription. In October, 1863, a levy of 300,000 was ordered, and in February, 1864, a further call of 500,000 was made. Finally, in the beginning of 1865 two further levies, amounting in all to 500,000 men, were ordered, but was only partially carried out, in consequence of the cessation of hostilities. The total number of men called under arms by the Government of the United States between April, 1861, and April, 1865, amounted to 2,752,042, of whom 2,656,053 were actually embodied in the armies. If to these be added 1,100,000 embodied by the Southern States during the same time, the total armed forces reach the enormous amount of nearly four millions, drawn from a population of only thirty-two millions—figures before which the celebrated uprising of the French nation 1793, or the recent efforts of France and Germany in the war of 1870-71, sink into significance. And within three years the whole of these vast forces were peacefully disbanded, and the army had shrunk to a nominal strength of only 30,000 men.

ONE-HALF of the mischief done in this world is by talking and falsifying, making friends and neighbors of this and other communities a great deal of trouble by misrepresentation. And one-half the difficulties we get into as we go through life is the result of saying what we might have left unsaid. There's much wisdom in this old maxim, "Keep your mouth shut unless you can speak the truth, and your ears open and tongue ready to tell what is true,"—there is, depend upon it.

A TIFFIN (O.) saloon is named the "Workingman's Hall." The hauls out of the workingmen which it will make, will bring them to the poor house.

## Correspondence.

### A Trip to the Bahama Islands.

NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, )  
 BAHAMA ISLANDS, )  
 Tuesday, January 22, 1878. }

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

At my journey's end at last. Under the waving branches of the cocoanut and almond trees, and in sight of the beautiful Atlantic, I write to you, Messrs. Editors, and to my special friends, the boys of the Illinois Central Railroad, to tell of my experience since I left Chicago to wander in these Southern lands.

I left Chicago on the morning of the 20th of December, a bright and beautiful day, more like spring than the dead of winter. Nothing of any note occurred until I arrived at Cairo, where, to my great delight, I beheld the well-known countenances of two old friends—Charles Cupps and Frank Coulan; both engaged at one time in the services of the I. C. R. R., but at present time of writing connected with the Cairo & Vincennes Railroad. I passed very pleasantly two hours and a half in their company, and very reluctantly bade them good-by as I took my position in the sleeping-car, which was about to be transferred across the river to form part of the train on the Great Jackson route for New Orleans. We passed through the western portions of Kentucky and Tennessee, and in the morning found ourselves in the State of Mississippi. Here the principal feature that meets the eye is the colored race, lately emerged from slavery. At every station we were met by crowds of shining faces and glittering teeth, showing that they were at least very happy, if not very thrifty. Here we first saw cotton growing in the fields, and bales ready for the market. We were not struck with the

beauty of the landscape, yet, still there was a novelty in the general appearance of things that could not but be striking. Without any special adventure we reached New Orleans at 10 o'clock at night, and put up at the St. Charles Hotel; famous as having been the leading hotel of the South for many years. The weather now has changed; the first Sabbath away from home proved gloomy and rainy. However, we attended the Presbyterian Church, on Lafayette Square, and heard a sermon from the Rev. Dr. Palmer, a man of distinguished ability, but especially noted for his leadership in the secession movement of 1861. It is said that his Thanksgiving sermon of 1861 was the most prominent cause of the secession of Louisiana, and had a strong influence upon the movements of the neighboring cotton States towards the same direction.

Moving to very pleasant private quarters at Mrs. Gernous, St. Charles Street, Lafayette Square, we passed our time in visiting the most prominent places of interest that this quaint old city possesses. Among these the most peculiar is the mode of burying the dead. Owing to the shallowness of the soil, water is soon reached, and it is impossible to inter the dead in graves as commonly constructed. Vaults are, therefore, erected all around the inclosure, and the bodies are laid in receptacles of six or eight tiers, while the tombs of the more wealthy are also above the ground, some of which are very magnificent. What to us was a most pleasing novelty was the number of orange trees, laden with their golden fruit, and casting their shade upon the hallowed spot.

New Orleans is now the capital of Louisiana, but the State has not yet erected a house for its special purposes, but occupies what was formerly the St. Louis Hotel. This was the great rendezvous for the planters and traders of the South, and the rotunda was used for the sale of slaves at public auction. It has a deep interest attached to it as having been the scene of contest between the two political parties, happily terminated by the withdrawal



of the Federal troops by Mr. Hayes last winter.

It had been a question with us how New Orleans was supplied with ice. We found that problem solved by a visit to a factory where ice was made by a chemical process. By the introduction of pipes through tanks of water, these pipes conveying diluted ammonia, evaporation was produced so rapidly that the water congealed, forming large blocks, each of which weighed one hundred and eight pounds, as pure and transparent as any we have ever seen taken from the Northern lakes. The water for this is distilled by a process peculiar to the proprietor. As an evidence of this transparency we saw a large fish in the centre of one of these blocks, also a bottle of champagne in another.

We did not observe many buildings of elegance in the city, but an air of antiquity pervades the whole. Christmas day was ushered in by the tooting of horns and the explosions of fire-crackers. It was a bright and pleasant day. Canal Street, the principal thoroughfare of the city, was thronged with pleasure-seekers, the happiest among whom were the *darkies*, both little and big.

But we must hurry on, or we will never get to the end of this letter. We left on the 28th for Mobile. It was my first attempt to avail myself of my letters and traveling card. The fireman was (as I had found them to be all along the road from Cairo,) a colored man. Of course it was useless for me to present my traveling card to him, and, on speaking to the engineer, I was referred to the conductor, who, pleasantly and with regret, refused to show any favor, but referred me to the superintendent, being quite positive that he would readily confer any favors I might name. Time would not allow me to do this, so I traveled as a regular passenger.

The New Orleans & Mobile road is exceedingly well conducted, and must have been very costly. It passes through many marshy places, and crosses portions of inlets of the Gulf, sometimes the extent of a mile and a half. The piling used for these road-beds, and many of the

ties, are first steeped in creosote, the apparatus for effecting which is seen as we pass by. We arrived at Mobile at 3:40 P. M., in a heavy rain. We stopped at the Battle House, where we had very pleasant accommodation. The city itself did not come up to our expectations, but still we managed to spend three or four days very agreeably. A noted driver, who rejoices in the name of Mexico, took us out on the Shell road, from which we had a delightful view of Mobile Bay, Forts Morgan and Gaines. Mexico was an old soldier in the Confederate service, and gave us interesting details of the conflicts which took place in that vicinity. He was taken prisoner at the surrender of Fort Morgan, and carried to Elmira, New York, where he was kept for some months. The magnolia trees are very abundant on this road, and grow to a very great height.

We made some very pleasant acquaintances here, through whose influence we obtained a ticket of admission given by one of three Mystic societies, which have for years given an annual exhibition of Pagantry on the last day of the year. No one knows who the members are, and everything is kept in the profoundest secrecy. They wear masks when they appear in public, and disguise their voices completely. They first pass in procession along the street, and in a series of tableaux represent some epoch in history or some motto. At this time, one society exhibited the "Era of Charlemagne;" another that of the "Triumph of Aurelian," and the third the "Categories of Aristotle." It would be interesting if I could describe the really elegant and vivid representations of these subjects thus given. They were gotten up with lavish expenditure of time and money.

Our journey now lay towards Georgia. At the depot I met J. McLaughlin (a brother-in-law of Capt. J. J. DeLacy), who is a passenger engineer on the Mobile & Montgomery road. It was his run out that night, but he had made an exchange; however, he introduced me to the conductor of the train, who kindly and cheerfully extended to

me all the courtesies one could ask. After passing a very pleasant night in the sleeping-car we found ourselves in Montgomery the next morning; leaving which we soon entered Georgia. I would here remark by the way, that at Opelika, the engineer declined even to look at my letter, and I found that it was no use to seek further favors on that basis.

Of all the Southern States we visited, Georgia, to us, was decidedly the most agreeable. The country is more beautiful, and there is a more general appearance of thrift and prosperity. Macon, the central city of the State, is situated on elevated land, and is handsomely built, having the widest streets we have ever seen. Some of them are at least over two hundred feet wide. A stranger once invited to take a ride, was asked where he would like to go; he remarked that he thought crossing one of those streets would be sufficiently long enough ride for him to take! Macon is the interjunction of several very important roads. The depot and round-houses are very fine edifices, and are kept in the neatest order. It has the handsomest fair-grounds we have ever seen or ever heard of, which are used as a public park all times of the year. We were delighted with this little city, and felt that of all the places we had seen in the South, we would rather locate here; and this thought continued until we had seen Savannah!

After having spent a day and two nights in Macon, we took the Central Railroad of Georgia, and started for the Atlantic Ocean. This road is one of the oldest in the United States. The first surveys were made in 1836, and it was especially interesting to our party, an uncle of the writer was engaged as a civil engineer on this road in the very out-start of the enterprise. He remained on the road three years, ending his life in the service. He died in September, 1839, from the Southern fever, and his remains were buried in old cemetery of Savannah.

This city we reached at 4 o'clock P. M., Thursday, the 3d inst. Here we found ourselves compelled to remain nearly two weeks, the steamer

for Nassau having just left, and none other to leave until the 15th of the month. We found very pleasant quarters, however, at a private hotel kept by Mrs. Sawyer; which, for comfort, neatness, and reasonableness of charges, we would heartily commend to all travelers about to visit Savannah. The city of Savannah is properly called the most beautiful city of the South. Its streets are wide, and some of them have avenues of trees through the centre, forming beautiful walks, that might appropriately be called "Lovers' Lanes." Almost every alternate block brings you to an open square, adorned with shrubbery and fountains. In Monterey Square is a monument erected to the memory of Count Pulaski, a noble Pole, who was killed in the battle fought here in October, 1777, while fighting on the Americans, in the cause of liberty. It was also in this battle, that Sergeant Jasper fell, famed for his gallantry in nailing the American flag to the staff on Fort Moultrie, during its bombardment by British vessels.

Forsythe Park promises to be a very handsome piece of ground. Even in winter the foliage of the evergreen trees, with the fountains playing, and the gathering of nurses with their infant charges, give it the appearance of spring or early summer. Just beyond this park is erected an elegant monument to the memory of the Confederate dead. While observing a kind and friendly spirit, we yet find in the hearts of the Southern people a tender remembrance of those who fell on the side of the "lost cause." Bay Street is the principal thoroughfare of the city, and at this time cotton seems to be the chief article of commerce. We had seen at Mobile the powerful action of a cotton press, where, under the pressure of ponderous machinery moved by steam, large bales of six hundred pounds weight were reduced at least to one-third of their original bulk.

On this street are a great many commission houses, and the special business appeared to be that of receiving cotton from the interior and sending it forth by means of vessels

lying at the wharf. Savannah is now connected with New York City by a line of steamers, commanding the trade of the Bahamas and Cuba, with every prospect of an increasing commercial importance.

And now, I have already extended this letter to a greater length than may seem desirable for an insertion in the MAGAZINE; but, if this should be accepted and deemed worthy of a place in its columns, I will be happy to relate to you something more of our experience, both in Georgia and in this beautiful island of New Providence, at another time. In the meanwhile, I extend to you and all my worthy Brothers, but especially to those of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, a kindly good-bye.

Yours, fraternally,  
J. M. D.

### Take Care of Yourself.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

"The survival of the fittest," is not the mere outcry of a theorist, the erratic fancy of a more erratic scientist, but the fact itself lies at the base and root of all nature and of all life. Civilization adds to, does not detract from the evidences of the living truth. The world advances, and man finds himself in a whirl of competition and endless struggle; if by the force of circumstances he falters with uncertain step in the throng, or falls out by the way, no gap is seen; for his place, like that of the color-bearer falling on the field of action, is instantly filled. Timidity goes to the wall before courage, and the unsuccessful sink into night before the broad glare of the day of their more fortunate competitors.

"Take care of yourself," then, is one of the first maxims to be learned in life; but not in that sense that your misanthrope cares for himself. He speaks from *his* heart, not for the good of *your* being. His words are, "Let me alone; I can, but won't, assist you in the struggle of life. You must take care of yourself, and if

you don't, why, I am not to blame. 'Every one for himself and the devil for us all.' " Do we not find a relief when we are rid of the presence of such a one; only too ready are we to let him alone. Such a man is "fitted" in his narrow, sordid, unhappy circle of his own existence.

The philanthropic man is our antipode—wishing well to all, with a disposition to do good to all, loving all mankind, he

"Grasps the whole world of reason, life, and sense,  
In one close system of benevolence."

And this Benevolence, coupled with Sobriety and Industry, compose the trinity of your noble organization; it sheds a refulgent glory upon your motto, and the practice of its teaching brings with it a renewal of an hundred-fold. But where does this benevolence commence? Man can not hate himself and love his neighbors; one wishes not well to another, if he feels not the invigorating and mellowing influences of good himself. This flowing stream must first take its rise in the heart of the individual himself; and thus it follows that at the bottom, down in the clear deep of the law of the "survival of the fittest," we find the first out-shoots of philanthropy and benevolence, is the desire of man to take care of himself.

Himself! does this word to your mind, reader, narrow itself to one lone individual? We are apt to use it in that sense, because it is too often apparent; but man himself has many tendrils clinging and twining about him, as the leaves and branches of the tree hang their life upon its trunk. So man finds that some measure of his strength and life, must be given to others—wife, children, aged parents, or dependent sisters, or unfortunate brothers, all are woven into our being by ties of affection, blood and duty; in man himself, these lives united with his life, and his benevolence must first embrace this circle. Realizing the force of this statement, then, weakness joins itself in associations and arranges itself into organization; by the union of its varying degrees of strength, it thereby in its unity is

enabled to accommodate itself to the law of "survival of the fittest," and to accomplish much good for itself; it is then not a combination for an unknown good, nor can it be passive in its workings, it must be ever actively diligent. How apt then is that spirit of association which is prompted by the sympathies of the human heart for the alleviation of the suffering, and the lifting and lightening of the load of misery and gloom, which bears so heavily in the hour of death.

Realizing that "man is not his own keeper," and that "no man knoweth the hour" when he shall be called hence, how much of that active principle of benevolence are you now capable of practicing by your system of insurance? There is no other purpose in life so worthy of active zeal, no other motive so ennobling in man, than the discharge of this ever-present duty, which one owes alike to the living and the dead. From Maine to California, and all over our country, wherever a hamlet or town may be, runs the line of these associations, unbroken in its singleness of purpose. Impressed with this duty, man must be, as he looks upon wife, children or aged parents. A provision must in some way be made for those dependent ones, whom it is not impossible may perhaps too soon be left in the world to its cold charities, and its colder sympathies; the scanty and hard-earned wages do not permit of an accumulation for such time and hour—present wants must be provided for. Anxious and sorrowful then is that man who daily looks upon those dear ones, who are too tender to withstand the storm-winds of life, as he realizes that such must be the sure and certain result, should heaven in its goodness spare to him their lives throughout the length of his.

By your system of insurance, all may avail themselves of this highest privilege in life for the smallest pittance, while health and vigor is with us we may all make this provision, which we owe to others, and if we do not we are recreant to ourselves.

But there is another reason, though not so strong, that adds to the nobility of the purpose. Others have the same thoughts, and feelings, and desires, as we individually have. While combining to assist ourselves we aid others,

thereby practically exhibiting the spirit of benevolence; each, though it be but a small pittance, comes knocking at the door of the home of some grier-stricken Brother, and, like a comforting angel, lays his gift before the shadow of misery, until the clouds roll away and the sunshine comes again.

From your peculiar duties in life as firemen, exposed to many dangers, it is most fit and proper to combine with your association such an institution. Is there one among you all who is not already a member? I trust not. But I am lead to believe your burdens are lighter, your toils made easy, and your hearts buoyant, as you have performed this duty. Wife and children are happier in your sight, for you are assured that the smile of one and the mirth of others shall be brought back again after the sadness of the first hour; grief and loneliness shall thereby be abated, and those little ones will still feel the care and goodness of "papa." If an aged mother is left, her gray locks shall go down to the river in peace, remembering, though with sadness, the kindness and goodness of her boy.

Are we not then daily repaid over a hundred-fold, in the thought of that which we are doing for others. "Take care of yourself," then, is the duty of each; but let it be done in that broad spirit of benevolence, which covers more than one life.

MARSHALL.

### Fulfilling Our Obligations.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., JANUARY 21, 1878

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Last Sunday morning, as the bright aurora was gilding the eastern horizon with its luminous light, we concluded to take advantage of the pleasant weather and visit our sister Lodge No. 60, situated in North Philadelphia, distant about six miles from Enterprise, No. 75. We found the Lodge well attended, all in good spirits, full of health and happiness, and all rejoicing over the good work just accomplished by our excellent and ever-growing Order, viz., the payment of the Widows' Fund to Mrs. G. Bartol, our late and lamented Brother.

er's widow. After the close of the Lodge, I being desirous of seeing and knowing how Mrs. Bartol was situated, determined to visit her; several of the brethren volunteered to accompany me, which I gladly accepted.

We found her at home, a neat and tidy woman, fairly educated, and the mother of five bright and loving children. Upon being introduced to her, she immediately grasped me by the hand, and with eyes filled with tears, and husky voice, thanked me from the bottom of her heart for the great and lasting kindness which we had bestowed upon her. Oh, brethren! could some of you only been present, to witness such a touching sight—a woman capable of all the finer sense of feeling, on her bended knees, surrounded by all her little ones, each eye moist with tears, bestowing thanks and praises upon our Order. Yes, just snatched from the verge of starvation, just saved from the cruel and relentless landlord and merciless sheriff, just placed in comfortable circumstances a family which, perhaps, in another month, would have been plunged down the dark and dreary abyss of destruction and despair. Is not this enough to turn each and every Brother from his wayward path? Is not this sufficient to show to you the great and lasting good which is derived from our Order? Is it necessary for me to answer this question? No; and well you all know it. This is what our insurance has done, and, if only properly kept up, see what an infinite amount of good it is destined to perform.

Mrs. Bartol was formerly a dress-maker, she has now purchased herself a new sewing-machine, paid up her rent, comfortably clothed herself and children, paid all her grocery bills, and has a balance of over two hundred dollars in the bank for future use. It has, without a doubt, eased at least one family from want, and with economy and careful expenditure, a trade may soon be established, of which your insurance money has been the capital. Thus you see what you can do, and remember each one of us, who is blessed with a family, may at any time meet the same fate as our late Brother Bartol. The question now arises, have you provided for any emergency of this kind? Are your Lodge dues promptly paid up? or,

when you retire at night, does not your conscience smite you? These are the all-important questions, which should occupy the minds of all, and a decided step taken before it is too late.

Allow me, in behalf of Mrs. Bartol, to extend to the fraternity her humble and sincere thanks for the prompt and generous payment of the insurance money; and be it remembered, there is one heart, though beating in a feminine breast, that will forever bless and praise the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

I am yours, fraternally,  
W. T. GOUNDIE, V. G. M.

### Some Truthful Hints.

GREEN ISLAND, N. J., January 27, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

In looking over the *MAGAZINE* for January, I came across an article signed "Brave Fireman's Wife," and would to goodness some of our firemen (not already members of our noble Order), could or would reason with themselves as this noble and brave woman does. I do not allude to insurance now, I mean joining the Order and swelling its ranks. Brothers may speak and show up the good of this Order, but it is no use unless a man has judgment and "sand" to reason and work with.

I know it looks pretty large to put \$5 down to join this Order, and then pay dues for one year, which is \$7, the sum total being \$12; but our "Brave Fireman's Wife," says it costs Harry \$18.25 a year for tobacco, and it costs some firemen more, including their incidental expenses, leaving out wearing apparel, and you will not hear a word of complaint from them, but speak to them of joining the B. of L. F., and they will tell you they can not spare the cash, they have a mother or a wife to support, or they are in debt, and can not pay it up.

If I am not mistaken, our Constitution gives us permission to create a fund for benefits, and we have done so, we have a Sick and Disability Fund; one of our members has already received a benefit from the fund, and we are not a year old, and his benefit

amounted to his dues paid to January 1st. Now, if our friend fireman would join us, pay his fees and dues for three months, and if he should be taken sick or hurt, and laid up for two or three weeks, he would receive what he had already paid back again and more; for we have a law calling for \$3@5 a week, to be paid to sick and disabled members. Why should firemen be so loath with regard to becoming members of this noble Order?

Our friend fireman says he has a mother or a wife to support, or he is in debt and can not pay. That is all O. K., it is a good man that will look after his mother or wife, he will not miss it, and will have luck and blessings wherever he goes; but when he leaves this world, what will mother, wife and little ones do? They will have to do the best they can. Not so with us. As I have said it costs our Brother for his first year's membership \$12, entering into his second year's membership; if that kind and all-wise Providence sees fit to remove from our midst this Brother, what is done? Word is sent to live members, and we know the result; for the sum of \$12 our deceased Brother's family receives between \$600 and \$700, which could not be saved in five years of hard labor in the present times. And if our friend fireman who is in debt and can not pay, should be called away in the same manner as I spoke of above (providing he has paid his fees and dues), I think he could arrange matters so as all his debts would be paid. I speak of the first year, because it is the most expensive.

I do not think it would hurt any of our members to look into this insurance matter a little more.

Respectfully yours,

THE RAKE OF 71.

### The Baldwin Locomotive Works

PHILADELPHIA, PA., January 21, 1878.

Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:

Not having seen anything from old No. 60 for some time, I thought I would drop you a few lines. I took a half-day to myself not long ago, and took a look at the Baldwin Locomotive Works. After obtaining a pass from the office of that company, and meeting the very

gentlemanly and obliging Superintendant (Mr. Longstreth), I busied myself by trying to see a little of what was going on there. Of course the first place I visited was the shop where the engines were put together, and it was to me like a dream to see so much work being done in one shop. There were engines for Russia, engines for Cuba, engines for America, also, there were motors for street-car service, and one can hardly say what was not there. The Russian engines were the most prominent in construction. They are of the Mogul pattern, *i. e.*, six wheels connected and a pony truck, the cylinders are 19x24, wheel 54 inches. There are 40 of them being built, 16 of them for anthracite coal, and 24 for bituminous coal. They have no pumps, but have two injectors, No. 8 "Little Giant;" they have a number of man-holes for washing out boilers and crown-sheet, in fact, they are a fine looking engine, and are very nearly a standard engine of their works, with a few minor things to suit the Russian Railroad. The next thing that took my eye was a switch-engine for the B. L. & N. R. R., somewhere in New England; it had a car over it for a cab. I was informed it was for working in the streets of some city. This engine also had no pumps, but two of the Freedman's injectors. Then came some motors for street service in Cuba; they were just the neatest little things I ever saw. I am satisfied that they are as much superior to a horse for drawing street-cars as a steam fire-engine is superior to man power in putting out fires. By the way, these had injectors ("Little Giant") in place of pumps, and by what I saw there I begin to think that I will have to learn to use injectors before I finish my fireing. There was another street-car being built for a Frenchman, but I could not get a good idea of it, but will find out more about it the next time I go there, and will let you know all about it. I went into the boiler shop, but there was so much noise there I hardly know what I did see. There were some men at the fires, some punching sheets, some working steam riveting-machines, some drilling holes, etc. Then I went to the foundry, machine shop, copper shop, etc., but will not tire you any more

this time; but should you think enough of this to put it in our **MAGAZINE**, I will tell you the rest some other time in my rough way, if you wish it.

The boys are all doing well here at this time. I will not intrude upon your good nature any more at this time.

Yours fraternally,  
COAL-HEAVER, OF No. 60.

### **The Benefits Our Order Bestows.**

CAMDEN, N. J., January 4, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

I am not accustomed to writing communications, yet I have concluded to say a few words that may be of some profit to some one in this glorious Order. First, the necessity of this Order; second, the importance of becoming a member; third, the benefit derived from it.

*The Necessity of this Order.*—Look at the locomotive fireman only a few years ago. What was he? A specimen of humanity addicted to all the habits of vice that could be mentioned. Who of a respectable class would think of going to the front of the train to see or speak to the enginemen? No one. Society seemed to scorn them, and turned away from them, almost afraid to risk their lives in their hands. But view them at the present day. An educated and refined class, and one becoming more so every day. Our Order educates the firemen mentally and morally, and society places him in a standing in the world that he may achieve great honors, and win laurels for the craft to which he belongs. May God bless this Brotherhood for this one feature.

*The Importance of Becoming a Member.*—The first step a fireman takes in the Lodge, he is reminded of the living God, and of the undertaking. He is made to know that he is about to enter the consecrated walls of our Lodge. Then the important lessons are taught him. He is immediately surrounded by a band that has thrown off the shackles of jealousy and deceit, and he is made to know that brotherly love exists where the boys of the iron-horse meet. You are taught to shun the drunkard's

path, which you know is sure destruction, both to you and your families. You are taught that the upright man is the happiest of beings, God in his wisdom ever created. Where in the history of the locomotive firemen did you ever hear of such mental improvements as at the present day? The fireman to-day can advocate his cause before the learned men of the country; and he to-day is not ashamed to acknowledge to the world the blessed teachings of his Order. The advantages of the Brotherhood as an insurance are many, for with your dues promptly paid—and every good Brother keeps his dues promptly paid—your family are sure of lasting benefits, not for a day, but always. Is it not a consoling idea for you to think when you leave your home and family, that you have done all a poor man can do in case of a sudden demise, and that your loved ones will be cared for? On the other hand, if you neglect your important duties, and are brought to face danger, the first thought is, what will become of my family and little ones?

*Benefits.*—Words would be inadequate to express the many benefits derived from becoming a member of this Order. Financially, sympathetically and socially. Many a sad heart, breaking 'neath the weight of grief, burdened by sorrow which finds no utterance verbally, finds the grief assuaged by the united sympathy of our Order. Sympathy not only shown by words of comfort (though only the sorrow-stricken know the consolation they give), but also by our acts. Generosity, which sheds a halo of peace around those whose cloud of distress shows no silver lining. The widow and fatherless are held under the shadow of our protecting care. Through sickness, when an all-wise Providence lays affliction's rod upon a member, what a blessing to him to know he will not be devoid of friends or money. No, he has both.

In hours of darkness and distress,  
When friends are few and friendship  
less,

We look to thee, our Order dear,  
Without a doubt, without a fear;

We know the comforts we can give,  
And for the good of others live;  
Our duty done we will be blest,  
Our faith in God—He'll do the rest.

Let me impose on patience a few minutes, while I narrate an instance in our own vicinity, which will, or at least should confirm the idea, that our Order is truly beneficial:

You all no doubt remember the storm which prevailed in this locality last October; small streams became mighty torrents, deluging everything that came in contact with the water's power. The little stream that wanders through the vicinity of Fort Washington, over which the North Penn Railroad is laid, swollen by the rain, slowly but gradually forsook its natural course. Rushing with unnatural velocity it swept from its foundation of the bridge supporting the track over which, at interval, must pass living burdens of humanity. To the watchful eye of engineer and fireman the track appeared in perfect order. But, alas! what structure of art can stand without a foundation. As soon as the iron horse touched that portion of the track, unable to support the weight, all were engulfed in the dark chasm beneath. Who for an instant could portray the anguish of the engineer and fireman? Who knows their thoughts when grasped in the jaws of death, far too deep for surviving friends to guess. Who can explain the anguish of that wife when the awful truth is revealed to her. Fatherless children left destitute. Bread, but not to spare. Where now are the friends who clung to her in health and prosperity? In her trials have they all forsaken her? No, not all. No sooner do the shades of evening spread around, the time that calls all from labor, than a committee from our Order are hurried to the spot, the death chamber of their Brother member, to liquidate every encumbrance that must fall upon the grief-stricken family. After defraying all necessary expenses, we now have over *five hundred dollars* ready to be placed in the hands of her, whose only support was taken away by the grim messenger, death. We are amply paid for this act of charity by

the consciousness that "as we do to others it will be done to us." We know should it be our lot that our earthly existence be short, our families will be protected by a band of Brothers, whose aim is to benefit those who can not benefit themselves. God grant this Lodge may ever receive showers of blessings, and be guided only by thy counsel, trusting when the arm of flesh faileth only in Thee.

Now, a few words in behalf of our motto—Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. Human kindness, truly 'tis a gift from God. Mortal man may feel its influence from the deepest recesses of his heart, may bow in submission to it, but can never fully realize the hidden depth of meaning in that one word benevolence. 'Tis like a flower, must be refreshed by the sunshine of love; it will not grow and flourish in the shade of quarreling and discontent. We are proud it adorns the banner of our Lodge. We are proud it lurks in the heart of every member, and we know the influences thrown around it will prevent its lying dormant in our Lodge-rooms.

*Sobriety.*—We are every day reminded of the importance of impressing upon each other the necessity of remaining steadfast in this respect. Often we find thrown around us influences whose golden web is so alluring it is almost an impossibility to resist. Friends, whose acquaintance is so pleasant as to be appreciated, yet whose persuasive manner only entices to entangle us in the snare of intoxication. Surely it degrades man, whose aim should be to aspire to the highest pinnacle of success. Yet who can reach the top after struggling awhile, stops to refresh his appetite with beverages, that for the time strengthens, but whose consequences only cause him to recede. We, as a band of fellow-men, who, I hope, lack not that one great gift, common sense, strive to resist the temptation, and to help any fallen Brother who is struggling against the satahic demon alcohol, and to persuade those, whose indifference caused their downfall. Could we look today into one drunkard's home, I



think a thank-offering would escape our lips that we had not brought to ourselves such desolation and sorrow. Many a man thinks his popularity among his friends is only gained by frequent drinks. It is very true, money and whisky have scores of friends; but how soon they forsake you in hours of extremities. Money gone, friends gone, and brains gone. Bright specimen of humanity. Fit subjects for our lunatic asylums. It would be an impossibility to here enumerate the evil consequences of intemperance, or the blessings of sobriety. One tends to elevate, the other to de-grade every moral virtue that poor weak man possesses. Yes, it tends to elevate, to place him upon a point of eminence, whose foundation is not shaken by strong drink, nor his path strewn with the reeling forms of drunkards. Such dens he shuns as a lion's path, and thanks God that he is not devoured by them. We need no instance to paint the pictures of the great contrast, in our mind's eye they are visible. Fancy's touch can not heighten nor diminish the love, joy and peace that prevails where sobriety reigns, nor depict the anguish, suffering and abuses that abound where intemperance and its evils have entered. Note the comparison, if our Lodge-rooms became a place in which was kept different varieties of liquors. Would we see this morning the placid countenances that are present? Oh, no! many, perhaps all, would come with the strong determination not to take any, but satan's charms are so alluring, the temptation can not be resisted. I will take a drink, *only one*, then that will suffice; but ponder, his chain is drawn one link tighter around you; another embrace, and you yield willingly, and so on till reason, common sense and every faculty is dethroned. What a deplorable condition. Where now are your resolutions? Going to perdition as fast as yourself. Brothers, let us ever keep from within these walls strong drink, that ever may be emblazed upon our banner that word with all its peaceful consequences, Sobriety.

*Industry.*—"By the sweat of thy

brow thou shalt earn thy bread," and what a blessed privilege that health and strength are given us to perform the duty imposed upon us. Where a better example of industry than among this Brotherhood? Exp-  
posed as we are to dangers, risking our lives to save others, laboring night and day to accommodate the public; yet who, as they step upon the train, cast one sorrowful glance toward the poor fireman, who must perform the labor that their desires may be perfected. Black face and soiled clothes, many think degrad-  
ing, but beneath beats a human heart; within dwells principles that many a so-called gentleman might be proud to possess. Yes, principles whose aim is not to reduce another's wages that their own pockets may be satisfied. By honest labor we earn our bread, and through honest labor we desire sufficient funds to pay for it. But I am sorry to say in that respect we are deficient. Rail-  
way officials are beginning to real-ize what our Order is founded on, and instead of throwing straws in our path, are willing and anxious to aid us. This fact can be realized, when we observe the preference they give members of our Order, knowing them to be the most care-  
ful and industrious,—which cour-tesy we thankfully acknowledge, and shall endeavor, by upright and noble actions, to retain this trust. We require our members to take an  
interest in their duties, and work for the best interests of the cor-porations employing them. Let us labor jealousy for our families and this Order, maintaining the idea that as we sow so shall we reap.

We sow the seed that shall spring up,

And bear us golden sheaves,

The harvest great, with joy we find

No dry and withering leaves;

No leaves of theft, nor vice, nor sin,

Upon this soil we sow,

No! nurtured by a faithful band,

The sheaves of friendship grow.

Yours fraternally,

R—.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST ISSUE.]

**OUR INDIA LETTER.**

CALCUTTA, INDIA, January 5, 1878.

In my last letter I commenced the description of a grand dinner party given by a native Hindoo, and promised that hereafter I would give you details of other matters probably more interesting, such as the progress of mechanical skill, etc. As I stated in my former letter, the trees here are large palms, plantain, banana, banyan, tamarind and others, and they present a very romantic appearance. But I will not continue my description of the dinner party. I left off describing a visit to the palace of the Baboo Chunder Moorkerjee, in Calcutta.

We visited the opera. The stage for the opera, at one end of the hall, was draped in red; on every pillar was a bracket lamp. Many of these lamps were of American manufacture, and lighted by American kerosene. This seemed particularly queer in this foreign land so far away. Such funny looking shades as some of them had, I never saw before; they had great bands of red, and some gold and black, and some blue, green and silver. The colors were well enough, but the figures on them were so comical. These rich natives are very fond of anything American, and in one hall I saw two Connecticut clocks. After a time the house began to fill with company, and not a few ladies and gentlemen of all nationalities. At length arrived the opera troupe, a German gentleman being the master of ceremonies, and he showed to them apartments provided for them. After a short time dinner was announced by a grand display of fireworks in large set pieces, blue lights, rockets, etc., and an English band of music. This took place in front of the house. In the parks were two tanks—tank being the native name for a lake or a sheet of water, and these reflected the fireworks finely, and, the night being dark, they made a magnificent display. The table was laid in a long drawing-room, or hall, and an elegant

table it was. The room was lighted by glass chandeliers, and was very bright and pleasant. The dinner was served up in the French style, and the bills of fare were printed in French, in gold and white; the caterer for this dinner was from the French hotel at Calcutta. All being seated, with the exception of mine host, the Baboo (whose caste in religion forbade his eating or drinking with Europeans and foreigners,) passed about the room to see that all were properly waited upon, as there was an army of servants to look after us. There were loads of good things, all kinds of poultry, ducks, snipe, teal, turkeys, etc., with all varieties of vegetables, all kinds of meats, boiled hams, etc. I must here say, I am not fond of green peas sweetened and seasoned with spearmint. We also were provided with all kinds of choice liquors and wines, champagne, etc., in endless quantities. The natives can not pronounce the word champagne, but call it "simpkin cup." For desert we had all kinds of fruit, jellies, cakes, ice-creams of a dozen varieties, sherbets, ices, frozen puddings, punch, etc., then canned fruits and confections. The fruits were from all parts of India and China. Finger bowls were then passed around and silk napkins. After leaving the table our places were immediately filled by others who were in waiting, the table being insufficient for the whole party—three hundred people being served during the dinner, which continued from 7:30 to 10 o'clock.

The gentlemen were then invited to the smoking-room, and were provided with the choicest Havana cigars and coffee. The coffee was very nice, but black as ink. The ladies were invited into the drawing-room, and were provided with hot coffee, ices and wine. After smoking awhile those who chose promenaded the balconies. On one balcony I saw one of the family rooms. There was not a bit of furniture in it, but it had on the floor a rich Persian rug, and large feather bolsters around the walls for them to lean against while they sit cross-legged on the floor and smoke their hookahs.

*(To be continued.)*

## LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S

**Monthly Magazine.**

DAYTON, O., MARCH, 1877.

**Four Grand Prizes.**

To the four MAGAZINE Agents who will furnish the largest subscription list of Volume 2, No. 1, of our MAGAZINE, will be given the following prizes:

*First.*—To the highest, a handsome silver watch, American works.

*Second.*—To the next highest, a fine sixteen-karrat gold chain.

*Third.*—To the third highest, a fine gold pin, with monogram of the Order and name of agent.

*Fourth.*—To the fourth highest, choice of a large family Bible, or a handsomely bound volume of the MAGAZINE.

**To Union Firemen.**

OFFICE GRAND LODGE,  
BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE  
FIREMEN, December, 1877.

*To all Subordinate Lodges, International Union of Locomotive Firemen:*

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—In view of a stronger bond of union, we do herewith offer to each Lodge of your Order, now in working order, a complete set of works and charter of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen *gratuitously*, to become of our Order. We will also institute and put all Lodges in thorough working order. Would be pleased to open communications on the subject with any of your officers; also will furnish copies of our monthly MAGAZINE *pratuitously* on receipt of address.

Fraternally yours,

W. N. SAYRE,

Grand Secretary.

**Lodge Notes.**

—James Waldup, of No. 45, is requested to correspond with the Secretary of his Lodge at once.

—Ask Dave Burk, of the O., M. & St. P. R., about the elk story. Dave can give full explanations.

—We are under obligations to Brother Sam D. Schooley, of No. 7, for valuable assistance in Grand Office.

—Andy Caten, of No. 70, will please write his Lodge of his whereabouts. He was last heard of in Philadelphia.

—One E. D. Morris would look fully as well to take off emblems which he is not able to protect under a good motto.

—We desire to return our thanks to C. H. Prior, General Superintendent C., M. & St. P. Railroad, for transportation over his line.

—Brother Geo. F. Libby, of No. 35, writes us very encouragingly. He says a man must be a man to work on the Central Railroad.

—No. 57 desires to return a vote of thanks to Mr. Hosford, Manager B., L. & N. E. Railroad, for coaches for those who attended the grand ball of Boston Lodge, No. 57.

—D. T. Henderson reports everthing working like a charm in No. 10. Brother Culliton is making rapid strides toward one of the prizes. Brother Clark is quiet. Never mind, Josh.

—Brother Jo Ritchey, of No. 54, and S. D. Schooley, of No. 7, visited us. We are sorry we could not give the Brothers more of our attention, but business of importance is holding us close to work.

—Brother S. D. Schooley, of No. 7, has been paying a visit to Cincinnati Lodge, No. 79, and visited one of their meetings. The boys were all glad to meet him, and Sam says he had quite a pleasant time.

—Thus far Lodge No. 23, Louisville, have been the most energetic in getting subscribers for the MAGAZINE. Brothers Smith and Powers are both successful agents. Wish we could say the same of all agents; but it is only the lack of energy that they are not.

—Brother J. C. Barnard, Grand Deputy of Jurisdiction No. 4, called at the MAGAZINE office on the 25th of February, while on a tour of inspection of the various Lodges under his care. He reports the Brothers taking a deep interest in the Order, and work with the good motto of the Order—Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry—in their minds. Would it not be a good plan for our Grand Deputies to make their visits more frequent to those Lodges under their charge, thereby greatly encouraging the members?

—Brother Baker, of No. 39, says reports are not true. Time will show.

—Brother Horace Hopkins, of Galion, Lodge, a good and faithful fireman, is taking care of engines in the A. & G. W. round-house at Dayton.

—And now comes our Brothers at Marshall, Texas, who feel sure they are going to get the first prize for subscribers to the *MAGAZINE*. How is this, Brother McIlroy?

—Brothers Frank Jones and D. M. Bisbee, of No. 61, will accept thanks for services at Minneapolis. Would be pleased to meet Brother Bisbee on his return from Boston.

—Cleveland Lodge, No. 10, although a newly re-organized Lodge, promises us a good list for the *MAGAZINE*, and the subscriptions are already coming in. Brother Culliton is the agent,

—A vote of thanks is herewith tendered Brothers of No. 81 for courtesies shown the Instituting Officers while in Reading, Pa.; also to Brothers Austin, Barber and Davis, of No. 75, who assisted Brother Goundie. Brother Goundie reports a fine charter membership.

—Some of our contributors should understand that it is against all just rules to publish poetry copied from other publications, and credit it to themselves. Such stuff we only consign to the waste-basket. Good original poetry or prose is always given place, but trash we can not use.

—We are indebted to Messrs. Maroney, Baker and Miller, of Division 56, I. F. U., for favors shown on our northern trip, and would be pleased to meet the Brothers at any time. We also formed the acquaintance of Mr. Phil Young, who runs Engine No. 84, to whom we are obliged for courtesies shown.

—G. L. D. Frank Clark has for the third time, since the closing of the Convention, been over parts of his jurisdiction, and reports all well. He attended the ball of No. 69, and had a very pleasant time. Brother Clark desires to return thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Brentnall, of Ft. Grattoit, for courtesies.

—We regret to note the sad accident which happened to Brother F. L. Keeler, of Topeka Lodge, No. 56, while in the discharge of his duty. His engine was taking water at a tank when the train broke in two and the engine ran into the front part of the train, the jar from which knocking him off the tender. He was dragged some seventy feet and thrown through a bridge. Although very seriously injured, it is thought he will pull through all right.

—We learn that Brother Achey, of Nashville, Tenn., intends spending the summer in Dayton, Ohio.

—Brother Bullard, of Providence, your excellent letter was unavoidably crowded out. Will appear in our next.

—It is pleasant to observe the successful manner in which Brother Richardson, of Louisville, handles the throttle.

—We wish every Lodge could boast of such an energetic agent as North Platte, (Neb.). Brother Stewart certainly deserves credit.

—Brother Ingersoll, Magazine agent of No. 34, we expect to hear from you this month, with a good list. We hear you are after the boys.

—Brother Austin is magazine agent of No. 75, W. Philadelphia, and we hope the Brothers will not be backward in handing him their subscriptions.

—A new engine has been placed in the A. & G. W. yard at Dayton, and we notice Brother Jas. Glenn, of No. 5, handling the throttle with as much pride as a small boy with a new pair of boots.

—One of our best *MAGAZINE* agents last year was Brother Kilborn, of Dedham, Mass., an energetic member of No. 57. Now, Brother Kilborn give us a good start off for this year. We know you can.

—One of the handsomest engines on the C. H. & D. road, is the No. 1, fired by Brother Harrocks, Recording Secretary of Lodge No. 79, who takes a pride in keeping her looking like a new pin.

—Brother McKee, of Alliance, Ohio, your subscription list has expired. We so notified you. Knowing your ability, we leave it with you to have every one renew, and expect a dozen or so more.

—The firemen of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton road are studying economy in fuel, thereby showing that good firemen can keep up the required amount of steam without a waste of coal. A good move.

—Could not our Brothers of St. Louis, S. St. Louis and E. St. Louis, take a little more interest in the *MAGAZINE*? Three Lodges composed of as good, steady firemen as these, ought to have our book in the hands of every railroad man running into St. Louis. Do not leave the work of soliciting subscribers to one or two Brothers, but each one assist your agent, and you will meet with success. Try it.

—Mat Richards writes us in glowing terms of old "64" and our Order. If all Recording Secretaries would endeavor to convey through their correspondence the true principles of our organization, their would be no doubts as to our mission.

### New Lodges.

NOs. 81 AND 82.

Brother Wm. Gonnle, V. G. M., accompanied by several other Brothers, visited Reading, Pa., on the 10th of February, and changed Division 44, of the International Firemen's Union, into the B. of L. F., taking in thirty-five charter members.

No. 82 was organized at Minneapolis, Minn. Brother Sayre, assisted by F. P. Smith, D. M. Bisbee and Frank Jones, organized this Lodge, which was done in the most satisfactory manner. The Lodge starts off with thirty-five charter members. The Brothers organizing the Lodge found a good lot of pleasant young men, who cheerful pledged themselves to Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry.

### The Ulster Shirt.

Any locomotive fireman desirous of having a "good thing" in the shape of something useful for service on an engine in the way of a garment, will find just the article in S. M. Stevens's ulster shirt, which is made to slip on over the head. All sizes to suit, and in three colors. They are the best article for engine-men ever introduced; warm as a coat, and as convenient as can be. They are sold at \$2.50 each, or when ordered by the dozen at \$27. We would recommend them, and all who desire to know of them, or purchase, can do so on application to Brother S. M. Stevens, Lowell, Mass.

### Balls.

Brothers of No. 7 had a grand ball, and with Rush Bowdish as floor manager, it was a success. All praise is due tho Brothers of No. 7.

United Lodge, No. 60, gave their second grand entertainment on the evening of the 22d of February. As usual it was a grand success.

Forest City Lodge, No. 10, give their first annual ball March 4th. We are in receipt of an invitation; the names of the management will insure success. We wish you a merry time and big profits.

No. 57 gave their first annual ball February 15th, and, as usual, Boston Lodge was successful in their undertaking.

Brother John Tamplin, of No. 9, (Columbus, O.), called on us a few weeks ago, stating that No. 9 would give a ball on the 21st of March, and that a large time was anticipated. Wish you success, Brothers.

Dominion Lodge, No. 67, gave their first grand ball and supper on the evening of March 1st, and we are officially informed that all were well pleased, and a broad smile upon the treasurer's face tells the story.

### Answers to Queries.

CHICAGO, ILL., February 13, 1878.

After a hard tussle with decimals and fractions, I managed to solve the question asked by P. D. X., in regard to a five-foot wheel making a mile in a minute, and I was about to send it in, when No. 3 appeared, and I saw that Brother S. F. Browne had answered it, and I was too late; but in No. 3 I found a question asked by "Detroit," with a request from the editor that I give my opinion. I will cheerfully comply, but will say it is only an opinion, as I don't know positively that I am right. Will "Detroit" please state whether I answer right or wrong? When the throttle is closed with the lever hooked up, the air which rushes into the cylinder to fill the vacuum passes over the edge of the valve, and as the port only opens a little way, the air finds only a small opening, and consequently is wire-drawn, and makes a peculiar whistling sound, which is distinctly heard when the furnace door is open. After the air gets into the cylinder the return stroke of the piston forces it out, and as we know that it came in through the exhaust pipes, and that it meets with resistance in getting back that way, it would naturally raise the valve on the seat, and makes a clattering noise. There is also a little noise in the cylinder where the expansion packing is used, caused by the rings not fitting tightly, and working backward and forward as the piston travels. This is my opinion; if it is wrong, I would be obliged to to any one that will correct it. R. V. D.

—:O:—

### Queries.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., February 5, 1878.

As a thinking fireman I desire to ask the following questions: Does an exhaust at the same point of stroke of piston when set back as when working full stroke? Also, does an engine weigh as much when blowing off steam as she would when not blowing off steam.

H. D

**B. of L. F. Pins.**

The B. of L. F. badge pins are made of 14k gold, and heavy enough to make them durable. The circle containing the motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," is enameled black, with the edges of the circle and letters in gold; and the monogram (consisting of the initial letters of the Order, "B. L. F."), is gold raised in relief on the circle and engraved ornamentally. The price of the pin is fixed at \$2.50 each; and, if orders for one-half dozen or more are sent, accompanied by postal money order, to the manufacturer, Mr. L. A. Bachus, Louisville, Ky., the pins ordered will be remitted by registered letters free of charge, otherwise the expense of transportation and collecting the money will fall upon the parties ordering. The manufacturer proposes to furnish a good article for a small sum to those who accept his conditions, and he guarantees the pins to be fully as represented or refund the money. We would recommend them to all Lodges, as they differ from any heretofore made, and the motto of the Order gives it an expression of our objects. We have annulled all contracts with other houses in preference for his, and respectfully recommend it to all Lodges as the pin for our members.

F. B. ALLEY,  
W. T. GOUNDIE,  
W. N. SAYRE,

**Resolutions.**

WORCESTER, MASS., February 3, 1878.

At a regular meeting of Ray State Lodge, No. 73, B. of L. F., held January 27th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The resignation of our Brother, Charles Bullard, from the office of Master, presents a suitable opportunity of our expressing the esteem in which we hold him as a faithful Brother to the Order; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are due to him for the able and impartial manner in which he has performed his duties.

Resolved, That he carries with him, on leaving the position he has so satisfactorily filled, the regards and good wishes of all the members.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Brother Bullard, and also forwarded to the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE for publication.

T. E. KELTON,  
W. P. DANFORTH, } Committee.  
M. S. COBB,

COLUMBUS, OHIO, February 14, 1878.

At a special meeting of Franklin Lodge, No. 9, held on the evening of February 12, 1878, a committee was appointed to return a resolution of thanks for the kind advice and assistance rendered by Brother J. C. Bernard, of the Grand Lodge, and that we heartily appreciate his endeavors, and cordially invite his return soon to No. 9.

JOHN TAMPLIN,  
FRANK M. ARNOLD, } Committee.

**Obituary.**

Boston, Mass., January 6, 1878.

At a regular meeting of Boston Lodge No. 57, B. of L. F., held in their hall on the 6th of January, 1878, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the all-wise Creator and Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst our worthy and beloved Brother, William H. Chase, we bow in humble submission to the will of God, our Grand Master, whose providence is based on infinite wisdom. Our beloved Brother, William H. Chase, died after a short illness of bilious fever, contracted while working in the gold mines of Venezuela.

Resolved, That by his sudden and unexpected death we are admonished of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, which must sooner or later overtake us all, and that it behooves us all to prepare for the summons which at any moment may call us from time to eternity.

Resolved, That in his death this Lodge has lost a valuable member, and that we sympathize with the bereaved parents in the loss of a kind and loving son.

Resolved, That the charter of this Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, in token of respect to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the parents of the deceased Brother, and that they be published in the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE.

L. L. PARKER, JR.,  
GEO. W. NICOLS,  
JOHN C. ADAMS, } Committee.

**BLACK LIST.****EXPELLED.**

From No. 45.—Wm. Voss, expelled for defrauding a Brother member.

## Grand Lodge Officers.

F. B. ALLEY.....	Grand Master,
286 Wenzel street,	Louisville, Ky.
W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Vice Grand Master,
3405 Elm street,	West Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
JOHN SAVAGE.....	Grand Warden,
Boston, Mass.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
C. G. SWAN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Suspension Bridge,	N. Y.
WM. COWLES.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Camden, N. J.	
E. V. DEES.....	Grand Marshal,
Terre Haute, Ind.	
MARION BARNHILL.....	Grand Chaplain,
Indianapolis, Ind.	

## Grievance Committee.

F. B. ALLEY, Chairman.....	Louisville, Ky.
W. T. GOUNDIE, Assistant Ch.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. N. SAYRE, Secretary.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
W. W. SMITH.....	Belleville, Ont.
O. W. CUTLER.....	Providence, R. I.
J. B. SWARTZ.....	Scranton, Pa.
A. JENKINSON.....	Galion, O.
D. O. SHANK.....	Albany, N. Y.
F. SNYDER.....	Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. W. PHILLIPSON.....	Marshall, Texas
S. F. BROWNE.....	Austin, Minn.
JOHN MIZE.....	Denver, Col.
JAMES MCNEAL.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. ACHEY.....	Nashville, Tenn.
GEO. MCGARRAHAN.....	East St. Louis, Ill.

## Grand Lodge Deputies.

F. CLARK.....	Jurisdiction No. 1,
	Detroit, Mich.
S. M. STEVENS.....	Jurisdiction No. 2,
	Lowell, Mass.
J. E. DUNAVON.....	Jurisdiction No. 3,
	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. C. BARNARD.....	Jurisdiction No. 4,
	Indianapolis, Ind.
R. V. DODGE.....	Jurisdiction No. 5,
	Chicago, Ill.
J. R. GOHEEN.....	Jurisdiction No. 6,
	Topeka, Kansas.
WM. COYNE.....	Jurisdiction No. 7,
	Little Rock, Arkansas.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jervis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.  
I. B. Fisher (Box 724).....Master  
Ed Salley.....Rec. Sec'y  
N. C. Marshall.....Magazine Agent
2. ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in E. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.  
C. Hobart.....Master  
L. W. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent

3. JERSEY CITY, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets at Wagner's Hall, 490 Grove street, every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
S. S. Clark (care 14 Erie street).....Master  
Henry Jackson (care 14 Erie st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent
4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and S. Hall, Water street.  
W. H. Maxwell.....Master  
J. F. Hoffman (box 51).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. F. Williamson.....Magazine Agent
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 p. m.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
C. Bennett.....Rec. Sec'y  
Chas. Bennett.....Magazine Agent
6. DAYTON, at Dayton, Ohio. Meets in E. of L. E. Hall, cor. Sixth and Ludlow streets, first Sunday of each month.  
Frank States (19 Zeigler street).....Master  
J. C. McCutcheon.....Rec. Sec'y  
Chris. Sweetman.....Magazine Agent
7. SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa. Meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.  
W. H. Whitmore.....Master  
Thos. Roach (Lockbox 37).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. D. Schooley.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in E. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
Thomas Ackley.....Master  
Frank Schooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. J. Gabhard.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, Ohio. Meets in E. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 2d Tuesday nights of each month.  
F. J. Kistler (14 West Fulton st.).....Master  
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. block.)  
Chas. Collier (Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, Ohio. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m., K. of P. Hall, 357 Pearl st.  
Josh L. Clark, (8 Freeman st.).....Master  
D. T. Henderson (48 John st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
P. J. Culliton.....Magazine Agent  
(148 Rear Columbus st.)
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
L. D. Salisbury.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30; hall, 253 Michigan st.  
A. L. Jacobs (411 Perry st.).....Master  
J. C. Bradley, 547 S. Division st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan (Susp. Bridge).....Magazine Agent
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. in brick bank hall.  
J. Hunt.....Master  
J. M. Johnston (Box 342).....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 p. m., in Aetna Building, Pennsylvania street.  
Fred Crane.....Master  
C. P. Bond (456 E. Michigan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. P. Bond.....Magazine Agent  
(456 E. Michigan st.)

15. **PACIFIC**, at St. Louis, Mo. meets 2d and 4th Sundays; hall, Chateau avenue, near Summit Avenue.  
J. J. Smith.....Master  
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall  
Wm. Brennan.....Master  
E. V. Debbs (Box 1074).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Ebbage (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. **LEACH**, at Mattoon, Ill.
18. **FRIENDSHIP**, at Fort Wayne, Ind. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.  
J. R. Anderson.....Master  
F. Snyder, 138 Force st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Ferd. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
19. **HOPE**, at Alliance, Ohio. meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
L. M. Holloway.....Master  
J. Martin (Crestline, Ohio).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. S. McKee, Crestline, O.....Magazine Agent
20. **WESTERN STAR**, at Galesburg, Ill. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
O. D. Pratt.....Master  
John McGee.....Rec. Sec'y
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
James Bucke.....Master  
H. Miller.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
F. C. Beatty.....Master  
S. M. Harvey.....Rec. Sec'y  
Isaac Little (Box 598).....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
J. H. Smith (252 Zane street).....Master  
P. Powers (316 Wenzel st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Smith.....Magazine Agent  
[252 Zane street.]
24. **H. G. RUST**, at Jackson, Mich.  
S. Smith.....Master  
Wm. E. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y  
Miles Grosvenor.....Magazine Agent
25. **PROVIDENCE**, at Providence, R. I. meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Saturday evenings in each month in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Geo. H. Bragg.....Master  
C. S. Newton.....Rec. Sec'y  
(11 Chestnut st., Hartford, Conn.)  
O. W. Cutler.....Magazine Agent  
(14 Washburn street.)
26. **J. W. THOMAS**, at Nashville, Tennessee. meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at Knights of Honor Hall, W. Nashville.  
Geo. D. Smith (317 Church st.).....Master  
Will Achey.....Rec. Sec'y  
(cor. W. Gay and Hines sts.)  
Will Achey.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
F. A. Davis.....Master  
A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month.  
W. J. Stuart.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. **CHAMPION**, at Detroit, Mich.  
John Munroe (239 Larned st.).....Master  
Frank Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Magazine Agent
30. **HARMONY**, at Susquehanna, Dep.  
James Cass.....Master  
Frank Choate (Box 249).....Rec. Sec'y
31. **FORT CLARK**, at Peoria, Ill.  
A. F. Eaton.....Master  
D. B. Wright.....Rec. Sec'y
32. **AMERICUS**, at Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Charles Jewell, 82 Center st.....Master  
George H. Scott.....Rec. Sec'y
33. **CECIL FLEMING**, at Jackson, Tenn.  
J. Jones.....Master  
R. T. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Jones.....Magazine Agent
34. **ORCHARD CITY**, at Burlington, Iowa.  
Wm. James.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
35. **WASHINGTON**, at Lafayette, N. J. meets 2d Monday and last Saturday evenings of each month at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
Horace Allen.....Master  
A. Zindle.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 Pine st., Jersey City, N. J.)  
J. Conklin.....Magazine Agent  
(183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at Lafayette, Ind. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, corner Sixth and Main sts., Curtis' Block.  
H. C. Ward.....Master  
P. Ronan (182 W. 7th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer (216 Main st.).....Magazine Agent
37. **MOUNTAIN CITY**, at Altoona, Pa. meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.  
John Gardner.....Master  
J. Miles Stonebraker, Box 343.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. McMurray, Box 343.....Magazine Agent
38. **KEY STONE**, at Pittsburg, Pa. meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Beaver avenue.  
Gust Sold.....Master  
Thos. Vanoy.....Rec. Sec'y  
(148 Bidwell st., Allegheny, Pa.)  
Burt E. Gove.....Magazine Agent  
(134 Juniata st., Allegheny, Pa.)
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.  
H. M. Baker.....Master  
Wm. Chambers.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Anderson (Box 56).....Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets every Thursday night.  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss (1206 N. Lee st.).....Master  
T. O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y  
(902 W. Chestnut st.)  
C. M. Stone.....Magazine Agent  
(1206 N. Lee st.)
41. **FOX RIVER**, at Aurora, Ill. Meets every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.  
C. Riddle.....Master  
C. E. Powell.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. L. Cummings.....Magazine Agent
42. **MISSOURI VALLEY**, at Sedalia, Mo. Meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th Wednesday.  
R. C. Yopst.....Master  
C. Schernowkie.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. D. Palmer.....Magazine Agent



43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 A. M., and 2d Wednesday; at 7:30 P. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
DeWitt Pearce.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Fitzpatrick.....Magazine Agent
44. **RELIABLE**, at Brookfield, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays, in B. of L. E. hall.  
R. Cheney.....Master  
S. Leonard.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. R. Worth (Box 13).....Magazine Agent
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main and Markham streets.  
Wm. Coyne.....Master  
M. W. Campbell (Lock Box 648).....Rec. Sec'y  
M. W. Campbell.....Magazine Agent
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday at Eng. Hall.  
John Walsh (532 North Fifth st.).....Master  
G. D. Partington (Box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Henry.....Magazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets every Sunday of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.  
P. D. Furlong (872 State st.).....Master  
W. Woodin (544 S. Canal st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Costello.....Magazine Agent  
(957 S. Dearborn st.)
48. **AMICITI**, at Harrisburg, Pa. Meets every Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, corner 3d and Broad streets.  
R. T. Shepherd (5th, near Riley).....Master  
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y  
937 Pennsylvania avenue  
C. W. Guyon.....Magazine Agent  
(411 Cumberland st.)
49. **SPRINGFIELD**, at Springfield, Mass.  
C. O. Mansus.....Master  
J. W. Hulbert (Box 396).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. H. Porter (Box 396).....Magazine Agent
50. **NEW YORK CITY**, at New York. Meets every 2d Sunday and 4th Saturday of each month, at 869 Second avenue.  
Peter O'Daniel.....Master  
Henry J. Glover (231 E. 45th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.).....Magazine Agent
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y.  
A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st.....Master  
L. J. Boynton (112 W. Utica st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. McCarthy (48 W. Erie st.).....Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Ind. Meets every Friday at 8 P. M., corner Market and Canal streets.  
Chas. Schrier.....Master  
S. Bricks.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. D. Cool.....Magazine Agent
53. **FIDELITY**, at Sunbury, Pa. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. hall.  
John Pittenger.....Master  
D. F. Vollmer (Box 276).....Rec. Sec'y
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night, at 43 Reed street.  
M. Olmsted.....Master  
J. Mummet (Lockbox 580).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. J. Murphy (Lockbox 580).....Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis, Tenn. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. at Engineers' Hall, Adams street.  
Wm. Bender, 206 Old Raleigh st.....Master  
O. B. Hanes.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Bender.....Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Emporia, Kan. Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
S. McGaffey.....Master  
J. R. Goheen (Topeka, Kan.).....Rec. Sec'y  
Charles Mollroy (Topeka).....Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 A. M., and 2d Wednesday; at 7:30 P. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
Francis Beadle.....Master  
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
(123 Chelsea st., E. Boston, Mass.)  
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent  
(No. 1 Mt. Vernon st., Bunker Hill District.)
58. **STAR**, at Hoboken, N. J. Meets 2d Sundays and 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st.  
C. E. Borland.....Master  
O. Gillen (Box 41, Hoboken).....Rec. Sec'y  
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. **ASHLEY**, at Ashley, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 P. M.  
J. M. Peck.....Master  
A. E. Detoro.....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday, corner York and Amber streets.  
G. C. Green (107 Haydock st.).....Master  
J. McNeal (427 Schneider ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
Robert Deary.....Magazine Agent  
(South Bethlehem, Pa.)
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M., cor. 7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall.  
S. J. Murphy (56 Goodrich ave.).....Master  
C. Sinks (58 Goodrich ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Peel (Box 1534).....Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d Thursday and 4th Sunday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
O. E. Histed.....Master  
W. T. Bingham.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. W. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
J. C. Boysel.....Master  
L. Browld, C. & E. I. shops.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. Rogers.....Magazine Agent
64. **LOYAL**, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.  
W. H. Hamilton.....Master  
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 16, Brookville, Kan.)
65. **ISLAND CITY**, at Brockville, Ontario, (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, King street, over McClean's boot and shoe store.  
Wm. T. Simpson.....Master  
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. **CHALLENGE**, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Patrick Flannery.....Master  
James Cummins.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. C. McKnight.....Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occidental Hall, Queen street.  
Wm. Newlove.....Master  
Wm. Prenter (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y  
George Shields (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. **HUDSON**, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday afternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.  
John McAuley.....Master  
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y  
(232 Union st., Elizabeth, N. J.)  
R. Hare (245 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent

69. HURON, at Port Huron, Mich. Meets every Sunday, over Postoffice.  
J. Britnall.....Master  
J. S. Beach.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)  
J. French.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)
70. LONE STAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets every Sunday night in I. O. O. F. Hall.  
A. C. Cayton.....Master  
James McDonough.....Rec. Sec'y  
James McDonough.....Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 540 Broadway.  
D. O. Shank, 85 Cherry street.....Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union street.....Rec. Sec'y  
S. Smith (103 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
Wm. Cowls, 411 Hartman st.....Master  
L. Elberston (417 Henry st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave.....Magazine Agent
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Mechanic hall.  
Geo. Hewitt (Union Depot).....Master  
T. E. Kelton, 42 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. P. Danforth.....Magazine Agent  
(9 Myrtle street.)
74. KANSAS CITY, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 7st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic hall, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Master  
John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y  
cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.  
R. B. McCrum.....Magazine Agent  
905 Penn street,
75. ENTERPRISE, at West Philadelphia Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
C. F. Austin, 3800 Story st.....Master  
W. T. Goundie.....Rec. Sec'y  
3405 Elm st.  
C. F. Austin.....Magazine Agent  
(3800 Story street.)
76. VALLEY CITY LODGE, at East Saginaw, Michigan. Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.  
F. C. Blanchett.....Master  
J. Lennox, Box 860.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Hannon, Box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col: Meets every Thursday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
L. C. Ames.....Master  
W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. C Ames.....Magazine Agent
78. BINGHAMTON, at Binghamton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.  
Thomas Milan, Box 725.....Master  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. MIAMI, at Cincinnati, Ohio. meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M., corner 8th and Freeman sts.  
J. F. Coakley.....Master  
G. Harrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Sperry.....Magazine Agent  
432 George st.
80. EARLY SUNRISE, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st & 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. hall.  
J. H. Morely.....Master  
C. Reich.....Recording Sec'y  
J. Lowry.....Magazine Agent
81. READING, at Reading Pa. meets every 2d and 4th Sunday, Bland's Hall, cor. Ninth and Penn st.  
.....Master  
C. J. Butler (100 S. 5th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
.....magazine Agent
82. NORTHWESTERN, at Minneapolis, Minn. meets in B. of L. E. Hall.  
T. P. Smith.....master  
(1311 N. Washington avenue.)  
John Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
(M & St. L. freight office.)  
J. W. Cole (1223 S. 7th st.).....magazine Agent

# THE BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

Vol. 2.

APRIL, 1878.

No. 5.

## DOWN ON MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.



N over-the-Rhine saloon-keeper in Cincinnati, Ohio, who spells Jacob with a Y, not long since married a Yankee widow with considerable style about her. She didn't exactly like the primitive manner in which his home was furnished, and kept continually suggesting improvements, and asking for appropriations to carry them out. Hans indulged her caprices at first, while his love was young, without much opposition; but after a time he began to rebel against the drain upon his pocketbook, and at each repetition would knit his shaggy brow and say things in Dutch that would have caused him a sore head had he tossed them out in English.

He got to talking about it in the saloon one day, and said:

"I no was like de way dese 'Merican womans was keep house. When I was have mine Katarine dot comes mit me to dis country, we was get along smooth mit a stove, some chairs, a bed, cupboard, and a chest to put dem clothes in; but so soon as I marry dis woman, she was turns everydings downside up, and want a whole furniture factory, or else she was hang down dot lip and pout and jaw mit me, and say I was a

stingy old heathen, and was I dink she was throw away herself on a pig like I was, and live all de days of her life in a cow-pen or a pig-stable? I say I no was a greenback machine shop, and I don't was have money like water; but she yust shove up her nose like dem show peoples, and say it was better I don't was make mit myself some beer-barrel, and go me so much mit dot Lookout and Bellevue House. In de first place she was get a rocker-chair and a bureau mit some gravestones on top, and a stand what she say was to put some wash dings on, and den a bedstead mit more lumber in der head-piece as in dis counter, and ever so many more nonsense like dot, so much as a hundred dollar, if I speak mit der contribution box—no, no—I was mean de Bible book. After all dot foolishness, den what you dink was next come? She says it was yust like we throw de money away if I don't was buy a Brussel carpet to make everydings look right. She says it was cost so much as thirty dollars, and I say by chiminy she no get it, and I stick to it. I was offer to put some saw-dust in the room, but she laugh mit my face, and say I was a fool, and she would have some of dem lawyer people swear I was crazy, and do herself what she please mit dot money. Sometimes I dink it was better I tie myself around a grindstone and yump over some steamboat before I was marry myself mit dot womans."

But the woman had made up her mind to have that Brussels carpet, and the conversation on the subject grew more and more animated every day. So much so, in fact, that the obstinate husband found but little time to think of anything else. His claims to his attention were so constantly urged that it soon began to wear on him like a nightmare. And sleeping or waking it obtruded itself incessantly upon him, and almost worried him into the insanity with which he had been threatened.

A streak of good luck in the shape of a very severe toothache came upon him one day, and for the time gave him something else to think of, which at first was quite a treat. But in a few hours the pain became so unbearable that he was forced to seek a dentist and have the offensive molar extracted. While performing the operation the dentist—like they always do—had explored the yawning mouth with an eye to future business, and while the patient was in good humor over the sudden ridance of the pain, told him it was more dangerous than fooling with an empty shot-gun to longer postpone having his teeth filled and his jaws put in good grinding condition.

"I could fix 'em all up for you, and put you in trim order for 'boarding round' in any neighborhood for almost nothing, while trade's dull. Better have it done right away, and save your health while you can," remarked the doctor, with a smile that shoved his ears back.

"How much you charge?" asked Hans, running his tongue into a hole that seemed big enough to hide a dice-box.

"I'll do it for thirty dollars—cheap! I should say so—hardly pay for the material, but then it'll keep me busy for a while, and I don't like being idle. I'll make that mouth of yours equal to the best hominy cracker in town, and warrant the work, sir,—warrant it for ten years. What d'ye say to that?" said the dentist, thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his vest with the satisfied air of a man who believes he has a certainty ahead.

The Dutchman straightened himself up in the operating chair, opened his eyes till his nose turned up, and then, with a look that made the dentist feel like a small boy before strangers, exclaimed:

"You tink I was some shackass, fool or a crazy womans, to put me down some Brussels carpet mit mine mouth?" and, fuming and swearing, he marched indignantly out of the shop, leaving the dentist leaning against the wall in the most dazing bewilderment he had ever experienced.

### A Frightened Engineer.

Some two or three years since a tame Indian got hold of too much fire-water and sat him down on the track of the Detroit & Milwaukee Railroad one dark night and was knocked into the happy hunting grounds by a locomotive passing that way. The engineer has been looking for the ghost of that Indian ever since, and always passed that place with fear and trembling. One day Ed Cole, who had been an employe of the road, got "highfalutin," and went about with a horse and buggy, scarcely knowing whither he went. He meandered about until after dark, when he found himself on a crossing near the spot where the red-skin went up. The horse, having some notions of his own, had stopped with the buggy on the track and refused to go from there, although Cole, who had awakened to a sense of his danger, was earnestly persuading him to go. Along came the train and there was considerable buggy in the air; the horse walked off unharmed, and Cole quietly sat down beneath the head-light, whip in hand, and without a scratch. Gathering himself up, he walked over the running-board to the cab window, which was hooked ajar, and went into the cab. The engineer was paralyzed with fear, and the train rushed on. He thought his Indian had come; but being acquainted with Cole, he soon took in the situation, and Cole left the engine at the next station, thoroughly sobered and in good order.

GAINES.

### An Enormous Engine.

A piece of machinery that has given employment for several months to about 500 skilled artisans, has been completed at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, Cal., at a cost of \$300,000. This great expenditure of labor and money has embodiment in the largest engine ever constructed on that coast. Technically described, the engine is horizontal, low pressure compound condensing, of 1,500-horse power. With boilers, pumps and gear, it aggregates a weight of 1,200 tons. One of the cylinders is so heavy that a special car will have to be constructed to transport it to its destination—the Yellow Jacket Mine—where a shaft is being sunk to a depth of 2,300 feet to strike the Comstock. The engine is to be used at this shaft for pumping. It is now being put together at the foundry, preparatory to shipment. This engine rests on a horizontal base, sixty-four feet in length: each side of which is cast in three pieces for convenience of shipment. The breadth of the engine is eighteen feet. The power is communicated from the two cylinders to a forged crosshead, to which is attached the shaft connecting with the V bob working the pumps. The crosshead is the largest piece of wrought iron ever forged in San Francisco. It weighs 22,000 pounds; is 21 feet in length, 9 inches in thickness one way, and 3 feet the other. The shaft and crank weigh 26 tons. On each side of the engine about half-way between the crosshead and the connection of the shaft with the V bob, is a fly-wheel 30 feet in diameter and weighing 30 tons. These fly-wheels are connected by a shaft 18 inches in diameter, running through the main shaft. The cylinders consist of an initial cylinder 32 inches in diameter, weighing 12 tons, and an expansion cylinder 65 inches in diameter, weighing 30 tons. The pistons of these cylinders have a 12-foot stroke. These cylinders carry steam pressure of 130 pounds, expanded eight-fold. The cylinders and cylinder heads are steam-jacketed, being covered with a thick coating of asbestos, a non-conductor of heat. The engine is supplied with an air-pump of the most approved construction, fitted with an automatic injection valve. The engine is operated with O'Neil's cut-off valve motion. Every modern mechanical appliance has

been embodied in this engine, and every part which will be subjected to wear has been case-hardened. During the progress of the work several costly machines were constructed, which were necessary to make parts of the engine. The proprietors of the works, Messrs. Scott & Co., have taken more than ordinary pride in the execution of the contract, refraining in every particular from incorporating in the machinery any part not strictly of San Francisco. This has been done in the interest of home industry, which had some weight with the bonanza firm when they awarded the contract, this firm being the principal holder of Yellow Jacket stock. This firm is demonstrating the feasibility of manufacturing all classes of engines in San Francisco, and they entertain the opinion that it will not be many years before the importation of engines and pumps from the East will be done away with altogether.

There are two massive bronze plates fixed on each side of the base castings of the engine. One of these is emblematic of the industry to which the machinery is devoted. In the centre is the figure of a miner at work in the drift, and surrounding it are surface scenes on the Comstock. The other plate bears the following inscription: "Yellow Jacket Mining Company. T. G. Taylor, Superintendent; Wm. H. Patton, Construction Engineer; Prescott, Scott & Co., builders, 1878." The letter "S" in the left hand lower corner, and the letter "F" in the right hand lower corner.

The new shaft of the Yellow Jacket Mining Company, in which the machinery is to be placed, is estimated to cost \$1,000,200. This figure covers the cost of the machinery. The shaft is now down about one thousand three hundred feet, and to push the work to completion it will be raised from the 2,200-foot level. The 2,200 level is represented to be only forty feet from the line of the shaft. When the connection is completed, all the drainage of the mine will be carried through it. The machinery has sufficient capacity to carrying the workings to a depth of 3,000 feet.

"Yes," said an old reprobate, "I always recognize water when I see it; it just looks like gin."

## FOR THE LADIES.

- Overskirts die hard.
- Basques are still worn.
- Chemisettes are in vogue.
- Antique laces are revived.
- Pansies are five cents apiece.
- Canton crapes are in fashion.
- The trailing dress is moribund.
- Navy blue is now called Chematis.
- Leg-of-mutton sleeves are revived.
- Show gauze is shown for ball dresses.
- The Henri Deux is the coming costume.
- Auratum is the new name for gold color.
- Small satin buttons are coming in vogue.
- Combination costumes remain fashionable.
- The short kilt skirt is an accomplished fact.
- Plevna is the new name for wine colored shadings.
- Looped-up back draperies are no longer fashionable.
- Waistcoats are simulated on most of the new dresses.
- Silhouette dinner cards are used for bachelor parties.
- Charles II. collars are seen on new sacks and polonaises.
- Shakspeare dinner cards are used for dramatic artists' parties.
- Boucle jardiniere is one of the new names for knotted bourettes.
- All fashionable costumes are made of two or more kinds of stuff.
- Boucle d'Angora is a very handsome checked fabric in bourette effect.
- Pin-head checked bourettes are among the most popular of the spring goods.
- Macrame lace-making is the fashionable woman's work at the moment.
- The newest thing in stockings are bourette effects in colors to match costumes.
- Cashmere vigogne is the hand-somest and costliest of all traveling dress-goods.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

*Rusks.*—One quart milk, six eggs, three-fourths pound of butter, two cups of sugar, one pint potato yeast.

*Florentine Pudding.*—One quart milk, four eggs, six tablespoons of flour, a little salt. Bake in cups twenty minutes. Sauce.

*Immediate Sauce.*—Make a rich syrup of sugar and water; boil it, and put in ground cinnamon and nutmeg while boiling. Serve hot.

*Icing.*—Nine tablespoonful sweet chocolate, grated, whites of three eggs beaten stiff, add white sugar enough to sweeten. Mix well and spread on each layer while a little warm.

*Crullers.*—Three eggs, one teaspoonful salt, two ounces butter, one pint sugar, half nutmeg, dissolve one teaspoonful soda in hot water, put it in one pint sour milk, make as stiff as biscuit dough.

*Railroad Cake.*—A pint of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar; bake the batter in a square pan twenty minutes.

*Foreign Bodies in the Throat.*—A British naval surgeon, Dr. Beveridge states that for foreign bodies in the throat, such as pieces of meat, etc., a simple mode of relief is to blow forcibly into the ear. This excites powerful reflex action, during which the foreign body is expelled from the trachea. The plan is so easy of execution that if there is any thing in it, it ought to be generally known and applied.

*Burns.*—Are you burned. I have tried raw eggs on burns for twenty years, and never failed to take the fire out in three applications. Spread raw eggs on a cloth and apply to the burn. It will remove all pain at once. When the eggs become dry, wet in water till soft, and apply fresh eggs. The whites of eggs will do the best. Common cooking soda placed upon the burn and a moistened cloth on top is said to be an infallible cure.

## I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

No, comrades, I thank you—not any  
for me;  
My last chain is riven—henceforth I'm  
free,  
I will go to my house and my children  
to-night  
With no fumes of liquor, their spirits to  
blight;  
And with tears in my eyes I will beg  
my poor wife  
To forgive me the wreck I have made  
of her life.  
*I have never refused you before? Let  
that pass,*  
For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and  
disgrace,  
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my  
red bloated face;  
Mark my faltering step and my weak  
pulsed hand,  
And the mark on my brow that is worse  
than Cain's brand;  
See my crownless old hat and my elbows  
and knees,  
Alike, warmed by the sun, or chilled by  
the breeze,  
Why, even the children will hoot as I  
pass;—  
But I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look  
at me now,  
That a mother's soft hand was pressed  
on my brow—  
When she kissed me and blessed me,  
her darling, her pride;  
Ere she laid down to rest by my dead  
father's side.  
But with love in her eyes, she looked up  
to the sky,  
Bidding me meet her *there*, and whis-  
pered "good-bye."  
And I'll do it, God helping, your *smile*  
I let pass,  
For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night, it was not  
very late,  
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and  
landlords won't wait  
On a fellow who's left every cent in  
their till,  
And has pawned his last bed, their cof-

fers to fill.

Oh, the torments I felt, and the pangs I  
endured,  
And I begged for one glass—just one  
would have cured—  
But they kicked me out doors, I let that,  
too, pass,  
For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

At home, my pet susie, with her rich  
golden hair,  
I saw through the window, just kneel-  
ing in prayer;  
From her pale, bony hands, her torn  
sleeves were strung down,  
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank  
beneath her scant gown;  
And she prayed—prayed for bread, just  
a poor crust of bread.—  
For one crust, on her knees my pet dar-  
ling plead.  
And I *heard*, with no penny to buy one,  
alas,  
But I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year  
old,  
Though fainting with hunger, and shiv-  
ering with cold,  
There, on the bare floor, asked God to  
bless me!  
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma; He  
will; for you see.  
I *believe* what I ask for," Then sobored  
I crept  
Away from the house; and that night  
when I slept,  
Next my heart lay the PLEDGE. You  
smile, let it pass,  
For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

My darling child saved me. Her faith  
and her love  
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's  
above.  
I will my words make true, or I'll die  
in the race,  
And sober I'll go to my last resting  
place;  
And she shall kneel there, and, weep-  
ing, thank God  
No *drunkard* lies under the daisy-strewn  
sod.  
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall  
e'er pass.  
I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

## Editorial.

**CONTRIBUTIONS.** — *Readers of the Magazine will materially assist us in making our news accurate and complete, if they will send us early information of events that occur under their observation, relative to experiments in the construction of roads and machinery—especially the locomotive—suggestions as to improvements, &c.*

### Stories About the Dead Pope.

Here is his epitaph: "Here lies Pius IX, Sovereign Pontiff, born May 13, 1792; died February 7, 1878 Pray for him." "What a man!" said he, when he heard of Victor Emanuel's death. "Not satisfied with taking my dominions on earth, he has gone to become my senior in heaven!" While Nuncio to Naples in 1836, he was in the King's chamber when the Minister of Police entered with papers found on a captured conspirator, containing a complete list of all the revolutionary agents in the country. Before the exulting monarch could take them, Archbishop Mastai seized them and threw them into the fire. "To-morrow is New Year's," he said, "let the people know you had a list of your enemies and burned it—it will make you friends." When Cardinal in 1840, it was plotted at Imola to kill him because of his Liberal tendencies, but one of the conspirators, conscience-stricken, repented, and throwing himself at his master's feet confessed. "Go," said the Cardinal, absolving him, "this is a confession and rests between you and me. Tell those who instigated you I shall go about just as though you had told me nothing." The people of Rome believed their Pope had an evil eye, and one day he found a woman as he passed putting up her forefingers so as to make a pair of horns, to conjure

the evil one. Sending for her, he bade her look up into his face and say if there was aught diabolical in it; then, when she was reassured by the merry twinkle of his eye, he laid the superstition forever by promising to baptize her next child himself and educate it for the priesthood. He was fond of children, who never left him empty-handed. "Let me send for father," said one astute urchin, who had been bidden to take as much gold as he could carry in both hands; "his hands are bigger than mine." The Pope was a great billiard player, preferring the French carom game. He wrote Latin fluently, but not too correctly. French he spoke well, though he did not, like Gregory XVI., keep a secretary to read French novels to him. As the seventh Pius had said of the first Napoleon, he said of the French Emperor, that he was a "comedian," and never would visit Paris to crown him; so Napoleon III. fell uncrowned.

How DID they do it? Six hundred years before Christ 100,000 men dug the Alexandrian canal, and dug it without spades, shovels or wheelbarrows, as there were no such things in existence then. It was dug with the fingers and the dirt carried in aprons. And it was 19 feet deep and 150 wide.

THE *Railroad Gazette* of a recent date says: "Mr. C. C. Gale, Superintendent of the Indianapolis Division of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad, completed his twenty-fifth year of service with the company March 1st. He began on the road as a brakeman. The company seems to be a good one to stay with, for there are now sixty men on its pay-roll who have been twenty years on the road, and twenty-one who have served twenty-five years."



### Christianity Among Railway Officials.

Of late years, and especially since the great strike, railway officials have practiced the system of "posting" a discharged employe on all principal roads, so that when he seeks elsewhere for work, however honest and sincere may be his intentions, he is deprived of work because he was "discharged from some other road," or had not a recommendation from his former department officer. This is a very sure way to drive men to desperation, for if they are hunted and deprived of honest labor, they will certainly become disheartened and resort to almost anything to gain a livelihood. A man often commits an act in the heat of excitement, of which he afterward repents, and we dare say this was the case with many participants in last year's strike. Railway officials and employes never were so harmonious as at the present day, and it is sincerely hoped the officers will discontinue to hold enmity toward men who have been unfortunate enough to lose situations, and who must have employment to support their families. The right of an official can not be denied to discharge whom he sees fit, but let it end there. Put yourself in the discharged man's place, under the same conditions, and we dare say you would think it very unchristian-like.

At a meeting of the managers of the Chicago & Alton and Vandalia & Wabash Railroads, held at Chicago on the afternoon of March 21st, it was unanimously agreed that the rate from St. Louis on east-bound freights should be put upon a basis of the present contracts from Chicago, which expire March 21st, when

it is expected that the tariff will be restored and maintained from all points. The two other St. Louis roads were not represented at this meeting, but it is expected they will adopt similar action to protect the interests of St. Louis.

A GENTLEMAN having boasted that it was easy enough to "do" railroad companies out of their faces, and that he had passed from one station to another of a certain road the day before without a ticket, was approached by an officer of the road, who wanted to know how it was done. The gentleman agreed to tell for a "consideration." It was paid, and then the officer said: "Now tell me how you did it?" "I walked," quietly replied the gentleman.

A BOY has been sent by express over the crooked roads of Pennsylvania. The way-bill ran: "One boy from T. H. Walton, Doylestown, to W. W. DeWitt, Whitehaven, weight fifty pounds." As it was necessary to make several changes, his friends concluded that it would be safe to send him by express, and accordingly a tag was fastened to a button-hole; eight messengers checked and receipted for him, and finally he was delivered at the destination in excellent order.

THE Ticket Agents' Convention at Jacksonville has adopted the following: "Resolved, That on and after May 1st, 1878, no through round trip ticket shall be issued, but this shall not be construed to bar any line from using round trip tickets between points which are local to another line in competition with them."

[A SCENE NEAR CALCUTTA, INDIA.]



## Correspondence.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST ISSUE.]

### OUR INDIA LETTER.

These bolsters or divans being covered with linen, with broad strips of blue on either end and gilt fringe, a punkah hung from the ceiling to cool the air, and there were two immense mirrors at either end of the

room. This room was lighted with bracket lamps on the sides of the room. The whole side of one balcony was railed off. In this part of the house the Baboo keeps his wives, of which there were twelve, and of course no one saw them. At one end of this balcony was a large venetian blind. Behind the blind we could see lots of white figures moving about. These were the wives looking down on the "tama-sha," the native name of a party.

The rest of this balcony was occupied by the native female servants of these wives; being low caste they could see and be seen. On one of the balconies open to us I met a bright and pleasant little native boy. He took hold of my hand, and I asked his father in Hindoostan if he wanted to go about the rooms with me; he replied that he did. This papa was a bright-looking boy of about sixteen years. So this child went with me through all the rooms, and he seemed delighted; I doubt if he had ever been in this house before. When we returned to the balcony his father came for him, but the child kept saying, "Opera! Opera!" and an Armenian gentleman near said, "Sir, opera is the only English word the child knows; he is bewitched to go down and hear the music with you." So of course I took him with me down into the lower hall. After being seated a large silver salver containing button-hole bouquets and cigars were passed to me. They were also passed to all the gentlemen, and hand-bouquets to the ladies. At length the music began. The troop had furnished their own music, with the exception of a grand piano of English manufacture, which the Baboo furnished. The singing was barely decent; it being in French many of the people failed to understand it. Only three of the troupe performed, the rest were among the audience. They did not sing or perform but the parts of one act, every one presuming that they were imposing on the Baboo's good nature—the whole performance being a show and a failure.

We all felt provoked at this, as the Baboo was obliged to pay them a round sum for their services, which we never had. I wish I could tell you about the native portion of the audience. These natives had come from all parts of the estate. The whole place where we were was in a railed inclosure, and the natives were outside of this, under the lower balconies. They were dressed in every color of the rainbow. They had on rich dressing gowns of red, white, green, blue and striped camel's hair, and these had large

palm leaves embroidered upon them, and they wore turbans of all colors. One man wore a robe of cloth of gold, embroidered with gold. It would stand alone it was so rich and heavy. He was one of the Baboo's friends. This little boy before spoken of, I had on my knee, wore a little black silk sacque, with small gilt flowers and palm leaves embroidered upon it, and a velvet cap on his head, heavily embroidered with gilt, and a long gilt tassel. The Baboo's two little girls were quite near me. They wore sacques of similar material, and on their heads they wore wreaths of red and white artificial roses, with large silvered leaves. These comical enough with the dark hair and skin. They both had English button boots on the feet, and these were tipped with patent leather. These seemed out of place, not corresponding with their native costume.

The whole scene was a gay and strange one, in the dazzling lights and gorgeous costumes of all the different nationalities present. There were present the natives of Germany, France, England, America, Chinese, Jews, Armenians, Parsees, from Bombay, besides many native Hindoos. After the opera the Nantches were to come, and while the girls were getting ready we all returned to the drawing-rooms, where ices, cakes, coffee, wines and cigars were served. Here we had the pleasure of the Baboo's company again. He went about and conversed with us all. The Baboo was born in that house, and his father, and his father's father also was. They have owned this place for generations. The Baboo owns a large amount of real estate in all the Indian provinces, and also in the city of Calcutta, where he has a fine house. He is very wealthy, and does many good and charitable deeds among the natives. Soon we were informed that the Nantch was ready. The upper balconies being full of high caste native men, we went down stairs again and took our usual seats. Outside the railing, on all sides, were crowds of natives, children, and a very few women, all dressed in the gayest colors. After

being seated, the Nantch began. Only one dancing girl made her appearance at first; she was dressed in a blue pina dress, ornamented with strips of silver. She had a lot of bangles on her wrists, gold rings with diamonds on her fingers, large hoops in her ears with gold bells on them, which tinkled as she moved her head, also a ring in her nose, and large rings fastened on her hair hung down over each cheek. She had also bangles on her ankles, an underskirt of red silk covered her feet; over her shoulders and arms she had a wide sash; this being lined with a cloth of silver, gleamed beautifully in the brilliant lights, as she moved her arms and body. She stood on a large Persian mat. A band of music stood just behind her; this band consisted of two stringed instruments shaped like a banjo, a tum-tum, or drum, and a silver bell. They play a strange tune and never vary it, and after awhile it is very monotonous. The dance is performed by walking and gesticulating with arms and head, and making all sorts of strange grimaces until she gets to the edge of the carpet, where she twirls herself around once or twice, which caused the bangles and rings to make a tinkling sound. Then she made what American children call a "cheese," and then skipped back to her starting place. The band followed close behind her during the whole performance to the edge of the rug, and then returned with her back to the starting point. She went through this performance several times, and then began to sing the tune the band was playing. After awhile a man joined her. He had on a gilt cap, a gilt sacque, light blue silk Turkish trousers, and shoes with pointed toes, with gilt figures embroidered upon them, with white stones set in. Next came another dancing girl. She was dressed in a black cashmere dress, with cloth of gold embroidered over it, long sleeves draping down to the feet. She was covered with gold and jewels, and had the same loop in her ears with bells; on either cheek she had large clusters of hoops, one within the other, until the last one, which was very small, contained a

single diamond. The jewels on her cheeks gave her an appearance of being tattooed. She danced and twirled about as the other girl did, and sung also in a strange, wild piercing voice.

Then another dancer came. Her dress was a red cashmere, with wide stripes of cloth of gold on it. She had drapery over her shoulders and arms, shaped like wings, and it was lined with gold, and was very handsome and showy; she also had cheek ring, her arms loaded with bangles, and her fingers with rings, and her ankles also. Her hair, which was black and wavy, was very elaborately dressed, and had a profusion of gilt arrows, dirks and curious ornaments stuck about in it. She also had an elegant *gerelle* of gold around her waist, and this had long ends hanging down behind, and they had long palm leaves embroidered on them in silver, red and gold fringe; a satin skirt of gold and red covered her feet, on which she had white satin shoes. When she moved all this stuff made a loud clinking sound. She put herself in all sorts of postures, gesticulated with hands and arms, and made horrible faces, etc.; for all this she was quite a handsome girl. Many of these East Indian women are very homely; it is seldom one sees a handsome native woman. Many of the men are handsome and finely formed. Well, after this girl had performed her strange antics, others joined her. She took one by her arms, and then they formed a sort of arch, and twisted themselves into all kinds of postures, in a curious manner, and kept time with the music, which consisted of one monotonous strain, over and over again, and these dancers also sung the same tune at the top of their voices all the time. By-and-by the figure changed again, other girls joined the set, and several men, and they formed a circle, and then a square, and then an arch, and these had a profusion of flowers thrown about them, while standing in these postures. Their rich dresses, and jewels, and flowers looked very gorgeous in the brilliant light, and formed a curious picture. Then again the scene changed, and

one after another left the stage till only one was left, and she kept on in the same old way, and when she was tired another dancer took her place, and in this way they will go on for hours. No wonder this suits these voluptuous natives, as when they are alone and give a Nantch, the whole party sit cross-legged on the floor, on mats, and lean against the divans, and smoke their hookahs and drink their coffee and sherbert, and enjoy the dancing, and fall asleep and awaken while the performance goes on, and they keep it up for hours and hours at a time. Such music would put almost any one asleep, and the whole performance soon grows tiresome to a European.

These Baboos wonder why Europeans do their own dancing in this hot climate, and say to them that it is much cheaper to hire it done as they do. This Baboo furnished these girls with their dresses and jewels for this occasion, and also gave them eighty rupees for a day and night's acting—about forty dollars in our money in America. We sat and looked at these dancers till we were tired, and at last many of our party concluded it was time to start for home, and looking at my watch, I found to my surprise that it was 1 o'clock; so my friend and I hunted about for our host, the Baboo, and at last found him surrounded by a host of friends. We bade him good-night; he said he was obliged to us for coming to see him, and that our visit had been a great pleasure to him, etc., (these East Indians are great people for compliments and flowery language,) and that he was sorry we had so long a ride before us. I told him I had had a fine time, and was much obliged for his kindness, and that I should tell my friends in America all about this party; and he said, "Will you? Well, I am proud, and thank you," etc. We then shook hands, and parted. As I left the hall, I took one last look. Most of the Europeans had left, and the hall was fast filling with natives, and they were removing chairs and tables, and putting mats and divans in their places, and were all getting ready to take

their ease and enjoy the dancing. They probably kept this up till daylight. It was a strange scene, with its grotesque figures and gorgeous coloring, and one that I shall not soon forget.

We went to a dressing-room for hats and wraps and coats, etc. This room had a white Persian carpet on the floor, with a wide, gaily colored border around it. At either end of this room were immense mirrors. On the dressing-table stood a large Chinese vase filled with water, for washing, and for a bowl stood a white china vegetable dish. We were quite amused at this. These natives often make such mistakes, not being used to arranging dressing-tables for us Europeans. After getting ready and partaking of wine, etc., we found our carriage at the door, and we started off on our long drive homewards. For some distance the road was lighted, but after awhile we got by these lights, and then the way was dark and dismal; all the native huts were dark and silent, as their inmates were at the tamasha. The greater part of our way lay through woods and jungle, and Fred said there was no knowing what creatures might be wandering about in them. We got through them without any trouble; we passed a few carriages coming from the tamasha. The Baboo had provided barouches and relays of horses at certain distances for the opera troupe. At last we came to a halt, and found we were at one of the stopping places where they changed these horses. The road was a very narrow one, with deep ditches on either side of it, and as we could not get by, we had to wait till the horses had been changed for one of the troupe party. When they started, their horses being frightened at the lights and confusion around them, backed, and the whole party went over into the ditch. The air was filled with oaths and ejaculations in French and broken English; it was funny enough. As we could render no resistance we proceeded on our way, and after riding what appeared an interminable distance, the welcome lights on Howrah bridge appeared in sight. I never felt more

pleased in my life than I did then to see lights and signs of life about me. We were soon on the bridge, and then the Calcutta lights were visible, and we were soon in the city. The streets were silent and deserted, and I only saw a few policemen on their lonely beats—these were Englishmen; they have native policemen, but they are not good for much, especially at night. It seemed strange to see all these business streets so silent, as in the daytime they are so thronged with natives and all kinds of strange-looking teams, it is almost impossible for one to get along, and often a mounted policeman has to clear a passage for one's carriage to get to the office. It didn't take us long to get home, and glad were we when our gharree turned into our own gateway. We were so stiff and tired we could scarcely move; the night was a very cool and chilly one. There is a dampness in the night, in the cool season, which is very disagreeable, and one is soon chilled through by it. When we reached the house we found it was 4 o'clock in the morning. We had been on the road over three hours, and were both badly used up. Our bearers, or boys, were awake, and our rooms lighted, and we were soon in bed. I came to the conclusion the next day that it didn't pay to go such a distance in a climate like this to a dinner party. These Calcutta houses are all doors and windows, and there are so many drafts that I am always taking cold at this season of the year. Well, I will close this long letter, and hope it will be interesting. Next time will write about some Indian jugglers, and then about the natives throwing their gods into the holy Ganges River, etc.

T. S. ABBOTT.

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### "Our Engine."

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WORCESTER, MASS., February 24, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

I should like to say a few words to the Brothers, through the columns of our MAGAZINE, with your per-

mission, on the above subject. It may be as well to commence with the name we gave it, viz.: "Bay State, No. 73," running on the line of the B. of L. F. Railway. It was built in the early spring of 1877 (not quite a year yet), by a locomotive fireman of Worcester, Mass., (C. E. B.,) assisted by W. N. Sayre, of Indianapolis, Ind., and so thorough was it made that it is in as good order as then; nothing occurring to dim its brightness, or injure its working parts, such having been the zeal and interest taken in it by those in charge of it.

This engine is not stationary, but what we call an advancing one, and can go either way, but, as yet, has only gone ahead, the circumstances not requiring it to go backwards. You will doubtless like to know its size. We have increased its stroke (members) from 17 to 30, and it can be increased more at any time; its driving-wheels (height) are variable, ranging from 5 feet 4 inches to 6 feet; its boilers (treasury) is sound and capable of standing a very great pressure (financially); in fact, all its parts are of the best material, for the stock was made and finished in Worcester, Mass., and Norwich, Conn.; it has also got a large sand-box, always full of good dry sand, and always ready for use when required; it is kept trim and neat by its firemen, for more than one is required to keep it in order, each one of whom have their duty to perform, and, by their promptness, it is always ready for duty; its oil-holes are not stopped up, and no thumping on it whatever. As one of its members I feel proud of it, and of my associates, and of the B. of L. F. Railway, and its officers, in whose service we are.

Now, dear readers, I would say in conclusion, you may not all understand the description of this engine, but I think there are some who will, and to all such we extend a kind invitation to come see us and our noble engine, you will be gladly welcomed if qualified; this invitation applies

to all in the service of the B. of L. F. Railway. We are sorry we could not be present with our engine at the last Annual Convention of Engines, but you may certainly expect us at the next one. I have not much more to write this time.

Mr. Editor, if you think this worth printing, I will try and do better next time. I will close by wishing peace and prosperity to the B. of L. F. Railway, its officers and employes, one and all. Let upward and onward be our aim, and never to lose sight of the principles of our beloved Order.

I remain yours fraternally,  
C. E. B., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

### A Trip to the Bahama Islands.

NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, }  
BAHAMA ISLANDS, }  
Saturday, February 22, 1878. }

Editor B. of L. F. Magazine.

Hoping that my narrative has been found of interest to all my Brothers and friends, into whose hands the MAGAZINE has fallen, I will now resume my writing from where I left off in Savannah, previous to our departure for Nassau.

Amongst the many beautiful places of interest which nature and man have so bountifully bestowed on this truly grand little city, there are two places which I would feel very much averse, were I so compelled, to omit noticing. So much has been said of the "Hermitage," that one bright day we started to visit this noted place. The "Hermitage" is situated about three miles from the city, on the banks of the Savannah River. As we turned from the main road and entered a very marshy and crooked lane, everything presented an aspect of decline and decay, and from the general appearance we had every reason to believe that we were going to be disappointed. But only

for a short time were we allowed to entertain such a delusion, for we had not advanced but a short distance, when our eyes beheld such a lane of oak tree, whose foliage was hidden by long trailings of moss, so formed as to make a complete arch, that we were filled with admiration at the beautiful sight. On each side of the lane are a great many rude huts, which had once been the dwelling places of the slaves who had, in the prosperous times of the Southern people, been the property of some large plantation owner. No doubt you have surmised ere this from whence the name of Hermitage was derived; in short, the subject of which we are now dwelling on was at one time a flourishing plantation, but on account of its seemingly desolate appearance, the appellation of Hermitage has been bestowed on it.

The last, but in nowise the least, of all the places to be mentioned is the cemetery at Bonaventure. This, as in the case with the Hermitage, is not situated in the city, but at some distance from it—about three miles; however, it is very accessible either by street-car or carriage. This is indeed a place of peculiar loveliness; it, also like the Hermitage, has an arena of trees, but not near so perfect. It is situated on a slight elevation in the midst of a dense woods; a branch of the Savannah River running along for some distance adds very greatly to its beauty. From the natural beauty of the location, its general surroundings, and from the taste already displayed in the comparatively few monuments now erected there, I imagine it will equal in a short time even those older cemeteries we admired so much in the city of New Orleans. To describe all the many and beautiful sights exhibited to us in this city would require a great deal of time, and as a great distance lays before us, we will now bid farewell to the city of Savannah from the deck of the steamer San Jacinto, *en route* for Nassau.

Before reaching the ocean eighteen miles of the river had to be traversed. On our way down, to the right of us, we beheld two old forts, one of which, from the outward ap-

pearance of its walls, evidently had seen considerable active service, it being perforated in a great many places by balls thrown from our ships in the late war. But now we are actually at the mouth of the river, where we met the large steamship City of Macon, from New York. After receiving a great deal of freight consigned for Nassau and Havana, together with several passengers, the word to "cut loose" is sounded, and with a parting cheer we leave the Macon, she bound for Savannah, and we for the islands.

The pleasure of our trip was somewhat diminished by the large crowd on board. A body of excursionists, made up of parties from St. Louis, Nashville, Macon, Augusta, Savannah, and other cities of the Southern States, were on board, with the purpose of ascertaining the propriety of establishing commercial relations between the Bahamas and Cuba with St. Louis, through the several great lines of railways passing through those cities. At the head of the party appeared to be Isaac Cook, Esq., of St. Louis, formerly of Chicago, well-known as an active politician in times of old. A few ladies were among the number, making in all upwards of eighty. These, together with the regular passengers, made the whole number on board over 150, while the accommodations of the boat were scarcely sufficient for 100. Of course this led to considerable confusion, and at times proved quite inconvenient, especially when it came to meal-time. But we are not disposed to find fault with anything on board, as the officers of the boat were courteous and gentlemanly, and did everything in their power to make our voyage pleasant. We had had the usual attendants on all sea voyages, alternate rain and sunshine, calm and storm, composure of stomach and qualmsiness, ability to retain our food and then the reverse. And so we went along the first day, and on Wednesday morning, January 16th, we found ourselves at breakfast time looking upon the old city of St. Augustine, Florida.

This is undoubtedly the oldest city in the United States. Antiquity

stares you in the face from fort and church, houses and walls, narrow streets, and the general appearance of all around. 1565 appears to be the date from which the inhabitants begin their reckoning, and that year the foundation of the fort is said to have been laid, fully completed only in the reign of Ferdinand of Spain, about the year 1760, the emblems of Spanish royalty being still emblazoned over the archway of the fort.

This fort came into possession of the United States on the cession of Florida by the Spanish to our Government in 1821, and now bears the name of Marion, after the famous Revolutionary General of South Carolina of that name. It is a massive structure, and no doubt was capable of enduring a long siege when guns was not of the same calibre as at present. But now, instead of the soldiers of Spain with their glittering armor and plumed helmets, it is manned by a squad of Indians, who, clad in the simple costume of American soldiers, present a ridiculous libel upon both the wild savage and a true soldierly appearance. These Indians are literally captives from Western plains, and are still to be watched lest their natural love of freedom and sense of constraint under the yoke of civilized dress and custom would lead them to throw off their fetters and return to original wild life. Their chief object seems to be to entertain strangers with their proficiency in the use of bows and arrows, and gain many a small coin by the dexterity with which they strike these coins, whether placed on sticks or thrown in the air. Before leaving this fort we were forcibly reminded of Spanish cruelty and ingenuity of torture, of which we had read so often, by being conducted underground to a dungeon built within the wall, and where, it is said, when first discovered, one or more skeletons were found, doubtless of prisoners who were left there to starve and die.

But we were in the sunshine and light of day as we wended our way to the celebrated orange grove called Andersons, consisting of over 1,200 trees in full bearing. Here we had for the first time in our lives the



taste of a perfect orange. Large, luscious, juicy and sweet, we regaled ourselves upon this delicious fruit, and taking with us a basket full of the finest specimens, we returned to our boat well pleased with our day's wandering in this old town. Nothing of any note occurred during the remainder of our journey on sea worthy of narrating, except in crossing the Gulf stream we experienced more motion, which occasioned some sickness: this, however, lasted but a few hours.

Friday morning dawned upon us beautiful and bright, and quite early little crowds of four and five were assembled on the forward deck, gazing intently before them, each one being anxious to be the first to behold these landmarks which are so conspicuous at a great distance, and which manifest to the mariner that the Isle of New Providence is not far off, viz., the palmetto and coconut trees. But it was not before the hour of nine when we beheld, as if growing out of the sea, those (to us) wonderful tropical productions. But some time elapsed before the little city of Nassau burst upon our view, which, with its beautiful harbor, the waters of which are of a most transparent green, and the waving cocoanut trees standing out in bold relief, presented a most charming and picturesque scene.

There is a peculiarity about the water in this harbor that makes it very deceptive to the ignorant. Owing to its wonderful transparency you would not suppose it to be more than a few feet in depth, but this same water has the capacity to safely ride the largest of vessels at the landing, except when the tide is unusually low. As we drew up to the wharf many were the expressions of wonder, which were increased at the sight of the dusky group on shore waiting to receive us, the principal portion of which soon gave us an exhibition of their wonderful power of diving and swimming. The vessel had hardly been made fast before the water was thick with black heads and dark bodies swimming around with apparently as much ease as if it was their natural element. But there was no mistaking the nature

of these half-human half-fish, the desire to obtain the almighty copper (not dollar) was their object, for there was no mistaking that cry, "Give me a copper, boss," "Throw a copper in here, boss," etc. This novel scene was very much enjoyed by all of us, and many a dime and twenty-five cent piece was hurled from the vessel, which could be plainly seen on its course downward, but not one piece failed to be fished up by these dexterous swimmers. Viewing this performance from our elevated position the sight was a most ludicrous one. The darkies would not attempt to reach the coin until it had struck the water, then there would be a general scrambling for it. You could mark them very distinctly on their downward course, and their appearance resembled very much that of a frog. But now the vessel has commenced to deposit her passengers, and we find ourselves carried along by the crowd. Sufficiently satisfied with our voyage on the sea, it is with no little delight that we once more tread on *terra firma*.

We immediately proceeded to the Royal Victoria Hotel, and were surprised and pleased at the appearance of things that we there saw. This hotel was erected in 1861 by the Bahama Government, at a cost of over \$115,000, and is unequaled by any structure of the kind in the West Indies. It is a substantial stone building, four stories high, three of which are surrounded by a piazza ten feet wide, forming a promenade 900 feet long; it contains 121 double and single bed-rooms, with lofty ceilings, and can accommodate 200 guests. We found the house well filled, but, after some little time, we were well accommodated, and enjoyed the short stay we made there.

A picture of Bahama life presented itself in the crowds of colored persons assembled there for the purpose of disposing of their merchandise, which consisted of the various specimens of marine curiosities which the sea so lavishly provides for these sable merchants. 'Twas a motley crowd indeed, from the old decrepit woman down to the wee picaninny, all eager to dispose of their wares.

Each one had some specimen to attract the stranger, some of which were very rare and of great beauty, and the principal of which were beautiful specimens of coral, finger-sponge, turtle-shell work, sea fans and beans, also the various tropical fruits, which grow here in rich abundance. The coming in of a steamer is a great event in the lives of these natives for on the liberality of the visitors do they almost entirely depend for their subsistence. I heard a great many remark, "What an indolent class of people," but truly the manner in which some of them plied their vocations trying to sell their articles, struck me as being a worthy pattern for some of our more extensive merchants at home. They were only restrained from pressing too eagerly upon strangers at the hotel and annoying them by policemen who were stationed there for that purpose.

These policemen, as far as we saw, were entirely colored persons, who appeared very well in their regulation costume of dark blue, striped pants and white gloves. They only carry a club, and appear to be faithful and efficient. Indeed, we have found that the Government makes use of the dark element of the population both for civil and military purposes. The garrison stationed here consists of a company of the First West India Regiment, comprising about eighty zouaves, commanded by white officers, and presenting a very creditable appearance when on dress parade.

After being settled in the hotel our first object was to secure a pleasant boarding-house, as we had at once concluded to spend some weeks in so pleasant a retreat. We met with disappointment at first, from the fact that most of the houses were filled with guests, but by the kindness of a friend, whom we met here, we were directed to a place where we found everything that could be desired to make our stay agreeable.

Our landlady, Mrs. B—, is a fine looking English lady, only lately become a widow, and has opened her house for the reception of guests to give herself employment and direc-

tion of thought. In the house and about the premises are found all the conveniences and even elegancies any one could ask for. Mrs. B— appears to be naturally fond of pets; she pets her horses, her chickens, her turkeys, her geese, and two little English bull-terriers, who have already become our pets. Gypsy and Dollie, mother and daughter, are two fine specimens of this noted breed of dogs. They are most affectionate to their friends but terrors to their foes. Dollie, the younger, is a splendid little animal, and evinces a great passion for the sea, and affords us no little amusement every day by diving into the sea and swimming after sticks thrown at a great distance. She shows the wonderful tenacity of jaw belonging to that breed by her ability to drag a man who is endeavoring to wrest from her anything she may be clinging to with her teeth. She will not relinquish her hold if lifted up from the ground, whirled around in the air, and then thrown into deep water, from which she will emerge triumphantly bearing in her mouth the object of strife, and bringing it to land. Gypsy being of more mature age is more sedate and not so fond of aquatic sports, but wonderfully attached to her mistress.

The horses of this island are neither remarkable for size or beauty, but are capable of a great deal of work. We find them very useful in our little jaunts, and are favorably situated in having both horses and carriages at our disposal at any time. Mrs. B— is a kind mistress, and consequently has devoted servants; the more work they have to do the better pleased they seem to be. We shall ever remember Deborah, Jim, Aunt Charlotte, Charlie, and the old cook, Mrs. Lord. "Old Black Joe" comes every Friday to sweep the house and wax the floors. Besides a number of other retainers are constantly at hand to do whatever service may be needed at any time.

The house is two stories, with a high attic, and is surrounded on three sides with piazzas, or galleys, as they are called. These are protected from exposure by jalousies, or venetian shutters, which may be

opened or shut at pleasure. In the large and elegant drawing-rooms and bed-rooms on the second floor are carpets, but the rest of the rooms and halls are simply bare floors, which are kept neatly waxed, sometimes causing us considerable uneasiness lest we slip and fall. Our living is of the finest description. First of all is the fish with which we are daily served, such as turbot, porgies, hind, market-fish, and others with which these waters abound. Beef, mutton and poultry form the substantial. Oysters are not to be had here except when imported from the States. We have been treated to several new dishes in the way of baked yams, fried plantains and bananas; we have also had new potatoes for some days, while fresh, raw tomatoes are occasionally had; peas and asparagus are also imported from the States. But for desert we have the greatest varieties of fruits, some of which were entirely unknown to us. Besides cocoanuts and bananas freshly plucked, we have oranges, forbidden fruit, shaddocks, sappodillos, grape fruit, supar apples, guards, jujubes, pine-apples, soursops, tamarinds, and there are still others that I could mention did they occur to me at this time; but I must pass on.

You may judge from this description that we are well located and have every means of enjoyment. A few steps brings us to the sea, where we often find a boat waiting to carry us out in the waters of the harbor, or beyond in the open sea, where we can indulge in fishing, or in quietly examining the sea gardens, which can be seen at a distance of several fathoms, so transparent is the water. Sea-fans, coral and sponges can be seen in great profusion at the bottom, and Toury, an expert diver, will go down and bring any specimen we want. These gardens are made very clear to the vision by means of a water-glass; this is an ingenious contrivance constructed of common window-glass, attached to the narrow end of a conical shaped box, and when placed on the water produces a smoothness of the element, and the rays of light being concentrated, renders objects

at the bottom distinctly visible. In this way and in pleasant rides about the island, whose novelties are objects of wonder continually, I expect to pass a few weeks longer, and then return to the land where the locomotive will greet my eye, and I shall once more hear the shrill whistle. If there should be any expressions of desire to hear more of this place, becoming so noted as a resort for invalids and travelers, I shall at some future time give more particulars, assuring you that the half is not yet told.

'Midst all the variety of scene and the pleasures I have been enjoying, I would not have my Brothers of the Lodge think that I have ceased to give them a thought, for not a Sunday passes but I think of them assembled in the Lodge-room, where we have passed so many pleasant hours together. Often a longing desire comes over me to meet them there again. Trusting that Providence may grant me this desire, and that we may have many happy meetings together in the old hall in the future, I am

Fraternally yours,

J. M. DODGE,  
Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, B. of L.  
F., Chicago, Ill.

### Hold the Fort.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

I am not of that class who believe in human perfection. I do not believe that man in this life will ever do as he ought. Man is the erratum of circumstances; to these circumstances he must and always will bend; by these very circumstances he is sometimes made to do right; the conditions around and about him fashion and make his being. Whether these surroundings shall be made such as will make everybody happier, better, purer, and nobler, is the problem of existence. It is this problem that humanity and eternities have been and will continue forever to be solving. Let us look at it:

True manhood, what is it? Heart

and brain, that is all. Noble impulses and intellect to guide them, outstretched hands full of help and cheer, a wealth of mind to advance the right, or restrain the wrong. This is manhood.

Humanity, what is that? Many manhoods, surcharging one great whole with all the virtues. Some greater, some less; some strong, some weak; some courageous, some timid, but all blending and interweaving into one vast harmony. All having the same needs, and feeling the same pains, bound on the same voyage to the same port, on board the same ship.

Dependent man then is insufficient in himself, for himself, no matter how strong, how valiant, how successful. Can one say then, "I am of better clay than my fellow"? No. Are the pains of the rich keener than those of the poor? Has a single individual one solitary social right all to himself? Is one man crowned with success that all others shall bow before, and hail, king, and become his vassals? No! a thousand times, No! We are all from the same creation, and heirs to all the privileges of the world; everything here is the common property of all; and when we go away we shall leave here for others who come after us all the rights, all the riches, all the world. Naked we came, naked we go.

Our environments then demand our close inspection. In the place into which we have fallen we must live, and the laws of the universe are our natural guiders and protectors. They teach man to take hold of those things about him and build up; they make him do for himself as he is capable of doing, and the promptings of the human heart makes him a dependent upon his fellows. Dependence begets interest, and interest in turn brings about aggregation and organization.

Everything that man has here comes to him solely by obedience to these laws. Forth from the breast of the earth comes the things we eat, wear and enjoy; nought is but the earth giveth us. Man needs, and man obeys the fiat; without man to bring these things forth, the womb of nature bears not. Labor then alone must do her homage, and she

repays by thirty, and sixty, and a hundred-fold.

The laborer then alone can make the world fruitful, joyous, beautiful, and rich, by grasping the circumstances about him, and thus he makes our lives better, happier, nobler. The brawny arm, with its red blood coursing freely through its big arteries, is the moving cause in the world about us, and the livid member, with its blue turgid stream, resting on the lap of indolence, holds no royal place amongst men; it is a fit thing only to waste and die in secret.

Let us turn another corner. Show me now the foundation structure of all governments, kingdoms, dynasties, republics. Now, was there ever one of these without a people? Was there ever a power without a cause creating that power? I tell you nay. The very power of a government is its common people, its laborers. Who are the rulers and the officials? The erratures of the common people. Who put the sceptre of power into their hands? The common people. Who compose and reinforce your armies? Who found and keep alive the spirit of liberty? Who support and pay these officials, these armies, these governmental expenses? Your laboring classes, solely. Inherited wealth, officials of all kinds, professional men, all alike owe all that they have, or are, or can have, or can expect to be, to the men of toil.

The laboring classes hold then the supreme place in life. But, alas! what is the reward of these toilers, these builders, these noblemen? You for whom I write know full well. All you ask, all you ever will ask, is the worth of your hire. And let me say here, that your worth is something more than just enough to keep you out of the poor-house—a *fair division of profits* is your worth and your right. Wisely then do you organize and come together to obtain this boon of existence. You do well to grasp the conditions about you, and weave them into strong allies for the common good. You seek to work out the problem of your existence, that your lives may find a few pleasant spots in your journeyings. Compel, then, men to do right by the forces of those conditions which are in your keeping.

Labor organizations, infused with wisdom, honesty of motive, and courage

of heart, are the bulwarks of the true nobility of the world. Found them, then, I say; spread them everywhere; build them stronger and stronger; cherish them as you would your existence; resist all trespasses upon your rights, and your labor shall add a new and brilliant page to the history of our civilization.

MARSHALL.

### Insurance Benefits.

FORT GRATOT, MICH., March 12, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Your urgent call for a contribution to the pages of the *MAGAZINE* from Brothers in this section of the country, deserved a much earlier recognition, but I fear most of the Brothers of "69" would plead like myself, that we have been waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up," to write about. However, the excellent article in the March number of the *MAGAZINE* by E. V. D., having expressed so fully the thoughts and views of the Brothers here, I think I can not do better than try (in a small way,) to add my mite of encouragement and exhortation to the Brothers in general on this all-important subject of insurance. At a first glance at the objects for which our insurance was instituted, viz., to enable each Brother to secure for his family, or his dearest friends, at his death, a provision in money, whereby they would be placed beyond the reach of at least immediate want. It would seem that all had been said that need be said to obtain the hearty support of all the Brothers; that, in fact, the bounden duty incumbent upon every married man to provide for his family, and the filial obligations entailed upon sons to care for their parents, would alone be deemed sufficient arguments to induce one and all to extend their hearty support to such an institution. Perhaps some Brother will here exclaim, "Oh, this is all very well in its place, but I have no wife nor parents living to care for." Well, then,

Brother, I would say to you, from the love you profess to our Order, and in the practice of that charity so strongly urged upon us in the best of books, stand by and support our institution. Perhaps yet in the course of events you may meet with some one who may be dearer to you than your own life, and it will be a source of the highest gratification to you to reflect that as you have tried to do kindly unto others, so will they now do with you.

I think, however, that the chief cause of the want of interest on the part of Brothers, lies deeper, and consists in something more than a mere lack of sense of duty or obligation; that, in fact, the real evil lies in a want of self-denial. Brothers, are we not far more ready and willing to call Tom, Dick and Harry up to the nearest bar and "set 'em up again," and by a constant repetition of this setting up (of the wrong kind though), place ourselves in a position whereby we are unable to meet the just claims of our Order. Far more willing to squander our hard earnings on those matters affecting our health, morals, and standing in society, than we are to contribute a small pittance to the sustaining of one of the grandest embodiments of brotherly love and charity it has ever entered into the heart of man to devise. Brothers, this is all wrong, very wrong. I hold that no one has a right, mind, a right, even (for by our voluntary entrance into this Order of locomotive firemen we pledged ourselves to the fulfillment of certain duties, which it is a downright shame and disgrace to us to attempt to shirk), to spend one cent upon himself till he has first laid aside the small sum of money due to his Lodge; and I must receive with very, very great reservation, the plea of a Brother, that he even is not able to afford that; for if he is sick, or out of work, he knows he will not be called upon, and, if working, I claim he ought to pay it.

Brothers, one and all, think well over these matters. Let not the earnest exhortations of our worthy Vice Grand Master and others go for nought, but rather let each one try and apply it to himself, that on his individually sharing the duties and obligations of each day does our success as an Order consist, and let each one resolve anew, that he will indeed give to our Grand Officers the

heartly co-operation and support they so greatly need and so justly deserve, and then in the not far distant future, it will be ours, with pride and satisfaction, to point to the younger Brothers of a later date, the difficulties we encountered as a rising institution and the perseverance with which we overcame them.

Fraternally yours,

C. RAYMOND, Lodge 69.

### Still Holding to the Good Ship.

MEADVILLE, PA., March 3, 1878.

Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:

In transferring the charter names from our old charter to our new one, I noticed that out of the fifteen charter members we have two engineers. Their names are respectively, Charles Eisaman and Lester Frazier, and by their success as engineers they have proven themselves an honor to the Atlantic & Great Western Railway, and also an honor to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, in which they still hold membership.

Respectfully yours,

A BROTHER OF NO. 4.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

### THE MAGAZINE AGENT'S SOLILOQUY.

[Respectfully dedicated to Brother McIlvoy, Magazine Agent.]

Hello, old boy, give us a shake,  
I've a neat little book I want you to take,  
Subscribe for it, certainly, 'tis not very dear,

Only just think, one dollar a year.

Come now, old boy, it's cheaper than dirt,

If it does you no good it can do you no hurt;

Haven't got the money? well, that's very strange,

You've most always got a little loose change.

Wait a minute, certainly, a day if you like,

If an idea to take the book you'll just "strike;"

Can't make it to-day? very well; let me see,

I'll call in to-morrow at half-past three.

Well, that's one subscriber; I'll take down his name,

He's not paid me yet, but he will "just the same;"

I'll see him to-morrow at half-past three,  
And he'll have a dollar all ready for me.

There is no use in talking, it's got to be done,

The first prize by old "fifty-six" must be won,

Although it requires considerable cheek,  
We've got a small section left, by the way, so to speak.

And so on all day, Brother McIlvoy goes,

He asks all alike, friends, strangers and foes,

It don't matter to him, so a dollar he gets,

How much time he employs or who he besets.

They had a banner for a prize last year, by the way,

And it graces "fifty-six's" Lodge-room to-day;

This year other Lodges have opened their eyes,

And we've got to "hustle" if we get the first prize.

You ask how 'tis we successfully compete

With other lodges that's older and perhaps more complete;

The secret I'll tell you, don't give it away, gents,

"Fifty-six's" members are all MAGAZINE Agents.

—M. S. M., DIVISION 56.

## LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S

**Monthly Magazine.**

DAYTON, O., APRIL, 1878.

**Four Grand Prizes.**

To the four MAGAZINE Agents who will furnish the largest subscription list of Volume 2, of our MAGAZINE, will be given the following prizes:

*First.*—To the highest, a handsome silver watch, American works.

*Second.*—To the next highest, a fine sixteen-karrat gold chain.

*Third.*—To the third highest, a fine gold pin, with monogram of the Order and name of agent.

*Fourth.*—To the fourth highest, choice of a large family Bible, or a handsomely bound volume of the MAGAZINE.

**To Union Firemen.**

OFFICE GRAND LODGE,  
BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE  
FIREMEN, December, 1877. }

*To all Subordinate Lodges, International Union of Locomotive Firemen:*

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—In view of a stronger bond of union, we do herewith offer to each Lodge of your Order, now in working order, a complete set of works and charter of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen *gratuitously*, to become of our Order. We will also institute and put all Lodges in thorough working order. Would be pleased to open communications on the subject with any of your officers; 'also will furnish copies of our monthly MAGAZINE *pratutiously* on receipt of address.

Fraternally yours,

W. N. SAYRE,

Grand Secretary.

**Lodge Notes.**

—Brother Kunz, of No. 10, has another nine-pound voter.

—Brothers McDonough and Daily, of No. 70, are located at Palestine, and are doing well.

—Brother W. D. Woodbry will save himself trouble by corresponding with his Lodge.

—Brother Bingham, of Scranton, visited us while on his tour South. Brother B. likes Western air.

—Brother C. M. Lindsay, of No. 10, has shook single life and took unto himself a wife. Prosperity, Charley.

—Brother John Broderick is once more on his feet, and he can be found at his work with the usual smile on his face.

—Brother E. Rugan, of No. 16, desires to return thanks to the Brothers of No. 54, at Moberly, for kind assistance given him.

—Brother C. T. Smith visited us last month, being on his way East to visit friends. He reported all well in the Lone star State.

—Brother Beach, of No. 69, whose services have been the most valuable to his Lodge and the Order generally, leaves for California. We lose from our immediate presence a good worker; and his many friends wish him well in his new enterprise.

—We are sorry to learn of the injuries received by Brothers Blake and Legnan, of No. 71, the former having been caught between an engine and the side of a round-house, breaking his wrist; the latter by being tossed around the cab quite lively, the side-rod causing the excitement. Both Brothers are doing well,

—Brother H. C. Davis writes us that Springfield is O. K., and No. 73 likewise. Brother Stickney is up and around again.

—Brother Jas. Barnard, Grand Deputy, desires to return his thanks to the Lodges in his jurisdiction, for the many favors shown him.

### Another Brotherhood Lodge.

Mississippi Lodge, No. 83, at Winona, Minn., was organized by Brother Frank P. Smith, of No. 82, assisted by Brothers L. M. Rice, of No. 9, and Joe Conklin, of No. 39. The newly-made Brothers start out in good shape. We are pleased to record among our list this new addition to our flock.

### Balls.

On March 20th, Hercules Lodge, No. 63, gave their first annual ball, and all had a merry time.

The members of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, desire to return a vote of thanks to the officers and members of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, for courtesies shown the visiting Brothers while in Cleveland attending the ball of No. 10.

The first annual ball of Challenge Lodge, No. 66, of Bellville, Ont., comes off April 22d. We are assured that it will be a grand success. Mr. Robertson, Mayor of the city, gives the boys the City Hall rooms for the occasion. Beyond a doubt this will be one of the finest entertainments given in Bellville, and a financial success.

On Friday evening, March 1st, 1878, Dominion Lodge, No. 67, held their first annual ball and supper at the Occident Hotel, corner of Queen and Bathurst Streets, Toronto, and

the result was a grand success, having \$21 clear after settling everything. A good many of the Brothers of No. 67, with their friends, representing the G. T. R. R., N. R. C. R. R., and the L. & N. R. R., were present. The committee men were Brothers P. Kennedy and G. Shields; floor managers, J. Cross, P. McLuckie, Wm. Lormer, and M. C. Rowan, chairman; Wm. Prenter, secretary and treasurer. The Lodge gave the committee full power to make all necessary arrangements, and the manner in which they performed their duties was fully shown by the way in which the affair passed off. The hall was decorated with flags, bunting, and pictures, and looked well. About ninety couple were present, and they enjoyed themselves immensely. The festivities of the evening were up till 5 o'clock in the morning, when all departed satisfied that the members of No. 67 could hold many another good ball and supper. Among those present were Mr. W. C. Holt, locomotive foreman, G. T. R. R., Toronto, and some of the Brothers of No. 66, with their lady friends. The engineers were represented by four from the G. T. R. R. and three off the N. R. C. Taken altogether it was a most enjoyable affair and the members of No. 67 have every reason to be proud of their success, all being well satisfied with their evening's entertainment.

### Answers to Queries.

In your "Query" department of the MAGAZINE there is a question asked by "Detroit," that has been answered by "R. V. D.," in some previous issue, but judging he did not see it, I will answer, although my answer may not correspond with



"R. V. D." So here goes: We will suppose the engine to be hooked in the 8-inch notch of the quadrant, with steam shut off; the valve and piston bear the same relation to each other that they did while working steam; the valve opens the port until the piston has traveled 8 inches; then the port is closed until the travel of the piston is completed, when the valve has moved far enough to bring the port previously closed, and exhaust port under the valve. This is what causes the noise referred to; now, why does it make the noise? Because while the piston is making the latter part of its travel, there is neither steam or exhaust ports open, consequently there is a partial vacuum formed in the cylinder, which is filled with air through exhaust port as soon as the valve will admit it.

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### Queries.

Is there any difference in the wear of tires on the drivers of an engine? If there is, which wheels wears fastest and why?

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### Anniversary of United Lodge, No. 60.

It is a pleasure for us to give space to the speeches and programmes of our Brothers of No. 60, on the evening of February 23d. At 8 p. m., Brother Jas. McNeal, after calling the meeting to order, introduced Brother Bodey as chairman for the occasion, who explained the object of the meeting, read the programme and introduced each person or persons who was to participate, in fine style.

1. Choice selections of music by Messrs. Reily and Little.

2. Welcome address by W. T.

Goundie, Vice Grand master, which was ably delivered. We give extracts as follows:

*Ladies and Gents:*—It gives me great pleasure to address you. One year ago was the birthday of this Lodge, when it was christened with a name which in itself comprises unity and strength, and is well calculated to inspire all with courage and confidence—United is the name, and see how quickly the appropriate motto flashes through our minds, "United we stand," etc.

This evening you have come together for the purpose of celebrating your anniversary, surrounded by all that heart could wish, and as I look around I see an array of faces upon which intelligence and talent are the predominant characteristics. Accompanied by your parents, wives, children, or perhaps by the blushing maiden soon to become your partner for life; you have brought them here that they may understand and appreciate the Order you love so well and the one they have heard so much about. Should not this be enough to make you happy? Are not all these people ever ready to make your cause their cause; to make your trouble their trouble; ever ready to extend the helping hand when sickness or distress overtakes you? What then is the object of our Order. Is it doing any good or not? Are its ever and rapidly increasing ranks of any purpose? Does it ever strike any of you that the sum paid the locomotive fireman for his services is not sufficient to provide for his family in case of sickness or accident? Yes, think of that. How many are there of you who, if thrown out of employment for a month, would be able to continue to live in the manner in which you are living now? I am quite sure the number would be few, unless, by a kind dispensation of Providence, you are situated differently than most of our class of men. Yes, it is safe to say, should sickness come that would disable you from work, very few days would elapse before you would be destitute, perhaps even your children would be de-

prived of the actual necessities of life and have to be cared for by some charitable institution. Think then of the trouble and despair, deserted by everybody: because you well know that a man without money has but few friends. Where then does the relief come from? From the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. See the sad face of the wife change to smiles, see the sick and emaciated countenance of the invalid brighten, and the look of gratitude overspread his pale countenance, as in steps the ever ready Relief Committee, and the weekly sick benefits are paid. Trifling to be sure, in comparison to what it ought to be, but enough if economically expended to place you above want. New hope is infused into the sick-room, and soon nature, assisted by tender watching, is triumphant, and our Brother is again ready to assume his daily vocations. But should the inevitable destroyer death with his icy hands, call upon our Brother to render his last accounts before the judgment seat of God. What is there then for the widow and fatherless children? To the true and honorable Brother there is enough to place his family in comfortable circumstances for one year at least, and if his wife be a woman of moral courage and true principles, it should certainly be almost enough capital to start some slight business, whereby a future livelihood might be obtained. How happy then should each Brother be as he leaves his home and family in the morning, not knowing whether he will again meet them in this life, knowing that while in his daily vocation Almighty God sees fit to remove him from our midst he may die with the consolation of knowing that ample provision has been made for his dear ones at home. You need not go from home to witness an example of the kind. One Brother of your Lodge, Geo. Bartol by name, after having served an honorable and long apprenticeship as fireman for a number of years, was, according to his deserts and merits, promoted to the position of engineer. Only one or two days after having attained that desirable

situation, he left his home full of health and strength, bidding fair to see the frosts of many winters. With heart and mind filled with joy at his career, bidding his wife and little ones good-by in a cheerful way, he proceeded to attend to his duties. At the regular time the train left the station, and with lightning rapidity sped on its way filled with human freight, guided and controlled by the steady and watchful eye and arm of the engineer. A serious storm the night previous had washed away a number of culverts and bridges, and this train was destined to sound the notes of terror and dismay. On, on, rushed the iron horse, and in an instant the awful abyss was reached, when down like a thunderbolt shot the doomed train to destruction, and thus in the faithful performance of his duty, in the prime of life, standing at his post, honorable to the last, we lost a Brother beloved and respected by all. Now, has the B. of L. F. done anything to assist and alleviate the sufferings and distress of his much beloved wife and children? I need not answer this question, as you all know yourselves what has been done for them. Another and similar case happened a short time since, and on my visits to the different Lodges I called upon the widow. After finding out who I was, she immediately grasped me by the hand and with eyes filled with tears, surrounded by three lovely children, thanked us from the bottom of her heart, and called upon God to witness her sincerity in blessing and praising the Order. Thus I might recite additional cases, but time will not permit; suffice it to say, that the Order is without a doubt doing an immeasurable amount of good, and as you well know that, as a class the locomotive firemen are generally living on limited means. Now, what does it require to keep up this insurance? What is necessary to make you a member in good standing? Fifty cents a month is the requisite sum, with an additional dollar once a year for the support of the Grand Lodge. Who of you is unable to pay that amount? Still many there are, and I am sorry to mention it, who complain of their

inability to raise the necessary sum. Is this the truth? Watch and see; observe their movements on Saturday evenings. Where do they go? Do they remain at home with their family and endeavor to cheer the fireside and make the wife and little ones happy? I am afraid not. Turn your steps backward, and as you wander down the street you are dazzled by the lurid glare of the different colored lights, by the gilded signs of temptation that greet you on every side, invitations to enter the dens of vice, sin, and iniquity, are innumerable, music of the vilest kind grates harshly upon your ear, women with bold and brazen mien, dissipated and reveling in drunken carousal, pass you, and not seldom lewd and filthy remarks are heard; this, then, is where we find he who can not afford fifty cents per month for our Order, here is where he spends his scant and slender earnings, not only fifty cents but frequently from three to five dollars are thus expended, to poison and derange the mind, and what is the result? Late at night, or rather early in the morning, he staggers home; his wife, weary and tired of watching, is aroused by his infuriated knocks for admission, and perhaps a blow or too may greet her as she opens the door. Supposing death should snatch this one, what provision has he made for the future? Darkness and despair stare the family in the face, and the results are too dark to mention.

We, as an Order, strive to elevate the standing of every Brother; in our Lodge meetings we endeavor to enlighten him upon the subject of morality, sobriety and industry, giving him something to think about and study in his leisure moments, and also to give to the railroad companies a better class of men to take charge of the responsible position for which we all strive for. How often is it noticeable, especially upon the N. P. R., the intimate friendship which is apt to develop and ripen between the engineer and his fireman. They share a common peril, and each watches for the safety of his companion as well as for his own, and both for that of the precious

cargo of life and property behind and dependent upon them, with eyes straining intently forward for the possible signal of danger. Such is the life on the locomotive. ✓

Our Order had its birth at Port Jervis, N. Y., is now in existence but four years, and comprises eighty-three Lodges in the United States, with a membership in good standing of about 5,000. Our insurance system which was adopted at Indianapolis during the last Convention, is considered by prominent men as one of the very best, as it requires no assessment whatever at the death of a member; the insurance is paid from the treasury, by twenty-five cents per member in good standing, and forwarding the same to the Grand Treasurer, by whom it is sent to the afflicted parties. Members lose their insurance claim by becoming in arrears three months, expulsion follows two months later if not paid up. The Order does not for an instant tolerate anything that would tend towards strikes or riotous conduct; on the other hand, we try by every means to acquire a close relationship between the corporations and their employees. How then with Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry as our motto, and trying with all our means to live up to the same, can any company or body find fault with our Order? I am sure merchants have their Boards of Trade, brokers the Stock Exchange, political parties their regular clubs, temperance men their societies, and all trade men their unions, and for what? For protection and to further their interests. Upon the same principle we have a right to band together for mutual protection and elevation. I am sure by this means we have furnished the railroads with skilled, sober and trust-worthy men. I ask you now, my friends, if we are not entitled to at least a small share of consideration from the public? If we have done nothing more than save one poor dying soul—if that is all we have accomplished, it is enough to commend us to the sympathy, respect and support of every honest man and woman in the land. Though only in existence a short time, over ten widows with

fatherless children would to-day be a charge upon the town and county in which they live, were it not for the B. of L. F. When I look over the past and think of some of these men who were on the brink of destruction through liquor and other vices, and compare their condition to-day with that of past days, I thank God that we have such an organization. Go ask Mrs. Bartol and her fatherless children what the Order has done. Many a silent prayer has ascended to heaven thanking God for the great boon given in this Order. When we can cry aloud thanks, and just as long as there is a God in heaven, so long will this Brotherhood thrive and prosper, because we are founded on principles of justice and truth. We open our Lodges with prayer, transact our business with open Bible, endeavor to follow its teachings, and practice its virtues; still we are not perfect, neither do we claim perfection. Is there an association to-day that is perfect. Is there a church to-day that does not have its bad members as well as its good, and still the church is all right? The Bible is its guide and so is it ours.

In conclusion, let me say, if I have, in any words that I have spoken, favorably impressed your minds with our objects and aims, I am well repaid for my labors this evening, and I thank you one and all for your kind patience and strict attention.

3. Music by the orchestra, followed by a stirring address by Brother Chas. Barber, of No. 60.

4. Drill by the Champion Pioneers, with Captain Rodgers and Lieutenant Ritenhouse in command.

5. Song—"Mother is with the Angels"—by Messrs Reily and Little.

6. Music and refreshments.

7. First appearance of the Franklin Club in songs, instrumental music, solos, etc.

8. Presentation of a large cake to Mr. Chas. Norton, who responded in a few well chosen remarks.

9. Command drill of "Hand in

Hand" by Pioneer Corps.

10. By request, Miss Oley McNeal (five years of age) sang "Pull for the Shore."

11. Song—"Speak Kindly"—Misses Reily and Little.

12. Presentation of a fine large cake by Brother Bodey to worthy Vice Grand Master W. T. Goundie. Brother Bodey prefacing the presentation with these remarks:

*Ladies, Gentlemen and Brothers:*

As I was requested by Brother James McNeal and wife to present to you, Brother Goundie, this cake, in behalf of the Brotherhood, as a token of the great respect and esteem they hold for you; for the earnestness in which you are laboring for the benefit and welfare of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; for the kindness shown to the officers of this Lodge and members of this great and good Order; for the good advice given them and valuable services rendered us all; for the great respect you have shown; for the sympathy you have extended to the families of our deceased Brothers, without ever tiring of the labor and work that rest upon you in this great Order of which you are Vice Grand Master. Let it be remembered by you when you cut this cake what great respect and esteem is held for you by the friends and members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

This was followed by a few appropriate remarks by Brother Goundie. Immediately after this was the presentation of another cake to Brother Cowles, of No. 72. Brother Cowles was equal to the emergency, and responded in good shape.

13. Recitation—"The Yankee Dead in Love"—Wm. Spence, Esq.

14. Song—"Found Dead in the Street"—Mr. Reily.

15. Song—"Lonely on the Moor"—Mr. Little.

The evening's entertainment was concluded by the Franklin Club.

The affair was a grand one, there being a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen present; all wearing a pleasant smile on their departure, and a "God bless the Brotherhood."

PBROTHERS OWERS and Smith, of Louisville, do not "let up" a whit in soliciting subscribers for the MAGAZINE, and hardly a mail arrives from their place without an addition to their list. This is the Lodge of which our worthy Grand Master is a member, and he may justly feel proud of No. 23. Now, Brother Goundie, we are sure the Philadelphia boys do not want to be outdone. Ask them.

THERE are one or two MAGAZINE agents who take little or no interest in the success of the book, and do not seem to care whether their Lodge raises their proportion of subscribers or not, yet they are anxious to see the MAGAZINE as soon as it arrives, and boast greatly of "our" MAGAZINE and the good it is doing. How do they suppose our organ could exist if all others were as neglectful as they? Now is the time to commence and solicit, not only every member of your Lodge, but your conductor, engineer, master mechanic, superintendent, and all others. The small sum of one dollar will not be refused you, if asked for, by any of your officers. We have already quite a list of subscribers composed of superintendents, master mechanics, and other officials, who take an interest in perusing the MAGAZINE to see what progress we are making in practicing our motto—Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. Thus far we have been highly complimented on the good we have done, which gives

us renewed energy to push ahead in the good work. As our poetical contributor in the front of the MAGAZINE says, the secret of his Lodge (No. 56) being so successful in getting subscribers, is because they do not depend on one man to do all the work, but they are ALL agents—every member of the Lodge.

FRANK KNIGHT, of Dayton, Ohio a young man eighteen years of age, has just completed a model locomotive, which is capable of carrying but five pounds of steam.

It is pleasing to see the interest our Canadian Brothers are taking in the Brotherhood. A letter just received from one of these Lodges say they are after the first prize for the largest number of subscribers to the MAGAZINE.

### Amusements.

Brother Stewart, of No. 65, writes us of the good success of their ball, and the prosperity of Island City.

The ball of our Columbus Brothers was attended by Brothers from Nos. 5, 10 and 14.

"CAL" must know for he writes: "All hair-pins look alike to men, but let a wife go off on a visit and come home and find a hair-pin near the gate, and she can't wait a minute to grow red in the face."

### How to Make Good Engineers,

It is of the utmost importance that every fireman who intends fitting himself for an engineer, should not hesitate to ask his engineer or master mechanic any question regarding his engine with which he is not familiar. This is the only

Way to become skillful mechanics. You must remember that if the profession or calling of the locomotive engineer is to be dignified, the men that follow it for a trade must also be elevated—that it is not the work which gives dignity to the man, it is the character of the man that gives dignity to the vocation he pursues; that it is only when one class of mechanics becomes equal to another in respect to intelligence, culture, and refinement, that their calling becomes equally dignified; and, also, that the cultivation of the mind is the first step toward eminence in any trade or profession. This is one of the objects of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. We are urging upon firemen the necessity of the above, and our members realize its importance. You must understand that men's labor is like merchandise—the price is regulated, to a certain extent, by the demand, and if there are different qualities of the same article in the market, and purchasers are expected to pay as much for the inferior article, as for the good one, they will very naturally take the best. Every fireman who goes on a locomotive with the intention of becoming an engineer, should do so with the determination of making himself, if possible, a first-class engineer.

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### Obituary.

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DANVILLE, ILL., March 11, 1878.

Upon the solemn announcement of the death of Brother F. Kenning, a special meeting of Hercules Lodge was called for the purpose of tendering our sympathy and drafting suitable resolutions of respect to his afflicted parents, and as a token of respect to the memory of our de-

parted Brother. Brother Kenning died on the morning of the 24th day of February, of heart disease, while on duty as night foreman of round-house, C. & E. I. R. R.; therefore be it

“*Resolved*, That by the dispensation of Divine Providence it has pleased a just and all-wise God to sever from our mystic ties of brotherly love one of its most worthy members, one who possessed those valuable qualities of mind and character that is seldom the lot of man to possess; to know was to love and respect him. Loved by all—an enemy to no one.

“*Resolved*, That by the death of Brother Kenning this Lodge of the B. of L. F. has sustained an irreparable loss.

“*Resolved*, That while we would refrain from intruding on the grief of his sorrow-stricken parents, yet we feel that we may with propriety offer them our heartfelt sympathy in their great affliction.

“*Resolved*, That it is the hope of this Lodge that the cherished memory of his true and noble character may be a source of consolation to those who are bowed down with grief.

“*Resolved*, That we drape our charter in appropriate mourning for the space of three months in commemoration of the sacred memory of our deceased Brother.

“*Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be presented to the parents of the deceased, and be published in the BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

“P. REINHART,

“P. O'BRIEN,

“CHAS. J. MCGEE,

“Committee.”

## Grand Lodge Officers.

F. B. ALLEY.....	Grand Master,
286 Wenzel street, Louisville, Ky.	
W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Vice Grand Master,
8405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
JOHN SAVAGE.....	Grand Warden,
Boston, Mass.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
C. G. SWAN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Suspension Bridge, N. Y.	
WM. COWLES.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Camden, N. J.	
E. V. DEBS.....	Grand Marshal,
Terre Haute, Ind.	
MARION BARNHILL.....	Grand Chaplain,
Indianapolis, Ind.	

## Grievance Committee.

F. B. ALLEY, Chairman.....	Louisville, Ky.
W. T. GOUNDIE, Assistant Ch.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. N. SAYRE, Secretary.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
W. W. SMITH.....	Bellefonte, Ont.
O. W. CUTLER.....	Providence, R. I.
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A. JENKINSON.....	Galion, O.
D. O. SHANK.....	Albany, N. Y.
F. SNYDER.....	Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. W. PHILLIPSON.....	Marshall, Texas
S. F. BROWNE.....	Austin, Minn.
JOHN MIZE.....	Denver, Col.
JAMES McNEAL.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. ACHES.....	Nashville, Tenn.
GEO. MCGARRAHAN.....	East St. Louis, Ill.

## Grand Lodge Deputies.

F. CLARK.....	Jurisdiction No. 1,
	Detroit, Mich.
S. M. STEVENS.....	Jurisdiction No. 2,
	Lowell, Mass.
J. E. DUNAVON.....	Jurisdiction No. 3,
	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. C. BARNARD.....	Jurisdiction No. 4,
	Indianapolis, Ind.
R. V. DODGE.....	Jurisdiction No. 5,
	Chicago, Ill.
J. R. GOHEEN.....	Jurisdiction No. 6,
	Topeka, Kansas.
WM. COYNE.....	Jurisdiction No. 7,
	Little Rock, Arkansas.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jervis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.  
L. B. Fisher (Box 724).....Master  
Ed Salley.....Rec. Sec'y  
N. C. Marshall.....Magazine Agent
2. ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.  
C. Hobart.....Master  
W. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
John Broderick.....Magazine Agent

3. JERSEY CITY, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets at Wagner's Hall, 490 Grove street, every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
S. S. Clark (care 14 Erie street).....Master  
Henry Jackson (care 14 Erie st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent
4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
W. H. Maxwell.....Master  
J. F. Hoffman (box 501).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. F. Williamson.....Magazine Agent
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 p. m.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
C. Bennett.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
6. DAYTON, at Dayton, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Sixth and Ludlow streets, first Sunday of each month.  
Frank States (19 Zeigler street).....Master  
J. C. McCutcheon.....Rec. Sec'y  
Chris. Sweetman.....Magazine Agent
7. SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa., meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.  
Geo. H. Carpenter.....Master  
Thos. Roach (Lockbox 37).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. D. Schooley.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
Thomas Ackley.....Master  
Frank Schooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.  
F. J. Kistler (14 West Fulton st.).....Master  
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. block.)  
Chas. Collier (Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, Ohio. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m., K. of P. Hall, 357 Pearl st.  
Josh L. Clark, (8 Freeman st.).....Master  
D. T. Henderson (46 John st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
P. J. Culliton.....Magazine Agent  
(148 Rear Columbus st.)
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
L. D. Salisbury.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30; hall, 253 Michigan st.  
A. L. Jacobs (411 Perry st.).....Master  
J. C. Bradley, 547 S. Division st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan (Susp. Bridge).....Magazine Agent
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. in brick bank hall.  
J. Hunt.....Master  
Geo. McGarrahan.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 p. m., in Aetna Building, Pennsylvania street.  
Fred Crane.....Master  
C. P. Bond (456 E. Michigan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. P. Bond.....Magazine Agent  
(456 E. Michigan st.)

15. **PACIFIC**, at St. Louis, Mo. meets 2d and 4th Sundays; hall, Chateau avenue, near Summit Avenue.  
J. J. Smith.....Master  
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall  
Wm. Brennan.....Master  
E. V. Debbis (Box 1074).....Rec. Sec'y  
H. Ebbins (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. **LEACH**, at Mattoon, Ill.
18. **FRIENDSHIP**, at Fort Wayne, Ind. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.  
J. R. Anderson.....Master  
F. Snyder, 138 Force st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Ferd. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
19. **HOPE**, at Alliance, Ohio. meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
L. M. Holloway.....Master  
J. Martin (Crestline, Ohio).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. S. McKee, Crestline, O. Magazine Agent
20. **WESTERN STAR**, at Galesburg, Ill. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
O. D. Pratt.....Master  
John McGee.....Rec. Sec'y
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
James Bucke.....Master  
H. Miller.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
F. C. Beatty.....Master  
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Rec. Sec'y  
Isaac Littler (Box 598).....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
J. H. Smith (252 Zane street).....Master  
P. Powers (316 Wenzel st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Smith.....Magazine Agent  
[252 Zane street.]
24. **H. G. RUST**, at Jackson, Mich.  
S. Smith.....Master  
Wm. E. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y  
Miles Grosvenor.....Magazine Agent
25. **PROVIDENCE**, at Providence, R. I. meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Saturday evenings in each month in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Geo. H. Bragg.....Master  
C. S. Newton.....Rec. Sec'y  
(14 Chestnut st., Hartford, Conn.)  
O. W. Cutler.....Magazine Agent  
(14 Washburn street.)
26. **J. W. THOMAS**, at Nashville, Tennessee. meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at Knights of Honor Hall, W. Nashville.  
Geo. D. Smith (317 Church st.).....Master  
Will Achey.....Rec. Sec'y  
(cor. W. Gay and Hines sts.)  
Will Achey.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
P. A. Davis.....Master  
A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month.  
W. J. Stuart.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. **CHAMPION**, at Detroit, Mich.  
John Munroe (239 Larned st.).....Master  
Frank Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Magazine Agent
30. **HARMONY**, at Susquehanna, Dep.  
James Cass.....Master  
Frank Choate (Box 299).....Rec. Sec'y
31. **FORT CLARK**, at Peora, Ill.  
A. F. Eaton.....Master  
D. B. Wright.....Rec. Sec'y
32. **AMERICUS**, at Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Charles Jewell, 82 Center st.....Master  
George H. Scott.....Rec. Sec'y
33. **CECIL FLEMING**, at Jackson, Tenn.  
J. Jones.....Master  
R. T. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Jones.....Magazine Agent
34. **ORCHARD CITY**, at Burlington, Iowa.  
Win. James.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
35. **WASHINGTON**, at Lafayette, N. J., meets 2d Monday and last Saturday evenings of each month at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
Horace Allen.....Master  
A. Zindle.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 Pine st., Jersey City, N. J.)  
J. Conklin.....Magazine Agent  
(183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at Lafayette, Ind. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, corner Sixth and Main sts., Curtis' Block.  
H. C. Ward.....Master  
P. Ronan (182 N. 6th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer (81 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
37. **MOUNTAIN CITY**, at Altoona, Pa. meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.  
John Gardner.....Master  
J. Miles Stonebraker, Box 343.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. McMurray, Box 343.....Magazine Agent
38. **KEY STONE**, at Pittsburg, Pa. meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Beaver avenue.  
Gust Sold.....Master  
Thos. Vanvooy.....Rec. Sec'y  
(148 Bidwell st., Allegheny, Pa.)  
Burt E. Gove.....Magazine Agent  
(134 Juniata st., Allegheny, Pa.)
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.  
H. M. Baker.....Master  
Wm. Chambers.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Anderson (Box 56).....Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets every Thursday night.  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss (1206 N. Lee st.).....Master  
T. O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y  
(910 W. Chestnut st.)  
C. M. Stone.....Magazine Agent  
(1206 N. Lee st.)
41. **FOX RIVER**, at Aurora, Ill. Meets every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.  
C. Riddle.....Master  
C. E. Powell.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. L. Cummings.....Magazine Agent
42. **MISSOURI VALLEY**, at Sedalia, Mo. Meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th Wednesday.  
R. C. Yopst.....Master  
C. Schernowkie.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. D. Palmer.....Magazine Agent



43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets  
L. Mooney.....Master  
DeWitt Pearce.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Fitzpatrick.....Magazine Agent
44. RELIABLE, at Brookfield, Mo. Meets  
2d and 4th Thursdays, in B. of L. E. hall. Master  
S. Leonard.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. R. Worth (Box 13).....Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets  
every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main  
and Markham streets. Master  
Wm. Coyne.....Master  
M. W. Campbell (Lock Box 648).....Rec. Sec'y  
M. W. Campbell.....Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. meets  
every alternate Sunday at Eng. Hall.  
John Walsh (532 North Fifth st.).....Master  
G. D. Partington (Box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Henry.....Magazine Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets  
2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at  
2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
P. D. Furlong (872 State st.).....Master  
W. Woodin (544 S. Canal st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Glover.....Magazine Agent  
(661 State st.)
48. AMICITI, at Harrisburg, Pa. Meets every  
Saturday night and Sunday afternoon,  
corner 3d and Broad streets.  
R. T. Shepherd (5th, near Riley).....Master  
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y  
937 Pennsylvania avenue  
C. W. Guyon.....Magazine Agent  
(642 Colder st.)
49. SPRINGFIELD, at Springfield, Mass.  
C. O. Mansus.....Master  
J. W. Hurlbert (Box 396).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. H. Porter (Box 396).....Magazine Agent
50. NEW YORK CITY, at New York. Meets  
every 2d Sunday and 4th Saturday of  
each month, at 869 Second avenue.  
D. E. Elliott (107 E. 46th st.).....Master  
Henry J. Glover (231 E. 45th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.).....Magazine Ag't
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y.  
A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st.....Master  
L. J. Boynton (112 W. Utica st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. McCarthy (48 W. Erie st.).....Magazine Ag't
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Ind., meets  
every Friday at 8 p. m., corner Market  
and Canal streets.  
Chas. Schrier.....Master  
S. Bricks (box 626).....Rec. Sec'y  
Ambrose Ross.....Magazine Agent
53. FIDELITY, at Sunbury, Pa., meets every  
Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
John Pittenger.....Master  
D. F. Vollmer (Box 276).....Rec. Sec'y
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo., meets every  
Monday night, at 43 Reed street.  
J. J. Murphy.....Master  
J. Mummet (Lockbox 580).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. J. Murphy (Lockbox 580).....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis, Tenn. Meets  
every Sunday at 2 p. m. at Engineers'  
Hall, Adams street.  
Wm. Bender, 206 Old Raleigh st.....Master  
O. B. Hanes.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Bender.....Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Emporia, Kan., meets every  
alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
S. McGaffey.....Master  
J. R. Goheen (Topeka, Kan.).....Rec. Sec'y  
Charles McIlroy (Topeka).....Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st and  
3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 a. m.,  
and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., in En-  
gineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
Francis Beadle.....Master  
(No. 1 Mt. Vernon st., Bunker Hill District.)  
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
(123 Chelsea st., E. Boston, Mass.)  
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent  
(70 Cambridge st., E. Cambridge.)
58. STAR, at Hoboken, N. J. Meets 2d Sun-  
days and 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st.  
C. E. Berland.....Master  
O. Gillen (Box 41, Hoboken).....Rec. Sec'y  
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. ASHLEY, at Ashley, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th  
Sundays, in I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 p. m.  
J. M. Peck.....Master  
A. E. Detro.....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st  
Wednesday night and 3d Sunday morn-  
ing, corner Hancock and Diamond streets.  
G. C. Green (107 Haydock st.).....Master  
J. McNeal (427 Schneider ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. A. Falls.....Magazine Agent  
(2224 North Second st.)
61. MINNEHAHA, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets  
every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 p. m., cor.  
7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall.  
S. J. Murphy (66 Goodrich ave.).....Master  
C. Sinks (68 Goodrich ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Peel (Box 1534).....Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets  
every 2d Thursday and 4th Sunday of  
each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
O. E. Histed.....Master  
W. T. Bingham.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. W. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, at Danville, Ill. Meets  
every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
J. C. Boysel.....Master  
Chas. J. McGee.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. Rogers.....Magazine Agent
64. LOYAL, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of L.  
E. Hall, every Sunday.  
W. H. Hamilton.....Master  
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 16, Brookville, Kan.)
65. ISLAND CITY, at Brockville, Ontario,  
(Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays,  
King street, over McClean's boot and  
shoe store.  
Wm. T. Simpson.....Master  
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. CHALLENGE, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada).  
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in B. of L. E.  
Hall.  
Patrick Flannery.....Master  
James Cummins.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. C. McKnight.....Magazine Agent
67. DOMINION, at Toronto, Can. Meets  
every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in  
Occidental Hall, Queen street.  
Wm. Newlove.....Master  
Wm. Prenter (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y  
George Shields (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. HUDSON, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st  
Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday af-  
ternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.  
John McAuley.....Master  
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y  
(232 Union st., Elizabeth, N. J.)  
E. Hare (245 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent

69. HURON, at Port Huron, Mich. Meets every Sunday, over Postoffice.  
J. Britnall.....Master  
J. S. Beach.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)  
C. Macklow.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)
70. LONESTAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets every Friday night in I. O. O. F. Hall.  
James McDonough.....Master  
L. W. Phillipson.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. T. Smith (box 92).....Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 540 Broadway.  
D. O. Shank, 85 Cherry street.....Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union street.....Rec. Sec'y  
S. Smith (103 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
Wm. Cows, 411 Hartman st.....Master  
L. Elberston (417 Henry st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave.....Magazine Agent
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass., meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
Geo. Hewitt (Union Depot).....Master  
T. E. Kelton, 42 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. P. Danforth.....Magazine Agent  
(9 Myrtle street.)
74. KANSAS CITY, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 7th and 3d Sundays, in Masonic hall, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Master  
John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y  
cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.  
R. B. McCrum.....Magazine Agent  
905 Penn street,
75. ENTERPRISE, at West Philadelphia Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
C. E. Austin, 3800 Story st.....Master  
W. T. Goundie.....Rec. Sec'y  
3405 Elm st.  
C. E. Austin.....Magazine Agent  
(3800 Story street.)
76. VALLEY CITY LODGE, at East Saginaw, Michigan. Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.  
F. C. Blanchett.....Master  
J. Lennox, Box 860.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Hannon, Box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col; Meets every Thursday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
L. C. Ames.....Master  
W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. C. Ames.....Magazine Agent
78. BINGHAMTON, at Binghamton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.  
Thomas Milan, Box 725.....Master  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. MIAMI, at Cincinnati, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M., corner 8th and Freeman sts.  
J. T. Coakley.....Master  
G. Horrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Sperry.....Magazine Agent  
432 George st.
80. EARLY SUNRISE, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st & 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. hall.  
J. H. Morely.....Master  
C. Reich.....Recording Sec'y  
Jas. Goodman.....Magazine Agent
81. READING, at Reading Pa. meets every 2d and 4th Sunday, Bland's Hall, cor. Ninth and Penn st.  
.....Master  
C. J. Butler (100 S. 5th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn., meets in Druids Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet Avenue, between 1st and 2d streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday evenings of each month.  
S. F. Brown.....Master  
(1311 N. Washington avenue.)  
John Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
(M & St. L. freight office.)  
J. W. Cole (1223 S. 7th st.).....Magazine Agent
83. MISSISSIPPI, at Winona, Minn.  
John Merrick.....Master  
Wm. Warren (box 636).....Rec. Sec'y  
B. F. Weller (box 26).....Magazine Agent

# THE BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE.

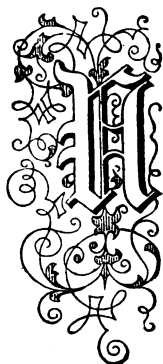
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

Vol. 2.

MAY, 1878.

No. 6.

## THE BRAKEMAN'S DEATH.



**M**IGHT had set in with rain and wind, when the boy at the small hotel went to summon the doctor to the bedside of Jim Brachen—the brakeman who was hurt last week by the accident on the road, who had suddenly become worse—just as the people at the house were sitting down to supper. They were mostly railroad hands who stopped there, and all of them knew Jim, and were fond of him. It was a sad meal for them, because they felt it was the last they would eat in Jim's lifetime. His injuries were internal, and though he had not suffered much, it was evident to them all, even if they had not been told so by the doctor, that their old companion was dying. He was a fine fellow, was Jim; young, handsome, and intelligent. Nobody about the place knew much of his history before he came among them, but it was said he was the son of a rich man in a distant city, that he had been disinherited, and compelled to shift for himself, because he married against his father's wishes. Jim's wife died just after he obtained a place on the railroad, about a year after their marriage, and the men remembered the young man's grief, and how despondent he was for a long time af-

terwards. Indeed, it was this that drew many of their hearts to him, and from that time all of them loved Jim. They couldn't help it; for, as Roberts, the conductor of the train on which Jim ran, said at the table that night, as he abstractedly tapped his plate with his knife: "He was the kindest, gentlest, and most accommodating fellow that ever was." Then the conductor related how Jim once paid the fare of an old woman who had her pocket picked on the train, and how at the risk of his life he saved a child from being run over by a train which was approaching with lightning speed on the track the little one attempted to cross to reach its mother. These incidents in the life of the sick man recalled others to the minds of several of his fellow-brakemen, and they told them to the men present, who scarcely tasted a mouthful of the food set before them.

"They couldn't eat," one of them, a tall engineer, said, "for thinking of their old comrade." When the doctor came they all quietly walked up stairs with him, and waited outside the door of Brachen's room in silence, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of disturbing Jim, till they were told they could enter. By the doctor's orders all persons except the nurse had been excluded from the room for the past few days, and when the men passed in it was plain to them that their friend had been failing fast since last they saw him.

Now let her jump, Harry, and we'll make up time before we reach Sadler's."

Twilight was fast coming on us. The switchlights ahead winked their red eyes, and showed a pair of white ones, to tell us all was right; the headlight of our engine was lit, throwing a stream of light down the track, and, with one long shriek from the whistle, we started down the road at a rapid pace, with a clear run ahead of us of twenty-one miles to Marketfields Junction, our first station.

Ah, if I could have looked ahead—only as far as Marketfields—and could have seen the broken rail which lay waiting for me at an ugly curve, would I have told Joe so earnestly to "keep up the fire, and see that forty pounds were on the boilers, as we must tear along as fast as 'Fire-Fly' would carry us?"

We were bounding across the country at a terrific pace, leaving behind us a long train of sparks and heavy clouds of smoke, the engine swinging from side to side, and almost leaping the track at every turn of the great driving-wheels. On—on—without slackening speed; on, over the great plains and into the woods beyond; under the trees and out into the clearing again; thundering under the great stone archways, flying past the country stations, where the rustics were huddled together to see the great train pass; on—on, without pause or rest, through the valley and into the mountain-gorge, whose rocks echoed back the shrill whistle I sounded as we swung around the curves.

The night was upon us as we neared Marketfields, and Joe and I were seated at either window, our eyes fixed intently on the track ahead, watching for any obstruction on the shining rails, which were glistening like silver serpents in the brilliancy of our headlight.

Marketfields lights came in sight, and I drew the rope over my head. A long, shrill whistle sounded over the country, announcing our coming. As we swung around the curve I repeated it.

"Good heavens, Harry! Look! Look! look!"

And Joe's hand struck me a blow as he sprang to my side in a sort of terror, and, grasping the whistle-rope, sounded, repeatedly, "Down brakes."

I had seen it, too—the figure of a woman upon the track, running toward us, as she wildly waved her shawl in the air, one arm uplifted warningly, her face turned full upon us in an agony of terror, her flowing golden hair lit up in the light of the engine, as we rushed down upon her at a fearful speed. I reversed the wheels, again and again the whistle hoarsely shrieked out its warning; but too late!—too late! We were upon her as she uttered a wild cry of terror, turned from the track, and stumbled, the engine striking her with a fearful shock, hurling her far into the air, mangled and torn.

Amid the shrieks of the whistle we rushed around the curve, our speed fast slackening, when, with a great bound that shook the engine in every joint, it sprung from the track, plunging into and ripping up the ties, twisting the rails, lunging from side to side, and then pitching into the ditch, with a shock that flung me insensible from my hold.

When I came to I was lying on the floor of a farm house, while close around me were a crowd of anxious spectators, from whom escaped a general exclamation of joy as I opened my eyes and looked up at them. What did it all mean?

I raised myself up on one arm, and, passing my hand across my brow, tried to comprehend why I was here, and who were these people about me. All was bewilderment and confusion in my poor brain, and it was some little time before I gathered my scattered thoughts. Then, realization of what I had passed through came back to me, and a cry of horror burst from me as they told me I had killed the woman I had seen upon the track. I buried my face in my hands, as the vision of that upturned face came before me, so full of agony and dumb pleading. Then I roused myself, but they told me to lie still until the doctor came; then, as I insisted I was unhurt, beyond a few

ugly bruises, they assisted me to rise, when I found myself sore and stiff.

My first thought was of Nellie. I knew how anxious she would be. I knew all she would suffer until she heard I was safe, so I asked for pen and paper, that I might send her a telegram, telling her I was well, and would be in Linden that evening, where I would remain over night. This was forwarded to her at once. They told me, then, in a rambling way, each one adding an item, the story of the accident.

A broken rail had thrown us from the track; and the girl whom we had killed had evidently discovered it while walking home upon the track, and, hurrying forward, had hoped to warn us, had miscalculated the distance and speed of the engine, and had been caught under the great wheels before she could turn from its path, having nobly sacrificed herself in order to save the great train and its precious load.

So much had been surmised of her intentions, and Joe and I, of course, confirmed the story. She was a lovely girl of seventeen, the only daughter of a neighboring farmer—John Dixon.

"Poor girl! Dear, noble-hearted girl!" I said, wiping away the tears that filled my eyes and choked my utterance.

I sat silent for a moment, thinking what I could do to show my sympathy for the poor parents in their terrible sad bereavement. At last I called a man to my side—one who seemed to be giving orders, and who seemed to have the direction of matters, and, steadying my voice, said, quietly:

"Where is she—the poor girl, you know?"

"They have taken her home; they took her home as soon as she was identified, poor dear."

"If you please, I would like to go there, if you think they would see me. God knows I did not do it, and He knows that I would give this right arm," I said, bitterly, thrusting it up into the air, "to have saved the poor girl; but I can not rest easy; I can never have an easy heart until I have gone to them and heard

them say with their own lips that they forgive me. You see," I said, sorrowfully, "I didn't do it—of course not—I didn't do it. Heaven knows how hard I tried to stop up short. But—the poor little thing is dead. It is all over now; and it was 'Fire-Fly' and I who did it. So, if you please, if you would be good enough to go with me, I would like to go down to them and tell them, in such words as I can, how their sorrow is mine, and how completely my heart sympathises with them to-night."

I was very stiff and sore, and it was with some difficulty that I walked across the room, but he kindly gave me his arm, and I knew I could manage to walk down to the Dixon farm—only a spare mile, he said.

I was putting on my hat in the hall, and adjusting my arm in a sling, preparatory to starting, when the tramp of many feet was heard on the piazza, and the door was flung open. A man stepped into the passageway, and held the door open for those to enter who were carrying the remains of some poor victim upon a bier.

"Who is it?" I asked, softly, addressing him who had held wide the door.

"The girl," he whispered, as he raised his hat.

Ah, poor creature! All I could do for her now was to bow my head reverently, as they bore her past me, while my heart swelled with emotion, and in admiration of her noble conduct.

They laid her down gently, and then, taking off their rough caps, waited silently for further orders.

The doorway was filled by those who had followed the bier; the stairway by those who had come out from the rooms above, some with lights in their hands, and all gazing earnestly, almost curiously, upon the form resting so quietly and peacefully in the passageway. All was hushed and still—in the crowded stairway, in the hallway, where stood the six stout farmers who had borne her in on their shoulders.

"Ah, poor child," I said, while my heart throbbed quickly, "how

gladly would I give my life to restore yours, so nobly, so generously given!"

Then, in very love for her—she seemed near and dear to me in death—I leaned over her, and, taking one of the dear little hands within my own, kissed it, and replaced it gently under the white sheet from which it had escaped.

"Make way for the parents," was heard from the doorway, and the eager crowd fell back respectfully, as a plain farmer and his wife came forward, filling the air with their cries. The sheet was turned back from the features of the dead girl, and—

What! Was I mad? Shriek after shriek burst from me as I flung up my arms wildly, and fell prostrate upon the body of my own loved one—Nellie!

\* \* \* \* \*

What is there for me to add to my sad tale? Need I tell you of the weary months passed in delirium, the coming to, and realization of the horrible reality?

But of Nellie—my own little darling. It seems that she had gone to Marketfields that day, and had intended to return upon my train to Linden. While waiting at the depot, she learned that the train was two hours late, and then decided to walk down the track, and then off by a little side-road, which led to the house of a friend. Then, as the time for the coming of the train came around, Nellie started for the depot, accompanied by a young boy, who carried a lantern. While walking up the track, and within a half-mile of the depot, they discovered the broken rail, and Nellie bid the boy run in haste to the depot with the tidings.

"She heard the whistle of the train," said the boy, afterward, "far down through the hills, and she just stopped for one minute, while she caught her hand to her heart, and her face turned as white as the snow. 'Run! run, Jammie!' she cried out, as though her very heart was breaking. 'Oh, run! run! for heaven's sake!' And with one awful cry, such as I never heard before, she turned and fled down the

track, toward the coming train, away into the darkness."

When they found her lying dead at the side of the track—my heart grows sick as I write these last words—they mistook her for a young girl of the neighborhood, who had been seen on the track shortly before. Of the joy of her parents at the discovery of the mistaken identity, and of my desolation, I need not speak. Many years have come and gone, but time does not seem to soften my grief, nor efface from my mind the vividness of my last ride to Marketfields.

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### The Father of Drunkenness and the Beginning of Ruin---A Thrilling Appeal.

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed on her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and then raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called all to look upon her.

"Yes," she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience declare its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison as a beverage in health, is *excess*. Look upon me! You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once mistress of the best farm in town; you all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted—of husbands. You all know that I had five noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side,

in yonder church-yard; all—every one of them—filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you," pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor, "as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects, with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me. The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and one after another were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor-house—to warn you all, to warn you, deacon, to warn you, 'false teacher of God's word!'" and with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon, and physician hung their heads; and when the president of the meeting put the question, "Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" the unanimous response was "NO!"—*Advocate.*

### The Future Outlook.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is now struggling for a railroad to Ottumwa.

There are now prospects of another general reduction of wages on the railroads in the West, and strikes seem imminent.

Five hundred men are now at work on the River Falls, Wisconsin & Hudson Railway, and it is expected that the new road will be completed by the 4th of July.

A party which is engaged by the Colorado Central Railway in the work of making a survey of a new route from Cheyenne to the Black Hills, has proceeded as far north as Horse Creek.

In order, it is said, to reduce expenses, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company cut down the number of its workmen all along the line. From the New York Division extending to Philadelphia, one-half the carpenters and sixty-five laborers were dismissed. Fortunately for the latter, the work in the Bergen cut is allowed to go on, and the contractor there desires more men. Every morning a construction engine and car leaves Market and Centre-street depots in Philadelphia, shortly before half-past six o'clock, to convey the workmen to the cut. All desiring employment present themselves at the depots at the time mentioned.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "If I was in the habit of swearing, I wouldn't hesitate to cuss a bed-bug right in his face."

BAD luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come out right.

"GRAMMAR class, stand up and recite; Tom, parse girls."

"Girls is a particular noun, of the lovely gender, lively person, and double number, kissing mood, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to general rule."

### Getting at the Root of the Evil.

In a letter just printed Hon. B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, takes strong grounds in favor of prohibitory liquor laws. He says:—

"It is all very well that the reason be appealed to, the sympathy, the love, the interest of the individual, the family, the country, to induce such abstinence and invite such pledges; but when all this is gained, what avails if it can not be made permanent? The way, however, to make sure of all the ground which is gained in any moral revolution, is to destroy the agencies of immorality, reaction, and seduction as you go along. Leave no armed foe behind. In this matter of temperance reform it is essential. Close up the saloons that invite to a social glass. Make it unlawful to publicly vend intoxicating liquors under any pretense. Send the dram-shop keepers at once to making a living in other callings that are not hurtful to the public. Correct public sentiment as you go along by striking examples of the reprobation it is intended hereafter to visit upon such callings. Do these things, and do them thoroughly, and of the 1,000 men who have donned the red ribbon, or the blue, you will find that at the end of the year 999 will join again in your procession, and hold the fort. But to do this requires the amending of the laws, the revision of the statutes, the correcting of local characters, the invocation, in short, of the power of the State, and that is politics. It is idle to think about it in any other light. And it is not only politics, but the most dominant politics of this age or country. There are more men to-day, throughout the whole West, who are deeply, aye, earnestly, enlisted in having the law made clear and emphatic in prohibition of this great crime—the liquor traffic—than in any and all the other questions dignified with the name of politics which now thin out the newspapers or dawdle into talk at the street corners. That the temperance cause can never be successfully engineered until it becomes a political cause in the sense suggested must be apparent to all

who consider what is wanted for its final triumph, and how alone that want can be supplied. Experience proves that liquor selling don't stop itself. The history of each day in the year blazons its criminal character in the police courts. The depressing reactions which follow reform movements where the traffic remains unchecked tell the necessity for suppression. But the legislation needed to effect its prohibition can only come of men sent to the halls of legislation commissioned to do that work first and before all else. To select such men and elect them is politics. How such politics shall be best conducted, through what instrumentality of association of parties, whether by independent movement or by dominating old organizations are other and very different questions which will require grave consideration."

### Railroads in Texas.

We gather the following from the *Texas Iron Age*:—

"Longview & Sabine Valley Railroad track is now being laid on this road from Longview, Texas, southward, and a section of ten miles is ready for inspection by the State Engineer. Work on this road is to be pushed forward. As an indication of a probable increase in railroad construction, the Revolving Scraper Co., of Columbus, Ohio, reports an increasing number of inquiries from contractors for the prices of its revolving scrapers and contractors' plows. Gulf, Colorado, and Santa Fe Railroad officers are holding meetings along the line of the proposed extension of the road to Belton in Bell County, Texas, which is 175 miles beyond the present terminus and 220 miles from Galveston. The people on the line are generally anxious to secure the road, and have already subscribed a considerable amount."

"JOHNNY," said one of our school marm's the other afternoon, "what is the difference between one yard and two yards?" "A fence," said Johnny. Then Johnny sat on the ruler fourteen times.



## MERRY MOMENTS.

—Falling in love is like falling into a cistern—it is mighty easy to fall in, but awful hard to get out.

—Nothing is more dangerous, so far as your general health is concerned, than to overwork your tongue.

—It is said that the light of a match will frighten a wolf; but a love match sometimes fails to keep the wolf from the door.

—It is said that sliding down hill in the evening air was the direct cause of over six hundred deaths last winter. Always slide down hill in the summer time.

—“And why did Aaron make a golden calf?” asked a teacher of a sharp child of three and a half years. “Please, Miss, because he hadn’t gold enough to make a cow.”

—A New York lodging-house advertises “Beds with coffee and rolls.” A man often takes a roll in bed—a roll over for a fresh snooze—but unless he is indisposed, or very lazy, he prefers going down to the breakfast table for his coffee.

—A clergyman says: “I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand and gave her my warm congratulations, she tossed her pretty head, and, pointing to the bridegroom, replied, ‘I think he’s to be congratulated.’”

—A granger stood at the corner of Greenfield’s Main Street, the other day, curiously watching the peanut man as he methodically turned the crank of his roaster. After expectantly waiting until patience ceased to be a virtue, the unsophisticated tiller of the soil blurted out, “Hullo! you feller, why don’t you play suthin?”

—An exchange has an article telling “How Matches are Made.” We supposed that everybody knew it was by taking a young man and young woman, equal parts, and letting them sit together about six months, telling them a few times in the interval that they should never have each other. Still there may be ways we haven’t heard of.

—The simplicity of rural courtship was never better illustrated than by the following anecdote: “B’m gaun to be marrit, Peggy,” said a hind to a servant lass whom he had been in the habit of visiting. “Ay, are ye? And to whom, gin B may be alloud to speir?” “To yersel’, Peggy.” “Are ye?” said Peggy; “I wish I had kenn’d sooner.

—A late minister of Peebles had been discoursing on the sin of falsehood, and had portrayed the unhallowed consequence of indulging in the practice. A small trader in the place whose conscience had been for the moment aroused, exclaimed to a neighbor on going home, “The minister needna hae been sae hard, for there’s plenty o’leers in Peebles beside me!”

—Let no one hereafter insinuate that teachers’ institutes produce no good. At a recent county institute a fair-haired, blue-eyed darling of a teacher, of the female persuasion, forever demolished the base insinuation by the following conundrum: “How do you make a Maltese cross?” Answer.—“Tread on her tail.”

—In the city of Halifax there dwelt a lawyer, crafty, subtile, and cute as a fox. An Indian of the Miami tribe, named Simon, owed him some money. The lawyer had waited long for the tin. His patience at last gave out, and he threatened the Indian with lawsuits, processes and executions. The poor red man got scared and brought the money to his creditor. The Indian waited, expecting the lawyer would write a receipt.

“What are you waiting for?” said the lawyer.

“Receipt,” said the Indian.

“A receipt?” said the lawyer—“a receipt; what do you know about a receipt? Can you understand the nature of a receipt? Tell me the use of one, and I will give it to you.”

The Indian looked at him a moment and then said: “S’pose maybe me die; me go to heben; me find the gate locked; me see the ‘Postle Peter; he say, ‘Simon, what you want?’ me say, ‘Want to get in;’ he say, ‘You pay Mr. J— dat money!’ what me do? I hab no receipt! hab to hunt all ober h—l to find you!”

**Sensible Sentences.**

Anger always hurts us more than the one we get mad at.

Make yourself necessary, young man, and your success is certain.

Pills sometimes fail to act on the liver, but sawing wood never will.

Everybody seems to think himself a moral half-bushel to measure the world's frailties.

About as low down as a man can get and not spoil is to live on his wife's reputation.

I don't bet on precocious children; the huckleberry that ripens the quickest is the quickest to decay.

The man who is honest from policy needs as much watching as a hive of bees just ready to swarm.

When you strike oil stop boring. Many a man has bored clean through and let the oil run out at the bottom.

Next in point of meanness to doing an injury is to do a man a favor and every now and then remind him of it.—*Josh Billings.*

THEY have large horse-flies out in Arkansas, but the people are intelligent and full of resources; and the farmers there have lately "come a game on them" that is likely to discourage further emigration of the species. They patiently watch the varmint as he wrestles with the animal, and after the horse has become disabled by the loss of blood, and lies down in the furrow, they just harness the fly up in the horse's toggery, and keep right along with the plowing. No doubt there are people so incredulous as to doubt the truth of this statement. There is no pleasure in writing for such persons.

A COMMISSION consisting of two farmers and one engineer is to meet in Madison, Wisconsin, June 10th, to award a prize of \$10,000 voted by the Legislature of that State for the best practical steam road-wagon. The test will be the hauling of a load over ordinary country roads at the rate of five miles an hour for a distance of not less than two hundred miles. Several entries have already been made.

A NEGRO minister who married rather sooner after the death of his wife than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows: "My dear bredern and sisters, my grief was greater dan I could bear. I turned eberv way for peace and comfort, but none came. I sarched de Scriptures from Ginisee to Rebelation, and found plenty of promises to de widder, but none to de widderer. So I took it dat de Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort himself; and habbin a fust-rate chance to marry in de Lord, I did sc, and would do so again. Besides, bredern, I consider dat poor Patsey was just as dead as she would eber be."

THE telephone has been adopted on the mountain section of the Central Pacific. The Truckee (Nev.) *Republican* says: "The points supplied with new batteries are Truckee, Blue Canon, Summit, Cascade, Yuba Pass, Strong's Canon, Tamarack, and Camp 3. The main office is at Blue Canon, and each track-walker is compelled to report to it both in passing east and west by the box telephones, which are to be placed at distances of a very few miles apart. By this means the finest and safest order can be preserved on the railroad that is possible to be obtained. As to the working of the instruments, they are almost perfect. When one becomes accustomed to talking and using them the lowest tone of voice can be heard and used in perfection. We had the pleasure of conversing with many of the station-agents, and could also hear when persons were being addressed. A song, laugh, or even an uncommon noise, is heard readily, and the different voices of the communicants can be discovered."

A POKER player in Omaha declared that he hoped to be struck dead if he had lied about the cards; and he was struck dead in an instant after the words were out of his mouth. Providence is determined to purify this noble game.

## FOR THE LADIES.

- Belt buckles are fashionable.
- Watered silk is again in style.
- Tulle vails are the styles for brides.
- Pearls are used profusely on bridal toilets.
- India pongee costumes are fashionable.
- Lace mittens should not be worn in the street.
- The latest round hat is called the Fra Diavalo.
- Gabrielles are the favorite dresses for small girls.
- Flowers are not used so profusely on wedding dresses.
- The equestrienne hat of last summer will be worn again.
- The Marie Antoniette fichu of black silk is a favorite light wrap.
- Four-button undressed kids are the thing for full street costume.
- The swallow-tailed jacket is much worn by nobby young ladies.
- A new fancy for bridesmaids' veils is the rich Spanish blonde lace.
- No lady should wear orange blossoms except at her own wedding.
- The "Sea Foam" and "Long Branch" are leading sea-side hats.
- There is a revival of spotted silks and satins and soft twilled foulards.
- Handsome traveling dresses for brides are made of camel's hair and silk.
- White muslin veils, dotted with Roman pearl beads, are pretty novelties for dress.
- New summer fichus of lace and crepe lisse have collars and cuffs to match.
- Bridesmaids should wear two kinds of silk, partly gros grain and partly figured silk.
- Fashionable wedding dresses are now made of two materials—white satin and either plainly repped or brocaded silk.
- Evening and reception dresses for a bride's trousseau are made of lace-striped gauze, with a lower skirt of silk of contrasting color.

—New flower bonnets are covered with pearl powder.

—The most stylish slippers are without bows or buckles.

—Havana is the new popular but indescribable shade of brown.

—All the kilt walking dresses have a broad sash across the front.

—Jet vines are made very tastefully for colarettes and necklaces.

—Black parasols lined with white or cardinal red are very stylish.

—Old-time black silks with watered stripes are again fashionable.

—Dark green window shades are used by the best house furnishers.

—Straw fringe with jet jassementerie above is a rich and handsome trimming.

—Face vails are of black net, dotted with jet or amber beads, and fringed on the edge.

—Plain silk or satin bonnets to match costumes are preferred by women with Parisian tastes.

—The most fashionable evening dresses have the corsage opening V shaped, front and back.

—Pearl-bead passementerie, pearl fringe and lace are the trimmings mostly used on wedding dresses.

—The fashionable belt buckle of the moment is of cut steel and gold, or of diamonds, for evening wear.

—Antique brocades made in combinations of plain silk are much used by brides for the dress to return wedding calls in.

—The girl of the period wears a cut-away swallow-tailed jacket, and leads an English pup with a silver chain and blue ribbon.

—A dress worn by the mother of the bride when accompanying her to the altar is no longer of a necessity the traditional pearl-gray or lavender silk, but of any becoming color or material she may desire.

—It is understood that the style for "leap-year parties" in 1878 will be for the young ladies who constitute the committee of management to have posted up in conspicuous parts of the hall mottoes like the following: "We mean business," "None of your poverty dodges," "Waiting is tedious," etc.

## Editorial.

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**CONTRIBUTIONS.** — *Readers of the Magazine will materially assist us in making our news accurate and complete, if they will send us early information of events that occur under their observation, relative to experiments in the construction of roads and machinery—especially the locomotive—suggestions as to improvements, &c.*

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WE are in receipt of a letter from a member of our Order asking why the advertisement of Geo. W. Carleton & Co., giving a so-called expose of the *B. of L. E.*, was allowed a place in the *MAGAZINE*. In reply we will say that it is not customary for publishers to be held responsible for what may appear as an advertisement, as a certain space is sold to the advertiser, who reserves the right to insert what he wishes, so long as he does not go beyond the bounds of decency. In accepting the advertisement of Messrs. Carleton & Co., we did it in a purely business manner, just the same as the *B. of L. E. Journal* inserted the advertisement of Henry Hoppman, setting forth that the International Union of Locomotive Firemen is the "only legitimate order of locomotive firemen in the United States and Canada." And when the editors of the *B. of L. E. Journal* were asked if they thought such an advertisement was altogether according to Hoyle, they stated they were not responsible for the meaning of their advertisements, provided that they were not of an indecent character.

Knowing Messrs. Arthur, Ingraham and Green as we do, we feel confident that they would accept of a similar advertisement, and laugh at any one disposed to find fault;

and, if carefully perused, it will be found the *B. of L. E. Journal* has the same advertisement, with the exception of the paragraph in regard to "Expose." There is consistency in all things. Probably we are wrong, yet we have never been found wanting, and hope sincerely this will bear equal justice to all in a fair-minded consideration.

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### A Terrible Disaster.—A Freight Car Carried Six Miles.

A Kansas City (Mo.) special dispatch to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, dated May 26th, says: "On Tuesday night, May 21st, a terrible accident occurred on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, near Denver. As freight train No. 16 was crossing a long trestle bridge, it suddenly gave way, and the engine and eighteen cars were precipitated into the awning abyss. When the engine went down, there were three men upon it, and so far none of the bodies have been recovered. Another queer and almost unheard-of thing is that no signs of the engine can be found, although the sand has been dug up all about. The storm, which began an hour before the accident, was one of the most severe ever seen on the plains. It was a perfect torrent of rain and wind, and resembled a water-spout at sea. One of the freight cars was found six miles from where the accident happened. The break has been repaired, and all trains are running on time."

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"THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE, published by the Grand Lodge of the Order, and edited by our friend W. N. Sayre, is one of our welcome exchanges." — *Indianapolis Beacon of Progress.*

**Master Mechanics' Association.**

The Master Mechanics' Association convened at Richmand, Va., on the 21st ult., at the Ballard Exchange, with thirty-six members present. The convention was called to order by President Chapman, and after the transaction of the usual business pertaining to the opening of the association, proceeded to the discussion of the various topics.

Mr. R. Wells, of the Jeffersonville, Madison & Indianapolis Railroad, submitted the report of the Committee "on Best Materials, Methods, Forms, Proportions of Construction of Locomotive Boilers, and the Best Method of Promoting Economy in the Use of Fuel." The committee complain that they have not been able to collect all the data they would like. Over two hundred circulars were sent out, and replies only received from twelve persons. In answer to the question, "Which have you found to be the best material for the shell of the boiler, iron or steel?" the preference is very decidedly in favor of steel. The committee say: "Those who have used it longest are most decided in their preference for it."

"In regard to the best thickness of metal for the sheets of a boiler from forty-eight to fifty-two inches in diameter to carry a working pressure of one hundred and thirty pounds of steam, the opinion was unanimous that in the case of steel three-eighths inch was sufficient, and the best thickness to be adopted, taking all things into account, and in the case of good iron, from three-eighths to seven-sixteenths was considered the best thickness of metal."

To the question, "To what extent does a welt on longitudinal seams add to the strength of the boiler?"

but little positive information was elicited by the committee. The practice of constructing boilers on that plan has not yet become general.

To the question, "What is the best form of boiler for the ordinary eight-wheel American style of locomotive?" the committee find that a majority prefer the plain or straight boiler, sometimes called the telescope boiler. "Distortions of every kind," say the committee, "should be avoided in the form of the boiler whenever it is possible to do so, for the reason that the pressure within tends to change the shape or form at such points unless strengthened by stays or braces; therefore the form nearest a plain cylinder will be the strongest, and require the least bracing, other things being equal. With the use of comparatively pure water, forming no scale of consequence, a dome would, perhaps, be unnecessary where the steam-space above the water was sufficient; yet, as an opening of some kind large enough to permit access to the inside of the boiler is a necessity, such opening, as regards weakening the shell of the boiler at that point, is, perhaps, as objectionable as a dome. If the former can be made so as not to weaken the boiler, there is no reason why the dome can not be attached in such a way as to be equally as strong at that point by flanging the sheet upward inside the dome and the addition of a ring of suitable proportions riveted to the inside of the boiler at the foot or flange of the dome."

To the question, "At what point on a straight boiler should the dome be situated to give the best results, all things considered?" not much difference of opinion is expressed in

the answers sent to the committee. "All agree that it should be either directly over the tube-sheet of the fire-box or at some point between that and the middle of the length of the boiler. There seems, however, to be no good reason for locating the centre of the dome any further forward than the tube-sheet in the ordinary eight-wheel locomotives, for the reason that it is desirable to carry as much of the weight of the boilers on the drivers as possible, and also that that point is the most central from the points where steam is generated."

The best material for fire-box sheets? The testimony is unanimous in favor of steel.

On the subject of ruptures the committee say: "Mr. Woodcock, of the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey, mentions one case of a rupture of a side sheet while the boiler was being filled with warm water"—the first case of the kind coming to the notice of the committee. After considering Mr. Woodcock's account of this novel occurrence the committee submit the following explanation: "The sheets of the fire-box and the mud-ring having cooled off to about the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere, when water at a considerable higher temperature than the mud-ring was allowed to fill the water-space, and as it rose upward along the sheet, the latter, being thin, soon became of the temperature of the water in contact with it, and expanded in proportion to its temperature, while the much larger body of the metal remained comparatively cold, and, being cold, would be shorter than on the line which had become warm from the water in contact."

On the subject of the best propor-

tions of boiler to cylinders of a given area to furnish steam with the least consumption of fuel, the committee have received so little data that no positive facts can be deduced therefrom.

The form of boilers, the advantages and disadvantages of locating the dome over the fire-box, proportion of boiler to cylinder, and other matters were discussed by Messrs. Hayes, Wells, Sedgley, Hudson, Rushton, Johann, Forney and others.

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### The Brotherhood Magazine.

"The B. OF L. F. MAGAZINE comes to us bearing the excellent motto, 'Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry.' It is a very neat thirty-two page monthly, containing much choice reading matter, published by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, under the immediate supervision of W. N. Sayre, Indianapolis, Ind. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year."—*Indianapolis Sun*.

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### Old Ages in the South.

At Cedar Creek, in Green County, East Tennessee, lives Mrs. Ann Hopkins, whose age is 117 years; her husband died about 20 years ago at the age of 109. She has three sons living—George, aged 93, Abner, 95, and Enoch, her baby, 90. Mrs. Hopkins and her sons enjoy excellent health, and bid fair to live many years yet.

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MR. JAMES F. HOW, Vice-President of the St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern Company, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in St. Louis, May 10. His embarrassments are said to have been caused chiefly by mining operations in Colorado.

**Can it be Much Longer Endured?**

Reductions in pay have become so general in railroad circles that the men can not much longer stand the burden. If it is the desire of railroad officials not to see a repetition of last summer's great strike and bloodshed, they are certainly pursuing the wrong course. If the railroad kings would but take a look at the desolation of the homes of those they employ, as they go riding past in their fine carriages, their consciences would surely stay them from "another ten per cent. cut." A prominent Superintendent of one of the roads running into a Western city recently telegraphed to his Master Mechanic: "Do you think the boys will stand another reduction of ten per cent.?" The reply was, "When the last cut was made I let nearly all the single men go that the married men might earn enough to support their families, but if another reduction is brought to bear it will be almost a necessity to slay the youngest in each household." Even the officials themselves well know that they are robbing the men of their just earnings, while they themselves live in palatial residences at their ease. Patience will soon cease to be a virtue if this state of affairs is continued, and it must be remembered that hunger knows no law. Since the July strikes of '77 the laboring class have learned that they must go in to win, for the penalty is no greater. Just and prompt pay for our work is what we want, and without this our families can not be maintained.

BOB INGERSOLL wept when he heard Lotta sing the "Sweet By-and-By." The part about the "beautiful shoah" was what fetched him.

THE stockholders of the C. H. & D. road have brought suit to enjoin the company from paying interest on the C. H. & I. railroad bonds.

WE are in receipt of the report of Commissioner Walls, of the Bureau of Labor Statistics for the year 1877. It is made up of solid facts, irrespective of party. We have carefully perused the table of wages, hours, past and present average of laborers' pay in general railroad service, and we fully concede the correctness of the report. The aim of all laboring men should be to get a similar Bureau established in every State

**BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.**

In speaking of a person's faults,  
Pray don't forget your own;  
Remember, those with homes of glass  
Should seldom throw a stone;  
If we have nothing else to do  
But talk of those who sin,  
'Tis better we commence at home,  
And from *that* point begin.

We have no right to judge a man  
Until he's fairly tried;  
Should we not like his company,  
We know the world is wide;  
Some may have faults—who have not?—  
The old as well as young;  
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,  
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,  
And one that works full well:  
I'll try my own defects to cure  
Before of others tell;  
And though sometimes I hope to be  
No worse than some I know,  
My own short-comings bid me let  
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence  
To slander friend or foe,  
Think of the harm one word may do  
To those we little know;  
Remember curses, sometimes, like  
Our chickens, "roost at home;"  
Don't speak of others' faults, until  
We have none of our own.

## Correspondence.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST ISSUE.]

### OUR INDIA LETTER.

After the priest had left me, two young men got into the carriage; they bade me good-evening, unfolded their rugs and laid down, and we were all soon asleep. Just at daybreak the train stopped at a station called Sisanbee, a small country place, and an English military station. Here the two young gentlemen left me, and bid me good-morning in the most courteous manner. After they left me I was entirely alone. The guard locked the doors, and then I laid down and soon fell asleep; and when I awoke found it was broad daylight. It was a fine morning but very hot; we had gotten out of the rains. I got up, washed myself, and then sat down by the window to smoke a cheroot and view the strange scenery through which we were so swiftly passing. This was the 16th of June. In consulting my guide-book I found we should stop at a refreshment station, at 9 o'clock, for breakfast, so I eat a few biscuits. The train went very swiftly, and we passed through native villages of mud huts and parched up rice-fields. The sun had dried everything up, the ground had large cracks in it and was dry as powder. There were native farmers at work planting rice in this powdery soil, for in a week this land will be under water. The southeast monsoon had already burst at Bombay, and, of course, would soon be in the interior. We whirled along through groves of sandal wood and palm trees, and large groves of banana bushes with their large, broad, green leaves, and groves of lemon and

orange trees, and large clumps of bamboo trees; these last being yellow and leafless. Finally, at half-past nine o'clock, we reached the first refreshment station at Khundwa. This station looked very pleasant; the refreshment building is called a bungalow, and it was a one-story building, built of brick, then plastered over and whitewashed. The roof was thatched with dried palm leaves, and came away down and covered the front of the building, and was there supported by pillars, forming a long, wide veranda. In front of this bungalow was a long walk, built up from the ground so as to be on a level with the steps of the carriages; this was topped or paved with long slabs of sandstone. The verandas of this bungalow had pots of flowers setting about in it, and birds and parrots hanging up in cages; then on the outside of it, on either side, were beds of flowers and creepers running along on wire trellises. These Hindoos are fond of flowers, and always have them about their houses. This station was kept by an Englishman, and was in perfect order. When I went into it a bearer showed me to a dressing-room, brought water for my bath, and helped me to dress; then I went into a large hall, which was nice and cool, punkahs going, etc. There was a nice, clean table set, plenty of ice and soda, nice hot water plates, nice food and well-trained servants to wait upon the guests. I had a splendid breakfast, and enjoyed it. There is no hurry at these stations, as we stopped at this one thirty-five minutes. I got nicely rested, and my breakfast cost me three rupees. This station stood almost entirely alone by itself in the country, on either side of it were broad stretches of dry, flat country, not a sign of life anywhere. This and all stations are kept up by the railway company, and is quite a source of revenue to them. I noticed that the railway was ballasted, far as eye could reach on either side, with gravel from the sea-shore at Bombay, and it was as nice and neat as could be all around the Bungalow. When our time was up the guard again locked me up in my carriage. I was entirely alone,





**OUR INDIA LETTER.—A NATIVE CLIMBING A COCOANUT TREE.**

and it made the journey very tedious for me, and as the day advanced the heat was almost unbearable. The glare of the sun on the dry, parched soil made my eyes feel badly, but by frequently bathing them in cool water and my face in cologne, I got on very well. I found my earthenr lota invaluable. The dust was fearful, and everything was covered with it. We whirled along through forests of palm trees, etc.

At last, about 4 o'clock, we reached the next refreshment station, where we were to dine. It is called Schagpare. Here we were to stop forty minutes. We found everything ready for us. I had a good bath, a clean white suit to put on, boots polished, shaved, etc., and I felt like a new man, for when I left the carriage I was black with cinders and dust. I was shown into the dining-hall; this had a marble tiled floor, and in front of the entrance door was a lovely fountain, the base of which was entirely composed of large rock crystals, with large shells set in the crevices, each shell containing exquisite ferns and mosses, and at the base of the fountain was a small pond of water, and this had a circle of pink water-lilies in it. On top of this base was a large marble vase, filled with calla-lilies, and all in bloom. From amidst these arose a large jet of water, and this overflowed the bowl and trickled down over the ferns, mosses and creepers, and kept everything fresh and green, beside cooling the atmosphere around it. I was greatly pleased with this fountain, for it was so refreshing to my eyes after gazing on the parched lands for so many hours. This fountain was about twenty feet high. There were beautiful boquets on all the tables, the air cooled by punkahs, and everything so comfortable that I enjoyed my dinner immensely. The curry and rice was also served in good style. The landlord was an Anglo-Indian. He said to me, "You seem much pleased with my fountain: it's seldom I come across a gentleman who cares for such things." I told him that I was delighted with it, and he replied that it was his own idea, and that he had

put it up himself. He presented me with some rock crystals, and also showed me some stone idols from a cave near the station; he offered me one of them, but they were too heavy for me to carry away.

I found this man quite intelligent, and he had a fine cabinet of minerals, etc. When it was time to go his bearer put my crystals into the carriage, and the landlord gave me an elegant boquet and some cheroots, and I bade him good-day, and we were off again. My boquet consisted first of a small piece of palm leaf for a foundation, then there were white, buff and pink oleanders, buff tuberoses, sprays of wax-plant, pink and black water-lilies, jasmine, arbutus, pinks, sprays of fuschia, and large dark red marigolds. It brightened me up wonderfully, as I am intensely fond of flowers. I left this lovely bungalow with regret. The long veranda was full of handsome pot plants, birds in cages, and the whole thatch on the roof was a mass of gay wild flowers. How they lived in such heat in the open air I couldn't understand.

At all these stations were little boys, with little or nothing on, excepting a cloth about their loins. Some had turbans on, made of white muslin, but most of them were bare-headed, and all barefooted. They all had lots of earthen ware, and went to each carriage shouting "paree" (water). I threw them a few pece, but felt afraid to drink the water. Before we approached these refreshment stations the guard came to all the carriages and told us that we could stay at the stations if we wished, and then he took a list of those who wanted to stay, then telegraphed on to them, and when we arrived we always found everything in readiness.

At night the carriages were lighted, the lamp being pushed down through the top of the carriage. They burn castor oil, and it gives a clear, steady light. It is dark in India soon after sunset, there being no twilight there, and the evenings, even in the hot season, seem long and tiresome.

After leaving Schagpare, we journeyed on again through the same

scenery, and after going a long distance I saw something on the horizon that looked like water; it grew larger and broader, and at last my weary eyes rested on a broad river, and its blue water was a pleasant change. On consulting my guide-book I found it was the river Jumna. It was a beautiful river, the water being clear, and unlike that of the Ganges, which is always thick and muddy. On the banks of this river stood two large palaces, belonging to some rich native Baboo, and their white walls fairly glistened in the hot sun. On the banks of the river were large granite piers; they were built years ago, as the granite looked black and old; from these piers were built long flights of broad shallow steps, leading down into the water, and these were covered with natives, some sitting on the steps and others coming up from the river with large brass and earthen lotas filled with water on their heads, carrying them to their single houses, while others were bathing and washing their clothes, and all bareheaded in the hottest of suns. It was quite a picturesque scene, after the monotonous scenery through which we had been passing. We crossed this river on a beautiful iron suspension bridge, and it rested at each end on these old granite piers. The Hindoos were very indignant about it at first, as the piers belonged to the god of the river, but the English paid a great sum to some of the higher caste men in the busti, or native village, and they explained matters to the low caste, and they had to submit to the inevitable. These steps going down into the water remind one of Bible times, and indeed there are many things in India to remind one of them. The country here was very dry, and the heat was terrific. These people were all longing for rain.

We soon left the river far behind. Towards evening, and just at dusk, it grew very sultry, and I knew we should have rain: it was almost suffocating, and it seemed as if I hadn't strength enough to draw a long breath. Finally I saw heavy clouds gathering (here let me say that it is very unusual to see clouds in the sky

in India. The sky is of a deep blue and clear as can be for months at a time, so when we do see clouds we know the monsoon is going to burst and rain is coming, or else wind and cyclones). So when I saw these heavy clouds I knew the rain was coming. They grew blacker, and finally the wind began to blow, and it soon blew a gale, and the clouds were frightful to look at. The dust flew in clouds, and we were nearly stifled, and the tall palm trees bent before the blast till their tops touched the ground. At last I couldn't see on account of the dust, and it also began to grow dark. Suddenly the whole atmosphere seemed full of electricity, and it was like a sheet of fire; then it thundered fearfully, like heavy crashes of artillery, and I wished myself anywhere but where I was—alone in a railway carriage, whirling along like lightning. Just as we were nearing the station of Gadawara, the rain burst upon us in sheets, and the lightning was frightful. The rain comes down like a waterfall and roars just like one, and with the thunder and lightning these rainstorms are very terrifying, especially to a stranger who has never seen one of them. The water soon covered the track, and when we stopped at the station the water was up over the steps of the carriages and all over the pavement, and almost at the door of the bungalow. We did not stay here but a few minutes, as only Hindoos stay at these small way stations. When we started we had hard work to run, as the water was nearly a foot deep, and it comes so fast it can not soak away. Everywhere one looked the whole surface of the country was under water, and the natives were out rolling in it, and rejoicing that the rains had set in at last. These rains begin anywhere from the latter part of May till the 18th of June, and if they don't come by the latter date you may give up all idea of rain for that year.

Well, by running slowly for three hours, we got out of this rain-belt, and soon it was dry and dusty again. I didn't see any more rain till I had been in Calcutta a day or two, when

the monsoon burst there with the same terrific tunder, lightning and deluge of water. These last through July, August and September. Sometimes it rushes down for a week at a time; then again it is showery like April weather in America, and then the weather is fine—trees and plants are fresh and green, all nature re-joining, and all India seems a paradise. October is a hot, sticky month, like dog-days in America.

Well, I will continue on with my journey. We put on all speed after leaving the rain, and kept on our way through the darkness, as night had come upon us, and at last, at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, we reached the town of Jubbulpore. We ran into a large stone depot, and here I got out, and was glad to move about again after being so many hours in that close, hot carriage. I had a nice supper here, and then another guard came to me and said, "Sir, you will change carriages here and go in another train." So he got a Hindoo porter who took all my traps to the other carriage, and the guard arranged them for me. I then went to the telegraph office and sent a message to my brother in Calcutta, to let him know how I was getting along and where I was. Then the guard said the train was ready, and I got aboard; he locked me in, and we were off again. As I was used up by this time, I unfolded my rug and pillows, fixed my sofa, laid down, and soon fell asleep and slept till daylight. This brings me to June 17th. I got up, dressed and washed, and at 8 o'clock in the morning we reached the city of Alakabad. This city—the ancient Prayaga—was built by Hindoos, and is held most sacred by them. The Ganges and Jumna Rivers join here.

We ran into an immense brick depot, and here were refreshment rooms, telegraph and post-offices. The Superintendent of this part of the road has departments here. I had a bath, shave, boots blacked, and then a nice breakfast. There were lots of native merchants here, with toys, boxes, and embroideries for sale; I purchased a pretty solitaire board of one of them. We stopped here an

hour, and I had to change carriages the second time, as the Great Indian Peninsula road ends here, and the East Indian Railway begins. After getting rested we were notified that the train was ready, and we were off again. I met many very pleasant people at these stations, who were traveling in the second-class carriages, some of whom were military officers. As the day advanced it grew fearfully hot, and I never saw nor endured such heat before, the glass standing at 120°. It came right through the top of the car, and it was terrible, but I made out to exist by bathing my face in cologne and water, and by constantly using a fan. At last we stopped at a station where there was a long and shady veranda, and we all got out of the train and got under it, it was so refreshing after being shut up in the hot carriage so long. I heard a gentleman say to our engineer, who was a stout Englishman, "Well, you have a hot berth." "Yes," the engineer replied, "hell can't be any hotter." All these engineers on these trains run from 50 to 100 miles, and then another one takes their place, so the trains are run in all sorts of time. We stopped here half an hour, and then were off again; the train ran like lightning, and I never rode as fast before on a railway; the carriages swayed so that I feared we would go over. At 1 o'clock p. m., we reached the station of Magul Serai. Here we also went into a large brick depot, where there were post and telegraph-offices, and I telegraphed again to Calcutta for my brother to meet me in the morning when the train arrived. I could hardly realize that I was so near my journey's end—only one night more to travel.

After having a nice dinner, we resumed our places in the train, and were once more on our way. The heat and dust were almost unbearable, and I never suffered so from heat before, it seemed like a blast from some monstrous furnace. The whole country was dry and parched, and all the leaves on the trees were bleached and dry, and the grass looked like hay. T. S. ABBOTT.

(To be continued.)

## CONSOLIDATION.

BOSTON, MASS., May 10, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Although following a distinct profession from that of the locomotive fireman, I may be pardoned for the following suggestion, by reason of the fact that my interest in the welfare of your Order leads me frequently to identify myself with your concerns.

In the last number of the *MAGAZINE* (which, by the way, grows more and more interesting with every issue, I notice a call from Grand Master Alley for the views of the Lodges on the matter of consolidation with the Union Firemen. From the standpoint of an observing outsider, it has for a long time been patent to me that eventually the two Orders of Firemen must come together and harmonize. Not that the B. of L. F. or U. F. as an Order needs it, but that the best interests of all firemen would thereby be subserved. Were it not for the *I. F. U. Journal*, here in Massachusetts, outside of those directly interested, it would hardly be known that such an organization as the Union existed; the B. of L. F. alone seems to be known in these parts, and here it is looked upon as an organization inferior to no other. I am aware, however, that the Union has some strength in New York and elsewhere, but greatly scattered. The rapidity and eagerness with which its members have come out and allied themselves to your organization, and the inherent strength which the B. of L. F. possesses over the Union, and the constant and large additions which it is making to its now large number of Lodges, seem to me conclusive evidence that in time the weaker Order will be merged in the stronger.

I do not say this in terms of dis-

paragement of the Union, for I believe the members of that Order have the same interests at heart, and are as sincere, upright and determined in their work as the B. of L. F. Yet, when by the advance of labor thought, and the growth and demand of labor interest, a better and more healthy organization has come into being, whereby all rights are secured and greater benefits may be enjoyed, that which was founded for one purpose only, namely, protection, must give way and come under the influence of this enlarged thought. The B. of L. F., as I understand it, is not a combination against capital, nor is it for the intimidation of capital; as a combination it develops two points in this respect: First, by securing to the employer a better class of employes by bringing about an *esprit de corps* in their profession, and secondly, by throwing a shield of security over the employe. Aside from this, however, into your organization you have brought the sympathies of the heart. The benevolence of your charities, the open hand of fellowship, the rectitude of your manhood, make the strong more strong, the weak are thereby sustained, the sick are visited and cared for, the graves of the dead kept green in your remembrance, and the widow and orphan are comforted, protected and supported. In the Union's laws I find this grand chord of vitality wanting.

Every aggregation now must necessarily be in the direction of the B. of L. F. Is it not then the part of wisdom for the Union to merge itself with that Order also. By so doing, harmony throughout all firemen will be secured; the co-operative labors of both organizations will be directed with one aim; the shield of benevolent works will be over all, and the power and influence of one unbroken belt encircling the continent, will add a greater prestige to the name of locomotive firemen.

The men of the Union have everything to gain, and there can be no good reason for a splurge over consolidations in the way of red tape. The B. of L. F. has acquired a glorious prestige, and is founded on the

solid rock; it is built high above the shifting sands, and its workmen are building better than they thought. If consolidation, therefore, can not be brought about, except through a change of your whole system of organization, I should say to the members of the B. of L. F., wait—wait until the members of the Union can see for themselves; wait until you can consolidate without imperiling a disorganization of that structure which it has taken such great labors and sacrifices, and so long to weld together. I do not mean by this that the B. of L. F. should set terms and say to the Union come or go; minor matters may and should be adjusted by a conference to the satisfaction of both parties. The Union should be recognized by such a position in your Order as will be due at the outset; the members of it will, however, be part and portion of yourselves when they come, and together you can go on perfecting a common organization. But as to adopting this or that radical change, such as changing your name, ritual, officers, in fine your whole general system of organization, I believe it would be a hurt rather than a good. It seems to me that the offer which you have so constantly held open in your MAGAZINE to the Union, or rather its Lodges, is all that is needful. When once within the fold the Union will have as much to say in your future matters and will have the same interests in your organization as yourselves, and to break in upon the even course you are now pursuing would be but to satisfy a simple whim, without gaining a substantial benefit.

The purpose of consolidation is plain. It is simply, more effective organization, not of an Order but of firemen; keep this in view—it is the general good of all, not an individual or local benefit. With this before you, ignore entirely all attempts to individualize consolidation. If you can not come together for the good of all, leave the matter of consolidation just where it is, and trust to sure time to bring it about, and for the present use your energies in working up the highways; there is enough at which the B. of L. F. can

well be employed in working up new Lodges in now untrodden paths. Put your present efforts in this direction. I have long thought had you an officer appointed for this purpose, under authority and supported by your Grand Lodge, whose sole duty it should be to go hither and thither in your interests, carrying the glad tidings and working up Lodges wherever there may be found unorganized firemen, you would be a long way in advance of your present status of membership. I am sure you can easily find a man in your Order, who is thoroughly imbued with the zeal of the cause, and capable of making a good, telling speech to the boys in which the principles and benefits of the Order should be explained, and who would embody the character of a determined organizer, whom you could trust with this work. Such a man would more than pay his own expenses and salary in the charter fees alone returned to the Grand Office.

Put him out on the road, and let him work night and day until you have accomplished what you desire to and that which can be done, the bringing into your organization every (not one excepted,) locomotive fireman throughout the length and breadth of the continent. Remember you have that within your organization now which will draw all men, and that is, your mutual insurance articles. There is an actual present benefit to be derived, and those whose duties call them into the presence of danger daily, will not long be blind to it.

I think these thoughts worthy the earnest considerations of every Brother, and at the next meeting of your Convention, I shall look to see a step taken in this direction. Then will you be progressing toward a sure consolidation, and before the end is accomplished the Union and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will be one and the same organization. Respectfully yours,  
MARSHALL.

GEXIUS has limits; virtue has none; every one pure and good can become purer and better still.

## THE A., T. & S. F. STRIKE--THE CAUSE.

TOPEKA, KAN., May 1, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

As it has been some times since any communications from Lodge No. 56 has appeared in the MAGAZINE, I concluded to take advantage of the opportunity afforded me during my leisure moments to give you some of the particulars relating to the late strike on the road on which our Lodge is located—A., T. & S. F.: One year ago last January, the officers of this road entered into a solemn contract with the engineers and firemen, in which a certain rate of wages was to be paid for a specified amount of work. The specifications were as follows:—

First—One trip over each short division between Atchinson, Kansas City and Pueblo, constituted a day's work, providing such trips were made within twelve hours from time of being "called;" for all hours over twelve we were to receive pay as follows: Engineers, 35 cents; firemen, pro rata.

Second—One hundred miles or less (or twelve hours,) constituted a day's work.

Another thing agreed to in the contract was that no man should be discharged without a just cause, and that he should be given an opportunity to clear himself of any charges which might be made against him, the officer in immediate supervision over him to be the person to report any negligence of duty, etc., to the Master Mechanic, who was the proper authority to investigate and punish the offender as in his judgment the nature of the offense deserved to be punished.

For awhile all went well. The men vied with each other in their endeavors to live up to their part of the contract "to the letter of the law." And there is no road in the United States that can boast of so few accidents from January 1st,

1877, to April 4th, 1878, as can the A., T. & S. F.

I say "for awhile all went well." I do not mean by that "all went well" up to a few days before the strike—far from it. It had not been three months after the contract was drawn up, before they entered into a systematic and ungentlemanly scheme to break it. First, by making the divisions longer, and making the men double the short divisions for a day, not allowing us for extra time, making the regular trains do the construction work, such as picking up old iron, distributing new iron, ties, telegraph poles, stone, etc., laying us out on the road, not allowing us to stop for meals, running us from forty-eight to seventy-two consecutive hours without permitting us to rest, thereby endangering not only our own lives but the lives of others and the property of the company. (Why did they do this? Everybody knows that after a certain length of time has transpired and a certain amount of labor has been performed the machinery of the human system will cease to perform the duties of its office. Fell sleep, the great destroyer, once more recuperates it; and no matter what the consequences may be, no matter how perilous the situation, the human system will cease to perform the natural functions of its office, and overtired nature seeks repose.) But to all these indignities we said nothing, but worked on with the vain hope that they might some day relent. And when they saw we submitted to these advances, they concluded that we were completely at their mercy, while we soon had our eyes open to the fact that such men as W. H. Pettibone and W. B. Strong had no mercy. But when Strong's hiring, W. H. Pettibone (Division Superintendent), had discharged two or three of our oldest and best men (and, by the way, members of the Grievance Committee), for no assigned reason whatever, and put men, who had no right either by age on the road or seniority, in their places, then it was that we began to murmur, and when another was dismissed in the same manner, it

changed to a growl, and after these men had repeatedly failed to get any satisfaction from either Farrier, the Master Mechanic, Morse, the Superintendent, or Strong, the General Manager, the growl of dissatisfaction transformed itself into a perfect roar of disapprobation, which ended in the strike of April 4th. About the 1st of January, 1878, they posted on all bulletin boards a kind of immethodical schedule of wages, which after reading till your eyes were sore and exhausting your knowledge of arithmetic, you knew about as much about what amount of pay you would get as "Tice" does about the next thunder storm. All this and other matters of a trivial nature, was what caused us to quit.

Now, then, who can blame us for leaving our positions under these circumstances? Where is there among the laboring class of people one who would not censure those who took our places knowing the circumstances connected with it and our reasons for leaving them. Not one, I say, who loves liberty of feeling, freedom of thought, and has a desire to "strike off every chain, not only of iron, but of painful constriction, of fear, and of enslaving passion," and who wants the "liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience."

Fraternally yours,

M. S. M., of No. 56.

### COLORADO RAILROADS.

DENVER CITY, COL., April 20, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

The Brothers of No. 77 are somewhat backward in writing for the *MAGAZINE*, and to show that our Lodge is equal to the best, I have come to the front. In the first place we have the Queen City of Colorado, with a population of about 35,000; then we have two 3-foot gauge railroads and three standard gauge. One of the 3-foot gauge—D. & R. G. Railroad—is the boss road of Colorado, the main line being 220 miles; Canon Branch, 45 miles, and El-

mira Branch, 36 miles. This road has 25 engines, all of Baldwin make, and two of them—Nos. 24 and 25—are mountain engines, weighing 34 tons each, 15x18, four wheels, connected with pony truck. The No. 22 is of the same pattern, but weighs 36 tons, and is 15x20. The Mountain Division is 29 miles long, the first 15 miles being on the east side of Rocky Mountains to the summit, and the grade is 200 feet to the mile. The freight engine is run in the reverse motion when descending the grade, for the grade is so heavy for 15 miles that the brakes are not able to hold the train, and the engines are equipped with the water-brake, a patent of the Baldwin Works; it acts as a lubricator to the cylinders and steam-chest. Passenger time on the main line is 24 miles an hour, and freight, 12 miles an hour. The passenger engines have 4-foot wheels, and 40 miles an hour is often made by them; the freight engines have 3-foot wheels.

The S. P. & P. Railroad is a 3-foot gauge, and at present is only 17 miles long, but it will lay 60 miles of track this year. If any one supposes that a narrow-gauge engine can't climb a mountain as good as a mule, let him come out here and see for himself.

We had a visit from Brother Beach, of No. 69, while on his way West, and was very much pleased with him. He is a gentleman, and an advocate of "B., S. and I."

We have a solid Lodge here, and would like to have all Brothers coming to Denver to call and see us, as we are always happy to meet visiting Brothers.

We also had a call from Brother Mullen, of No. 54. He said the air of this country was most too light for him, and, as he was much in love with his Lodge, he returned home again. Come again, Brother Mullen, we will be glad to meet you at any time.

Well, I believe I have told you about all that is of any interest, and hope it will be considered worthy a place in the columns of the *MAGAZINE*, as the boys out here look eagerly for the coming of each number of it, and are working hard to increase the number of subscribers from this part of the West.

Fraternally yours,

W. P.



## VIEWS OF CHICAGO FIREMEN ON CONSOLIDATION.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 28, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

In Chicago, Illinois, two Orders of Locomotive Firemen have existed and thrived, and as the members of both Orders have for a long time seriously considered a consolidation of the two Orders, it was finally decided to hold an open meeting, and an invitation was extended by the members of I. F. U., to the members of B. of L. F., No. 47, to meet them in their hall on Sunday, April 21st, which was cheerfully accepted, and members of other Lodges were invited. The firemen of both Orders expressed their feelings, and the meeting was a decided success and highly enjoyed by all participating. There were fifty firemen present, and the following Lodges and Unions were represented: I. F. U.—Nos. 56 and 71; B. of L. F.—Nos. 40, 46, 47 and 63. At this meeting the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:—

"WHEREAS, In unity there is strength, and it being inconsistent and detrimental for two Orders composed of one class of labor to have two heads, and this is the condition of the locomotive firemen of the United States and the Canadas, and in order to effect a consolidation of the two Orders it is actually necessary that the Conventions of both Orders be held at one place, and as some means must be devised to effect this, be it

"Resolved, That we respectfully request each subordinate Lodge of the B of L F. and I. F. U. to leave the matter in the hands of Wm. N. Sayre, Grand Secretary and Treasurer, B of L. F., and Henry Hoppman, Grand Master, I. F. U., to make the necessary arrangements for holding the two Conventions at the same time and place; and be it

"Resolved, That each subordinate Lodge be requested to abide by their decision.

"WM. MARONEY,

"E. J. BAKER,

"I. F. U., No. 56.

"JOHN WALSH,

"R. V. DODGE,

"B. of L. F., No. 47."

Hoping to hear soon of other Lodges taken action, I am fraternally yours,

R. V. DODGE.

### REMARKS BY GRAND MASTER ALLEY.

We would be pleased to hear from all members of the B. of L. F., through the columns of the MAGAZINE, on this subject. Notices have been sent from the Grand Office of the B. of L. F. to each subordinate Lodge, asking for due consideration of this question. The preceding resolutions are merely the voice of the Chicago firemen appealing to the Lodges of the United States and Canadas; we would, therefore, suggest that you give this, as they have done, your careful study.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

### REMEMBER ME.

BY M. S. M.

Of all the gifts I e'er received  
With manly pride or childish glee,  
None my longing heart relieved  
Like your sweet "Remember me."

And must I tell you of how oft',  
When tempted hard and sorely pressed,  
Thoughts of you would guide me 'loft,  
And learned me to forget the rest.

If in the bustling labor's hour,  
Your image from my breast may fade,  
It's return is like an April shower  
Upon a sunburnt grassy glade.

And though at present far away,  
None thy place will ever fill;  
Your image shines as bright to-day  
As e'er it did—and always will.

"Remember me," is all you ask,  
And may it ever be,  
While I fulfill the pleasant task,  
That you'll remember me.

## LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S

**Monthly Magazine.**

DAYTON, O., JUNE, 1878.

**Four Grand Prizes.**

To the four MAGAZINE Agents who will furnish the largest subscription list of Volume 2, of our MAGAZINE, will be given the following prizes:

*First.*—To the highest, a handsome silver watch, American works.

*Second.*—To the next highest, a fine sixteen-karrat gold chain.

*Third.*—To the third highest, a fine gold pin, with monogram of the Order and name of agent.

*Fourth.*—To the fourth highest, choice of a large family Bible, or a handsomely bound volume of the MAGAZINE.

**A Deserved Promotion.**

We record with pleasure the promotion of Grand Lodge Deputy S. M. Stevens. Brother Stevens has been rewarded by the officers of his line in the shape of a promotion to locomotive engineer. We feel proud of this, and will venture to assert that the company will be well pleased with their newly-made engineer. Accept the well wishes of your many friends, Brother Stevens, and may your initiatory steps be crowned with success.

C. BENNETT, of No. 5, has returned to Galion after a ninety days tour through Pennsylvania, and desires to be remembered to Lodges Nos. 72 and 75, for kind treatment during his illness while in Philadelphia. Brother B. speaks highly of our Lodges in that locality, and well he may, with such good material as governs them.

**To Union Firemen.**

OFFICE GRAND LODGE,  
BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE  
FIREMEN, December, 1877. }

*To all Subordinate Lodges, International Union of Locomotive Firemen:*

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—In view of a stronger bond of union, we do herewith offer to each Lodge of your Order, now in working order, a complete set of works and charter of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen *gratuitously*, to become of our Order. We will also institute and put all Lodges in thorough working order. Would be pleased to open communications on the subject with any of your officers; also will furnish copies of our monthly MAGAZINE *gratuitously* on receipt of address.

Fraternally yours,

W. N. SAYRE,  
Grand Secretary.

WE are deeply indebted to the officers and members of No. 57, and our Grand Lodge Deputy, S. M. Stevens, for distributing a circular explaining our objects to the public and railroad men generally. It is the foundation of a satisfactory understanding between employer and employe. Too much credit can not be given the Brothers for this able, highly appropriate, and original project. It has already brought forth commences from the New York papers. The New York *Trade Journal* devotes a column in their last issue to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, clearly explaining our objects in a true and faithful manner, and in the way we wish them placed before the public. By our works shall we be judged.

## Lodge Notes.

—Brother Raymond, of No. 69, writes us: "All well, and prosperity at Fort Gratiot."

—Brother S. Murphy writes us good news as usual, and reports Nos. 61 and 82 solid and increasing.

—Brother Edward Sturges has been appointed Grand Lodge Deputy for Jurisdiction No. 3, *vice* J. E. Donovan, resigned.

—Brother C. T. Smith, of No. 70, desires to return his thanks to Lodges Nos. 23 and 45, for courteous attentions during his northern tour.

—Brother Olmstead arrived in Denver, Colorado, safe. We are in hopes of a speedy recovery for our worthy Brother. He reports No. 77 flourishing.

—Brother Cronin, of No. 35, writes us encouragingly, and says they are taking in new members right along. Glad to hear from our Memphis Brothers.

—Brother J. S. Beach arrived in San Francisco right side up, and leaves for home in a few days; he desires to be remembered to all the Brothers of Nos. 29 and 69.

—Brother W. Pelham, our MAGAZINE Agent of No. 77, says: "Denver (Col.) will all take the MAGAZINE but what he carries the first prize in his watch pocket."

—Brother J. H. Smith, of No. 23, can be found at the L. & N. Engine-house at Louisville, closely examining the journals and boxes of the engines. Jim smiles on hot boxes, and can always be found with a brass in one pocket, and a MAGAZINE in the other. Jim says the watch comes to him.

## Anniversaries.

The first anniversary of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, was held at the First Grace Lutheran Church, West Philadelphia, and passed off satisfactory to all, and without any mishaps to mar the pleasure of the evening. The following is

## THE PROGRAMME—PART I.

Introductory address by Brother Chas. Barber, of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75.

Opening prayer by the Right Rev. Dr. Mingus.

Opening song by Messrs. Lilly and Bacon, of the Philadelphia Quartette Club.

Address by W. T. Goundie, V. G. M. Song—"The Faithful Engineer"—Mr. Lilly.

Recitation—"Let Me Sleep"—Miss Lillian Shaffer.

Bugle Solos—Mr. Conover, of the Marine Band, Navy Yard.

Song—"Grandfather's Clock"—Master Frank Street (8 years old).

Recitation—Comic Dutch—Mr. Wm. Baker, of West Philadelphia.

Refreshments—Ice cream, cakes, etc.

## PART II.

Presentation of a beautiful Bible by lady friends of the members.

Presentation of altar and cushion by Mrs. L. Worrell.

Address by Chas. Barber, of No. 75. Song—"The German Peddler"—Mr. Wm. Markward.

Recitation—"The Collier Boy"—Miss Lillian Shaffer.

Song—"The Beautiful Gates"—Master Frank Street.

Bugle Solo—Mr. Conover.

Recitation—Comic—Mr. W. Baker. Song—"Courting Scenes"—Mr. Bacon, of the Quartette Club.

Song—"The Village Bell"—Miss May Street.

Address by the oldest engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. L. Worrell.

Song by Miss Roley.

Doxology and benediction.

We give the programme of the first anniversary of Welcome Lodge, No. 72. We are pleased to state that it was a grand success in every particular. Nos. 60, 72 and 75 are winning a fair reputation by the grand entertainments given each month. The following is

## THE PROGRAMME.

Prayer by Chaplain James Taylor. Duett—"I know a bank where the wild thyme grows"—Messrs. Bacon and Lilly.

Solo—"Mariner's Daughter"—Mr. Jas. Davis.

Opening address by W. T. Goundie.

Solo—"Faithful Engineer"—Mr. Lilly.

Irish Song—"Swim out, you're over your head"—Mr. Frank Donnelly.

Negro Sermon—"Half-way Doin's"—Mr. Wm. F. Reed.

Duett—"Cup of Woe"—Messrs. Bacon and Lilly.

Address by Brother Roberts, of No. 72.

Irish Song—"Shoot the Hat"—Brother Frank Donnelly, of No. 72.

Comic Song—"Uncle Edward"—Mr. Wm. F. Reed.

Comic Solo—"Unlucky Man"—Mr. Bacon.

Solo—"Gathering shells from the shore"—Mr. Sawyer.

Solo—"Riding in a Sleigh"—Mr. Lilly.

Solo—"Dorcan's Night"—Mr. Stewart.

Duett—"Hope Beyond"—Messrs. Bacon and Lilly.

Comic Song—"Purty Pear Tree"—Mr. Wm. F. Reed.

Solo—"Good-bye at the Door"—Mr. Sawyer.

Irish Song—"Don't tread on me cottail"—Mr. F. Donnelly.

Comic Song—"Only been down to the club"—Mr. James McCormack.

Comic Solo—"Winking"—Mr. Bacon.

Solo (by request)—"Faithful Engineer"—Mr. Lilly.

Trio—Misses Alston and Brown and Mr. Cline.

Solo—"I will guide the home"—Mr. Altemes.

Duett—"O'er the hills, o'er the dale"—Misses Alston and Brown.

Comic Song—"Tommy, don't wriggle the baby"—Mr. Jas. Cormack.

Closing address by Brother Barber.

BROTHER J. S. McVEY, of Central Lodge, No. 22, will please communicate with the Secretary of his Lodge immediately.

### Balls.

Eureka Lodge gave their fourth annual ball, and as usual had a grand time. We found quite a number of our city and State officers present, all enjoying the dance. About 250 couples were in attendance, and the financial results are promising.

"As was anticipated, the ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, at the City Hall, was the most successful hop of the season. Notwithstanding the night was very unfavorable, there were somewhere in the vicinity of 80 couple present, a large majority of whom were railroad employes. The hall was very tastefully decorated, the music good, the company select, and the supper at the Queen's excellent, so that the first annual ball of the Brotherhood may justly be considered a grand success."—*Bellville Daily Ontairo*.

We are pleased to reprint the above. We could not give a more accurate or elaborate account, but suffice it to say, that the officials of the railway and city were present, with the exception of Mayor Robertson, who, having a previous engagement, forwarded a written excuse. Great credit is due the Committee of Arrangements, and the attendance by the engineers made every feature of the occasion harmonious.

### A Terrible Accident.

The *Dunellen Rock* gives the following account of the fatal accident to Wm. J. Phillips, of Bloomington, N. J.:—

On the evening of April 15th, as train No. 127, the Philadelphia and New York express, passed Hamilton station, the right hand parallel rod snapped in two, and one end of it came crashing up into the cab, knocking the engineer's seat from under him and letting him drop through down toward the flying wheels. Fortunately he caught the window and the steam gauge, and saved himself from the instant death which threatened; but before he could draw himself up, the broken rod, continuing its furious strokes, struck his right leg and shattered it in a dreadful manner. At the same instant his heavy weight upon the steam gauge broke it off, and the steam pouring out scalded his arm and body. He was about to lose his hold, when his fireman, George Green, reached over the boiler, grasped him, and pulled him over to his side. After the accident the train ran nearly a mile before it could be stopped. The injured man was at once taken to his home in Bloomington, and Drs. Field and Mathews attended to his wounds. The next day Dr. Wellington, of Pennington,

surgeon of the D. & B. B. R. R., united with Drs. Fields and Mathews in treating him. It was decided that his shattered limb could be saved, and under the skillful treatment he improved so satisfactorily that it was predicted he would soon be out. That prediction was never to be verified. On Monday, April 30, he complained of stiffness of the jaws and thickness of the tongue. Dr. Mathews was called, and he at once realized the frightful truth that serious symptoms of lock-jaw had set in. His associate physicians were promptly summoned, and from that hour until Wednesday morning everything was done to avert the fatal end, but without avail. At 11:50 o'clock on Wednesday morning, May 2d, William Phillips, a faithful engineer, a brave and honest man, a devoted husband and father, laid down his life—laid it down as only a brave man can who is "struck down at his post."

### Collision.

From a correspondent we glean the following:—

A collision occurred on the St. L., R. C. & N. R. R., on May 18. As train No. 10, drawn by engine No. 88, left Mexico and while going down a grade of about ninety feet to the mile, she collided with train No. 9, drawn by engine No. 3 (a new Baldwin engine), which was also running down a grade of about ninety-five feet to the mile. Immediately after the collision No. 88 exploded her boiler, scattering everything, leaving nothing but a pair of driving wheels on the track. The door and some flues were found a half-mile from the scene of the explosion. Fortunately, the fireman, Mr. Barr, jumped off the engine just before she collided, and escaped with slight injuries. Mr. Burkhart, the engineer, also jumped, and had an arm broken. Mr. Baker, engineer, and Brother C. C. Barclay, fireman, of engine No. 3, were also slightly injured from jumping off their engine. A brakeman and an unknown tramp were killed. Both engines were so badly used up as to prevent them from being rebuilt, besides the engines there were thirty-two freight cars badly wrecked. It is said that the responsibility of the accident rests with the engineer and conductor of train No. 9.

### Fatal Accident.

A disastrous collision occurred on the Dayton & Michigan Railroad, at Swanders' Station, about 3 o'clock on the morning of May 30th. Swanders' Station is about four miles above Sidney, O. Two freight trains collided with such force that both engines and seventeen cars were wrecked. One of the trains was moving at the rate of twenty miles an hour, the other slowly. Edward Lawlor, one of the oldest engineers on the road was instantly killed. Mr. Lawlor was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and the D. & M. road will miss a good and faithful engineer. Just who is to blame is hard to determine. If orders had been strictly obeyed one of the trains would have been side-tracked, and the other had free, unobstructed course. Seven of the seventeen wrecked cars were so badly crushed and shattered that nothing could be done with them. With the exception of the engineer no one else was seriously injured.

### Resolutions.

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, B. of L. F., held at their hall Sunday, April 28th, 1878, Brother Harry Tranoy presented the Lodge with a beautiful and appropriate motto, containing the words, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." It is beautiful in design and finish, and handsomely framed, worked in silk by the dexterous and nimble fingers of one soon to be nearer and dearer to Harry than a friend; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That a vote of thanks be extended to Brother Harry Tranoy for the beautiful and appropriate gift.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE for publication.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

At a regular meeting of Rose City Lodge, No. 45, held March 15, 1878, the following resolutions were adopted:—

*"Resolved,* That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to Mrs. Jephtha Stout, wife of our esteemed Brother, Jephtha Stout, for the beautifully designed and neatly framed motto she presented to this Lodge, and we hope its words—"Love One Another"—will forever be impressed on our memories; be it

*"Resolved,* That it is with feelings of the deepest appreciation and gratitude that we accept this motto, so ingenious in design and so tastefully executed, and that we tender the fair donor our most sincere thanks for the perpetual evidence of her interest in the welfare of our Order, and her thoughtful realization of the beneficent objects of our organization.

*"Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Jephtha Stout, and forwarded to the B. OF L. F. MAGAZINE for publication.

"W. COYNE,  
"P. J. ROBINSON,  
"J. A. GARTY,  
"J. HOLMS,  
"Committee."

At a regular meeting of Rose City Lodge, No. 45, held April 15, 1878, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

*"Resolved,* That the thanks of this entire Lodge be tendered to Mr. Wm. Kerrigan, of Hope City, Ark., for the many favors and courtesies shown to our esteemed Brother, Wm. Coyne, at the time of his accident, December 15, 1877, in which he was badly scalded, caused by his engine leaving the track and turning over on him.

*"Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be published in the BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE, and that a copy of the MAGAZINE be sent for one year free to Mr. Wm. Kerrigan, as a token of our thanks and esteem.

"P. J. ROBINSON,  
"JOS. SCHELLHORN,  
"WM. COYNE,  
"Committee."

At a regular meeting of Bay State Lodge, No. 73, B. of L. F., the following resolution was adopted:—

*"Resolved,* That the thanks and best wishes of Bay State Lodge are hereby extended to Miss Villa J. Lowell, for the very appropriate mottoes, presented by her, through our worthy Vice Master, Wm. P. Danforth.

"M. E. COBB,  
"WALTER COBLEIGH,  
"JAMES MEAD,  
"Committee."

### Obituary.

At a regular meeting of Louisville Lodge, No. 23, held May 18, 1878, the following resolutions on the death of Brother Hukill were adopted:—

*"WHEREAS,* It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the universe to take from our midst our beloved Brother, Wesley Hukill; therefore, be it

*"Resolved,* That by his death our Lodge has sustained a great loss, as he was one of our true and tried Brothers; be it further

*"Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be published in the B. OF L. F. MAGAZINE, and a copy be sent to his bereaved family.

"C. E. MILLER,  
"J. P. MCKENNA,  
"F. B. CAYWOOD,  
"Committee."

At a regular meeting of Welcome Lodge, No. 72, B. of L. F., held February 24, 1878, the following resolutions were adopted:—

*"Resolved,* That this body proceed to the residence of Brother Thos. Smith, to witness the funeral and parting of his ever loved wife; be it

*"Resolved,* That to our worthy Brother and his child we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of bereavement, trusting that they may find consolation in the words of our Savior; be it

*"Resolved,* That as a token of respect these resolutions be copied on our minutes, and be published in the B. OF L. F. MAGAZINE.

"LEWIS ELBERTSON,  
"WM. COWLS,  
"Committee."

## Grand Lodge Officers.

F. B. ALLEY.....	Grand Master,
286 Wenzel street, Louisville, Ky.	
W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Vice Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
JOHN SAVAGE.....	Grand Warden,
Boston, Mass.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
C. G. SWAN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Suspension Bridge, N. Y.	
WM. COWLES.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Camden, N. J.	
E. V. DEBS.....	Grand Marshal,
Terre Haute, Ind.	
MARION BARNHILL.....	Grand Chaplain,
Indianapolis, Ind.	

## Grievance Committee.

F. B. ALLEY, Chairman.....	Louisville, Ky.
W. T. GOUNDIE, Assistant Ch.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. N. SAYRE, Secretary.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
W. W. SMITH.....	Belleville, Ont.
O. W. CUTLER.....	Providence, R. I.
J. B. SWARTZ.....	Scranton, Pa.
A. JENKINSON.....	Galion, O.
D. O. SHANK.....	Albany, N. Y.
F. SNYDER.....	Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. W. PHILLIPSON.....	Marshal, Texas
S. F. BROWNE.....	Austin, Minn.
JOHN MIZE.....	Denver, Col.
JAMES MCNEAL.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. ACHEY.....	Nashville, Tenn.
GEO. MCGARRAHAN.....	East St. Louis, Ill.

## Grand Lodge Deputies.

F. CLARK.....	Jurisdiction No. 1,
Detroit, Mich.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Jurisdiction No. 2,
Lowell, Mass.	
E. STURGES.....	Jurisdiction No. 3,
Hoboken, N. J.	
J. C. BARNARD.....	Jurisdiction No. 4,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
R. V. DODGE.....	Jurisdiction No. 5,
Chicago, Ill.	
J. R. GOHEEN.....	Jurisdiction No. 6,
Topeka, Kansas.	
WM. COYNE.....	Jurisdiction No. 7,
Little Rock, Arkansas.	

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jervis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.  
I. B. Fisher (Box 724).....Master:  
Ed Salley.....Rec. Sec'y  
N. C. Marshall.....Magazine Agent
2. ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.  
C. Hobart.....Master  
W. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
John Broderick.....Magazine Agent

3. JERSEY CITY, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets at Wagner's Hall, 490 Grove street, every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
S. S. Clark (care 14 Erie street).....Master  
Henry Jackson (care 14 Erie st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent
4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
W. H. Maxwell.....Master  
J. F. Hoffman (box 501).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. F. Williamson.....Magazine Agent
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 p. m.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
C. Bennett.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
6. DAYTON, at Dayton, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Sixth and Ludlow streets, first Sunday of each month.  
Frank Stutes (19 Zeigler street).....Master  
J. C. McCutcheon.....Rec. Sec'y  
Chris. Sweetman.....Magazine Agent
7. SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa., meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.  
Geo. H. Carpenter.....Master  
Thos. Roach (Lockbox 37).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. D. Schooley.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
Thomas Ackley.....Master  
Frank Schooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.  
F. J. Kistler (14 West Fulton st.).....Master  
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. block.)  
Chas. Collier (Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, Ohio. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m., Miller's Hall, cor. Auburn st. and Scranton ave.  
Josh L. Clark, (8 Freeman st.).....Master  
D. T. Hendersen (46 John st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
P. J. Culliton.....Magazine Agent  
(148 Rear Columbus st.)
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
L. D. Salisbury.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30; hall, 253 Michigan st.  
A. L. Jacobs (411 Perry st.).....Master  
J. C. Bradley, 547 S. Division st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent  
(527 South Division st., Buffalo.)
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. in brick bank hall.  
J. Hunt.....Master  
Geo. McGarrahan.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at No. 62½ East Washington street.  
C. A. Hawley (110 Span ave.).....Master  
C. P. Bond (456 E. Michigan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. P. Bond.....Magazine Agent  
(456 E. Michigan st.)

15. **PACIFIC**, at St. Louis, Mo. meets 2d and 4th Sundays; hall, Chateau avenue, near Summit Avenue.  
 • J. J. Smith.....Master  
 J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall  
 Wm. Brennan.....Master  
 E. V. Debbs (Box 1074).....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Ebbage (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. **LEACH**, at Mattoon, Ill.
18. **FRIENDSHIP**, at Fort Wayne, Ind. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.  
 J. R. Anderson.....Master  
 F. Snyder, 138 Force st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Ferd. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
19. **HOPE**, at Alliance, Ohio. meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
 L. M. Holloway.....Master  
 J. Martin (Crestline, Ohio).....Rec. Sec'y  
 R. S. McKee, Crestline, O.....Magazine Agent
20. **WESTERN STAR**, at Galesburg, Ill. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
 O. D. Pratt.....Master  
 John McGee.....Rec. Sec'y
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
 James Bucke.....Master  
 H. Miller (cor. Ellwood & 2d st).....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
 F. C. Beatty.....Master  
 Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Rec. Sec'y  
 Isaac Littler (Box 598).....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
 J. H. Smith (252 Zane street).....Master  
 F. B. Caywood (593 W. Ch. street).....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. H. Smith.....Magazine Agent  
 [252 Zane street.]
24. **H. G. RUST**, at Jackson, Mich.  
 S. Smith.....Master  
 Wm. E. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Miles Grosvenor.....Magazine Agent
25. **PROVIDENCE**, at Providence, R. I. meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Saturday evenings in each month in B. of L. E. Hall.  
 Geo. H. Bragg.....Master  
 C. S. Newton.....Rec. Sec'y  
 (14 Chestnut st., Hartford, Conn.)  
 O. W. Cutler.....Magazine Agent  
 (Ashland, Mass.)
26. **J. W. THOMAS**, at Nashville, Tennessee. meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at Knights of Honor Hall, W. Nashville.  
 Geo. D. Smith (317 Church st.).....Master  
 Will Achey.....Rec. Sec'y  
 (cor. W. Gay and Hines sts.)  
 Will Achey.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
 F. A. Davis.....Master  
 A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month  
 W. J. Stuart.....Master  
 H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. S. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. **CHAMPION**, at Detroit, Mich.  
 John Munroe (239 Larned st.).....Master  
 Frank Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Magazine Agent
30. **HARMONY**, at Susquehanna, Dep.  
 James Cass.....Master  
 Frank Choate (Box 299).....Rec. Sec'y
31. **FORT CLARK**, at Peora, Ill.  
 A. F. Eaton.....Master  
 D. B. Wright.....Rec. Sec'y
32. **AMERICUS**, at Grand Rapids, Mich.  
 Charles Jewell, 82 Center st.....Master  
 George H. Scott.....Rec. Sec'y
33. **CECIL FLEMING**, at Jackson, Tenn.  
 J. Jones.....Master  
 R. T. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Jones.....Magazine Agent
34. **ORCHARD CITY**, at Burlington, Iowa.  
 Win. James.....Master  
 L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
 L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
35. **WASHINGTON**, at Lafayette, N. J., meets 2d Monday and last Saturday evenings of each month at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
 Horace Allen.....Master  
 A. Zindle.....Rec. Sec'y  
 (157 Pine st., Jersey City, N. J.)  
 J. Konklin.....Magazine Agent  
 (183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at Lafayette, Ind. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, corner Sixth and Main sts., Curtis' Block.  
 H. C. Ward.....Master  
 P. Ronan (182 N. 6th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. H. Brewer (81 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
37. **MOUNTAIN CITY**, at Altoona, Pa. meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.  
 John Gardner.....Master  
 J. Miles Stonebraker, Box 343.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. H. McMurray, Box 343.....Magazine Agent
38. **KEY STONE**, at Pittsburg, Pa. meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Beaver avenue.  
 Gust Sold.....Master  
 Thos. Vanvoy.....Rec. Sec'y  
 (148 Bidwell st., Allegheny, Pa.)  
 Burt E. Gove.....Magazine Agent  
 (134 Juniata st., Allegheny, Pa.)
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.  
 H. M. Baker.....Master  
 Wm. Chambers.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. Anderson (Box 56).....Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets every Thursday night.  
 Chas. O. Hotchkiss (1206 N. Lee st.).....Master  
 T. O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y  
 (910 W. Chestnut st.)  
 C. M. Stone.....Magazine Agent  
 (1206 N. Lee st.)
41. **FOX RIVER**, at Aurora, Ill. Meets every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.  
 C. Riddle.....Master  
 C. E. Powell.....Rec. Sec'y  
 G. L. Cummings.....Magazine Agent
42. **MISSOURI VALLEY**, at Sedalia, Mo. Meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th Wednesday.  
 R. C. Vopst.....Master  
 C. Schernowkie.....Rec. Sec'y  
 L. D. Palmer.....Magazine Agent



43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 A. M., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
DeWitt Pearce.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Fitzpatrick.....Magazine Agent
44. **RELIABLE**, at Brookfield, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays, in B. of L. E. hall.  
.....Master  
S. Leonard.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. R. Worth (Box 13).....Magazine Agent
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main and Markham streets.  
Win. Coyne.....Master  
M. W. Campbell (Lock Box 648).....Rec. Sec'y  
M. W. Campbell.....Magazine Agent
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday at Eng. Hall.  
John Walsh (532 North Fifth st.).....Master  
G. D. Partington (Box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Henry.....Magazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.  
P. D. Furlong (692 State st.).....Master  
W. Woodin (544 S. Canal st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Glover.....Magazine Agent  
(661 State st.)
48. **AMICITI**, at Harrisburg, Pa. Meets every Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, corner 3d and Broad streets.  
R. T. Shepherd (5th, near Riley).....Master  
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y  
937 Pennsylvania avenue  
C. W. Guyon.....Magazine Agent  
(642 Colder st.)
49. **SPRINGFIELD**, at Springfield, Mass.  
C. O. Mansus.....Master  
J. W. Hurlbert (Box 396).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. H. Porter (Box 396).....Magazine Agent
50. **NEW YORK CITY**, at New York. Meets every 2d Sunday and 4th Saturday of each month, at 8:19 Second avenue.  
D. E. Elliott (107 E. 46th st.).....Master  
Henry J. Glover (231 E. 45th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.).....Magazine Agent
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y.  
A. L. Baldwin, Esq. Mitchell st.....Master  
L. J. Boynton (112 W. Utica st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. McCarthy (48 W. Erie st.).....Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Ind., meets every Friday at 8 P. M., corner Market and Canal streets.  
Chas. Schrier.....Master  
S. Bricker (box 626).....Rec. Sec'y  
Ambrose Ross.....Magazine Agent
53. **FIDELITY**, at Sunbury, Pa., meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. hall.  
John Pittenger.....Master  
D. F. Vollmer (Box 276).....Rec. Sec'y
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo., meets every Monday night, at 43 Reed street.  
J. J. Murphy.....Master  
J. Mummet (Lockbox 580).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. J. Murphy (Lockbox 580).....Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis, Tenn. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. at Engineers' Hall, Adams street.  
Wm. Bender, 206 Old Raleigh st.....Master  
O. B. Hanes.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Bender.....Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Emporia, Kan., meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
S. McGaffey.....Master  
J. R. Goheen (Topeka, Kan.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. R. Goheen.....Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 A. M., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
Francis Beadle.....Master  
(No. 1 Mt. Vernon st., Bunker Hill District.)  
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
(123 Chelsea st., E. Boston, Mass.)  
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent  
(70 Cambridge st., E. Cambridge.)
58. **STAR**, at Hoboken, N. J. Meets 2d Sundays and 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st.  
C. E. Berland.....Master  
O. Gillen (Box 41, Hoboken).....Rec. Sec'y  
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. **ASHLEY**, at Ashley, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 P. M.  
J. M. Peck.....Master  
A. E. Detoro.....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Wednesday night and 3d Sunday morning, corner Hancock and Diamond streets.  
G. C. Green (107 Haydock st.).....Master  
J. McNeal (427 Schneider ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. A. Falls.....Magazine Agent  
(22 4 North Second st.)
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M., cor. 7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall.  
S. J. Murphy (56 Goodrich ave.).....Master  
C. Sinks (58 Goodrich ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Peel (Box 1534).....Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d Thursday and 4th Sunday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
O. E. Histed.....Master  
W. T. Bingham.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. W. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
J. C. Boyssel.....Master  
Chas. J. McGee.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. Rogers.....Magazine Agent
64. **LOYAL**, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.  
W. H. Hamilton.....Master  
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 16, Brookville, Kan.)
65. **ISLAND CITY**, at Brockville, Ontario, (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, King street, over McClean's boot and shoe store.  
Wm. T. Simpson.....Master  
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. **CHALLENGE**, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Patrick Flannery.....Master  
James Cummins.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. C. McKnight.....Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occidental Hall, Queen street.  
Wm. Newlove.....Master  
Wm. Prenter (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y  
George Shields (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. **HUDSON**, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday afternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.  
John McAuley.....Master  
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y  
(232 Union st., Elizabeth, N. J.)  
B. Hare (245 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent

69. HURON, at Port Huron, Mich. Meets every Sunday, over Postoffice.  
J. Britnall.....Master  
C. Macklow.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)  
T. French.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)
70. LONE STAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets every Friday night in I. O. O. F. Hall.  
James McDonough.....Master  
L. W. Phillipson.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. T. Smith (box 92).....Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 540 Broadway.  
D. O. Shank, 85 Cherry street.....Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union street.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent  
(281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.)
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
Wm. Cows, 411 Hartman st.....Master  
L. Elberston (417 Henry st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave.....Magazine Agent
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass, meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
Geo. Hewitt (Union Depot).....Master  
T. E. Kelton, 42 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. P. Danforth.....Magazine Agent  
(9 Myrtle street.)
74. KANSAS CITY, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 7st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic hall, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Master  
John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y  
cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Magazine Agent  
905 Penn street,
75. ENTERPRISE, at West Philadelphia Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
C. E. Austin, 3800 Story st.....Master  
W. T. Gounde.....Rec. Sec'y  
3405 Elm st.  
C. E. Austin.....Magazine Agent  
(3800 Story street.)
76. VALLEY CITY LODGE, at East Saginaw, Michigan Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.  
F. C. Blanchett.....Master  
J. Lennox, Box 880.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Hannon, Box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
S. B. Turman.....Master  
W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Pelham.....Magazine Agent
78. BINGHAMTON, at Binghamton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.  
Thomas Milan, Box 725.....Master  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. MIAMI, at Cincinnati, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M., corner 8th and Freeman sts.  
J. T. Coakley.....Master  
G. Horrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Sperry.....Magazine Agent  
432 George st.
80. EARLY SUNRISE, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st & 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. hall.  
J. H. Morely.....Master  
C. Reich.....Recording Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent
81. READING, at Reading Pa. meets every 2d and 4th Sunday, Bland's Hall, cor. Ninth and Penn st.  
W. Hynes.....Master  
C. J. Butler (28 Church st).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Goodman.....Magazine Agent
82. NORTH WESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn., meets in Druids Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet Avenue, between 1st and 2d streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday evenings of each month.  
S. F. Brown.....Master  
(1311 N. Washington avenue.)  
John Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
(M & St. L. freight office.)  
J. W. Cole (1223 S. 7th st.).....Magazine Agent
83. MISSISSIPPI, at Winona, Minn.  
John Hewick.....Master  
Wm. Warren (box 686).....Rec. Sec'y  
B. F. Weller (box 26).....Magazine Agent

# THE BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

Vol. 2.

JULY, 1878.

No. 8.

## CHASED BY AN ENGINE.



WAS riding on a night train of the Pennsylvania Central from New York to Washington, on a mission as newspaper correspondent.

We had passed Baltimore, and within an hour's time would be at our place of destination. The conductor had finished collecting the fares, and seeing a vacant seat by my side had dropped into it, as if for a little rest at the end of a tiresome day's work. He made an entry in his note-book, closed it, placed it in his breast-pocket, buttoned his coat, folded his arms, and then turned to me with a friendly remark, as if now he felt at liberty to lay aside all official dignity and be sociable. I was glad to while away the time as the train was rushing along in a darkness which concealed all objects of interest without, and so I encouraged the conversation.

"You must have met with some interesting experiences, and perhaps with some great dangers, in the course of your life," said I, the conductor's grizzly beard showing that he might have seen a long service.

"Well, perhaps the most exciting time in my experience was the night I was chased by an engine—a night which this one reminds me of," said he, looking out into the darkness.

"Chased by an engine!" said I, getting interested. "How did that happen?"

"Well," said the conductor, set-

tling down in the cushion and bracing his knees against the back of the seat in front, "many years ago I was running the night express on Long Island from Brooklyn to Greenport, a distance of ninety miles, the entire length of the road. The Long Island road was then a one-horse affair, having only a single track, with switches at the different stations to allow trains to meet and pass. On the evening to which I now refer I started from Brooklyn at 10 o'clock with the old "Constitution," long since broken up, but then the crack engine of the road, with a baggage or freight car and three passenger cars. The night was just as dark as a pocket, or, if anything, perhaps a little darker," he added, as if he had accurately tested the internal obscurity of that useful portion of the dress.

"It must have been very dark," said I.

"We were the only regular train on the road that night, with the exception of the Greenport express to Brooklyn, which was to start at 10 o'clock and meet us at Lakeland station, in the middle of the island, switching off there to allow us to pass.

"Well, we were perhaps six or eight miles on our way when I stepped out on the back platform of the rear car to see if it was growing any lighter. We were then going over a part of the road as straight as an arrow for a distance of four or

five miles. As I was looking back over this stretch I saw behind us, at the distance of three miles or so, what I knew was the headlight of an engine, as it was too bright for anything else, for of course I did not suppose the Government had been putting up any light-houses along the road."

"Probably not," said I.

"You may be sure I was a little surprised," said the conductor, "for there wasn't an extra train once a week upon that road, and I knew there was none going out from Brooklyn that night, anyhow. I waited for a few minutes, until I saw that it was really an engine coming, and, what was more, was gaining rapidly on us, although we were going at our usual rate of speed. When I was satisfied of this fact I hurried forward and said to the engineer: 'Jake, there's a train close behind us.'"

"Jake dropped his oil-can and his lower jaw at about the same moment, and looked to see whether I was crazy or joking.

"Well, let the fireman attend to matters here, and come back and see," said I.

"We hurried to the rear, and in a moment Jake saw as well as myself that if there was any joke in the matter we were the victims of one; and of rather a serious one, too, for the train in the rear had gained on us a full mile while I had been forward. The red cinders were pouring out of the smoke-stack as if from a blast furnace; the headlight threw a glare along the road, burnishing the iron rails to our very wheels. Close as he was upon us, the engineer of the advancing train had not given the slightest signal to warn us of his approach, and made no response to our repeated whistles of alarm. He was violating all rules, and if he had determined to secretly run us down he would act just as he was then doing. Jake at first seemed to be struck dumb—not so much because he then thought of danger as the cool impudence of the engineer behind. He looked as if he would like to throttle him. His tongue after awhile got in working order,

and he broke out: 'What does the crazy fool mean?'

"The engineer must be either crazy or drunk," said I. 'If he keeps on in that way ten minutes longer he will surely be into us;' and I signalled the fireman to put on more steam. 'What business the train has upon the road at all to-night is what puzzles me.'

"I wonder if it isn't the engine the old man is sending down to Jamaica to the shops for repairs?" said Jake. 'I saw the "Ben Franklin" standing on the side-track with steam up just as we started. From the way she overhauls us there can't be much of a train behind her.'

"I did not know but that Jake might be right, for I had seen the 'Franklin' standing in the depot when we left. That engine was as fast as our own, and, if it was without a train attached, as Jake supposed, might easily gain on us, as it seemed to be doing. 'At any rate we shall see when we pass Jamaica station whether Jake's theory is correct,' I thought and said to him.

"By this time the fireman, acting as engineer, had given our engine all the steam she would take, and we were slashing along at a lively rate, I tell you," said the conductor. "The good people along the road who were out of their beds must have thought that a railroad Gilpin was riding another race according to the new style. I was angry enough to have sent a bullet at the crazy engineer following us, and I determined that my first business the next day should be to complain to the Superintendent of his foolhardiness. I thought that, possibly, being for the moment his own master and no longer under the immediate orders of a conductor, he was indulging in a kind of railroad spree, and for a lark was driving us to the top of our speed, expecting to end the race and his day's work at the same time at Jamaica.

"Well, we tore through that sleeping village without stopping long for refreshments, I can assure you, and then Jake and I looked to see our comical friend in the rear pull up at the station and take lodgings for the

night. But we were mistaken in our guess. Not a whistle was given by our pursuer as a signal that he intended to stop; not a signal of slackening was shown; but, on the contrary, he was gaining upon us, even when we were doing our very best. Sometimes a curve in the road would shut him a moment from our view, but he would round it in an instant, and every new turn brought him more closely upon us. Jamaica had been left far behind, and we were on the wide Hempstead plain. The old 'Constitution' was on her muscle. Our train was actually swaying and rocking with speed like a yacht on the waves. The telegraph poles, upon which the light from our windows would glance in the dense darkness, were flying behind us at every second. The sound of our wheels as they struck the end of the rails was a continuous hum. But do the best that it might, our engine with its heavy train was no match for the lightweighted one behind, which was gaining upon us, and was not the eighth of a mile off. The glare of its lantern shone brightly in our faces; I thought Jake's face looked a little pale, and perhaps mine did too. Now, that our pursuer did not halt at Jamaica, we were entirely off our reckoning, and we could make no guess as to the cause of our chase, nor where it would end. The prospect seemed that we might be driven to the end of the road if we were not overtaken and smashed before it could be reached.

"That's the 'Franklin,' sure," broke out Jake once more. "No other engine on the road would overhaul us as we are going now. What can that fool of a Simpson mean by driving her at such a rate? He must be drunk. If the boss don't break him to-morrow he won't get his deserts. He will be into us in two minutes."

"You are right, Jake," said I. "Go forward and see if you can't get up a little more headway. Empty a few of those petroleum cans on the wood, and pitch it in and see what can be done."

"While Jake was forward on his errand I thought over the situation.

Here I was with one or two hundred passengers under my care, all ignorant of the danger which I knew they were in. If we should be overtaken and crushed in the rear, the disaster would be a serious one, and would probably cause the death or injury of at least some of the passengers. If we were not smashed in this way, there was another and perhaps a greater danger before us. The train of which I have spoken, that left Greenport when we left Brooklyn, was on its way to meet us on the same track. It should switch off at Lakeland, in the middle of the island, and allow us to pass an hour after we started, or at 11 o'clock. It was now 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> o'clock, and we were close to Lakeland already, and would pass there long before the arrival of the Greenport train, which was beyond Lakeland without warning of our approach, and a collision in front as well as in the rear would be the consequence.

"We reached and flew through the Lakeland depot nearly half an hour ahead of time. Of course the Greenport train was not there yet, but was coming down the road. Our speed was now a little ahead of any ever made upon the Long Island road. The telegraph poles fairly danced behind us, and the bushes on either side of the track seemed a continuous wall of fire as they were lighted up by the flame which was pouring out of our smoke-stack. But dangerous as it was to keep on, it was just as dangerous to slacken speed, and so on we went."

The conductor rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, raised the window by his side and expectorated into the outer darkness, and became silent for several moments as if burdened by the recollection of his former perils. After waiting a reasonable length of time for him to resume his story, I said: "When the collision occurred, was it with the train in front or in the rear, or with both?"

"Oh, the collision!" said the conductor. "Well, now you come to the ridiculous part of the story. The collision did not take place at all," he said in an apologetic tone, as if there ought to have been a serious

accident after so much preparation. "While I was standing on the platform, thinking whether I had better warn the passengers to hold themselves ready for a shock, Jake came from forward dragging after him two large petroleum cans, each of which would hold a quarter of a barrel of oil.

"'Now, then,' said Jake to me, 'if you will oil one side of the track I will try the other.'

"I saw at a glance what his plan was. We each brought the mouth of an oil-can as near to the polished surface of the rail as possible, and commenced pouring on it the kerosene. In less than a minute a half mile of the iron rails on both sides was nicely oiled, and as slippery as the tongue of a Hebrew dealer in second-hand clothes."

"You have raised my expectations of a catastrophe so high that you have been obliged to grease the track so as to let them down again easily," said I, for I felt a little nettled at the unexpected turn the story had taken, and was inclined to believe that the conductor was drawing largely upon his imagination for the facts.

"Why, don't you know that an engine can no more make headway on a greased track than a tom-cat can climb a steep roof covered with ice?" said the conductor, with a pitying glance at one so profoundly ignorant of railroad matters as myself. "I slapped Jake on the back, and said: 'Old fellow, your cuteness has brought us all out of a bad scrape.'

"In a few seconds the lantern of the train behind was getting dim in the distance. We slackened speed, and backed down to see 'what was the matter with Simpson,' as Jake said. There stood the old 'Ben Franklin' puffing and snorting and pawing like a mad bull, the driving wheels buzzing around on the greased track like all possessed, but not gaining an inch. We sanded the track and bore down upon the old machine. Jake was the first aboard, spoiling for a chance at the engineer (Simpson). But no sign of an engineer, fireman or any other being was to be found. The engine

had only a tender attached, and although there was a full head of steam on, the fires were getting low. We made short time in pushing back to Lakeland. We reached this station and got fairly upon the switch when the Greenport train, which we should meet there, came in, and we were waiting as if nothing had happened, and as if we hadn't been fifteen miles out on the road to meet it a few minutes before.

"The telegraph operator at Lakeland handed me a dispatch which read as follows:—

"'BROOKLYN, 10:05 P. M.

"'To Conductor C—:

"'The 'Ben Franklin' has broken loose, and is coming up the road. Turn switch at Lakeland and run him off the track. BARTON, Superintendent.'

"You see, we did not have much time for turning switches at Lakeland," he continued, "so we did still better, and saved the old 'Ben'—which was not responsible, after all—from a smash up."

◆◆◆  
"JOHN, where is Africa?"

"On the map, sir."

"I mean on what continent—the Eastern or the Western?"

"Well, the land of Africa is on the Eastern Continent, but the people are all of 'em down South."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing."

"Drawing what—water?"

"No, sir, by drawing their breath."

"Sit down, John. Thomas, what is the equator?"

"Why, sir, it is a horizontal pole running perpendicularly through the imagination of astronomers and geographers."

"Go to your seat, Thomas. William Stiggs, what do you understand by an eclipse?"

"An old race horse, sir."

"Silence! Jack, you are a scholar. What is an eclipse?"

"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gets on a bender and runs against the sun; consequently the sun blacks the moon's face."

Pedagogue looks amazed. Dismisses the class.

## THE FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE

## The Microphone, by Which a Fly's Footsteps and Breathing may be Heard.

A paper lately read before the Royal Society announces the invention by Professor Hughes of this astonishing instrument or apparatus, which opens to our ears a universe of sounds heretofore inaudible—just as the microscope revealed a world of minute life and structure unknown before. Like Mr. Edison, Professor Hughes was one day employing the telephone for various acoustic experiments. He wished to investigate the effect of sonorous vibration upon the electrical behavior of conductors, led to this idea, by the way, in which selenium is known to become electrically affected by light, and also by the researches of Sir William Thomson upon the electrical conduct of strained wires. The Professor had a stretched wire on his telephone circuit, and, though he talked and plucked at it, no effect followed until it broke. At that moment the telephone uttered a sort of “shh,” which was very curious. He placed the broken ends together under a weight, and obtained again faint sounds, which were improved when the wires were connected by iron nails, or a steel watch-chain—the more pieces and more diverse in substance from the conductor the better. Experimenting still further with his broken circuit, especially in the direction of this whisper from science about “more pieces,” he found metallic powder or fine metal filings wonderfully augment the power of transmitting sounds, while shot, in a bright condition, platinum, carbon and mercury also gave good results, particularly the last. Following up this clue, Professor Hughes hit upon a plan of suspending finely-divided mercury in a stick of charcoal by heating the latter and plunging it into quicksilver, whereupon the charcoal becomes infiltrated with the mercury in minutest but continuous particles. Inserting a “transmitter” of this sort in his circuit an absolutely amazing sensitiveness to sound, as well as power

of conveying it with the utmost fidelity, was displayed by the apparatus. A touch of the finger on the vibrating plate was conducted to the speaking end in volume of vibration like the rustle of a forest; the stroking of a camel's-hair brush on a card was magnified into the sound of a loud whisper; the beating of a pulse or the tick of a watch was found to pass with perfect clearness through a resistance representing a hundred miles of space; and when a fly happened to walk over the plate, the tramp of its feet was most distinctly caught, like that of some six-legged horse trotting; and it was, moreover, heard to trumpet from its raised proboscis like an elephant in an Indian jungle. Sounds, in fact, totally inaudible before to human ears were arrested and reported by this simple and accidental expedient of interrupting the electrical circuit with a finely-divided connecting material. There is almost no doubt that the perfect microphone will convey to us that hidden ripple of the sap rising in growing trees and plants, which Humboldt said might be a continuous melody in the auditory organs of earth's smallest creatures.—*London (Eng.) Telegraph.*

## Well Said.

A young fop of an Eastern city, who is known among his associates as Bill, recently undertook to get a joke on a young lady acquaintance by presenting her (before a whole company) with a rose, at the same time, saying:—

Accept, dear maid, this beauteous rose  
To deck thy breast most fair;  
Observe its hue, nor wonder why  
It blushes to be there!

The lady turned the laugh, however, on the unfortunate but justly punished youth, by responding:—

I will accept thy beauteous rose,  
And on my breast enslave it;  
But should it blush. I should suppose  
'Tis for the fool who gave it!

TREES about a house may be too dense. An Italian proverb says that “where the sun never comes the doctor must.”

### Sale of Widows.

A century ago the authorities of a town in Massachusetts hit upon an ingenious expedient for disposing of their widows who were a tax upon the town. It started a pauper traffic by selling the poor annually "at vendue," and it continued this business during many years. In January, 1776, the widow Lovell was added to the annual list, and at a vendue "the said widow Lovell was struck off to Josiah Stevens, for to keep one year for the sum of nine pounds six shillings; and if she did not live the year, he to have in that proportion." The widow Lovell's disposition was very migratory. Although sold and bought for a year's service, the buyer seems to have considered her a bad bargain, literally, for in a few months Joshua Briggs had her in his house, and also had a bill of fourteen pounds against the town for keeping and clothing her. She became an expensive property to the town. After considerable knocking about she finally died, and was buried at the town's expense. But one of these widows, Jane George by name, seemed determined not to die, but lived on until she outlived all who had been her cotemporaries. Through nearly two generations the standing inquiry among farmers was, "Who's going to buy George?" It passed into a saying; and thus "By George!" became the town expletive. In 1806 she was sold for a sum equal to about ten pounds. She began to be one of the town's poor in 1759, and was set up on sale for the last time in 1808. The town was pleased with the business, and persistently voted "not to build a poor-house" on every occasion when it was proposed. The widows gradually increased in number and they were sold to the lowest bidder every year, without any expression of sentiment. Then, in December, 1808, it was "voted to sell the widow of the late Jonathan Percy, and child, and also one cow and one heifer." In this year the children were sometimes rated with cattle, and separated from their mothers, thus severing all family ties, and destroying the family affection.

### Bijah and the Heathen.

The old man was oiling the hinges of the stove door, and carelessly singing one of Beethoven's best, when a middle-aged woman entered the station and began:—

"Mr. Joy, are you a good man?"

"Wall, tolerable—tolerable," he replied. "I never dropped a bad nickel in the street-car box, and I don't go fishing on Sunday."

"Mr. Joy, I am canvassing for money to buy Bibles, and so forth, for the African heathen," she continued, as she exhibited a pass-book.

"Are, eh! Does he seem to want a Bible?"

"He does. He sits on the sands of his native shore and looks longingly this way."

"Does, eh! Sitting right there this morning, I 'spose?"

"He is. How much will you subscribe, Mr. Joy?"

"Madam, I've got to lift a mortgage before noon to-day, and—"

"You will certainly give something," she interrupted.

"And I've got to meet fire and life insurance, pew rent, taxes, gas and—"

"Put down what your noble heart dictates," she said, as she handed him the book.

He reflected for a moment and then said:

"Will five dollars convert a heathen—a great big two-fisted heathen, with a stiff knee?"

"I—I think so."

He figured with the pencil on the bottom of a chair, and said:

"Five dollars into two hundred pounds of heathen is forty pounds for a dollar. That is less see—um—ten pounds for twenty-five cents, and none to carry. Divide the dividend by the divisor, cut off the cube root, carry nothing, and, madam, you take this quarter and convert ten pounds of heathen for me. That's all I can spare—no use talking—ten pounds—here comes His Honor.

She went away puzzled and amused at his figures, and Bijah looked after her and mused:

"I ought to have taken a mortgage on my share of that heathen, but I'm just that careless in business affairs."

—*Detroit Free Press.*



MR. VANDERBILT'S return from Europe has been made the subject of sundry speculations as to great business schemes which he may have undertaken there; but it does not appear that they are anything but speculations, without any confirmation by Mr. Vanderbilt or his associates. The control of the Atlantic & Great Western is one of the assumed objects of his visit; but, though it is rational to suppose that such control may have been sought, it is difficult to see how it could be secured or greatly forwarded by a visit to Europe. The road is in a receiver's hands; the reorganizing committee has no power to transfer the control of the road (though it might influence it by its recommendations), and the easiest way would seem to be by purchasing a majority of some class of the bonds, which, at the present depressed prices, would require a great amount of capital. The securities of the company, however, can be bought without going abroad, though it is possible that personal negotiations with some large holders would simplify the matter. It is easy to understand that a holder of the class of bonds desired might be glad to agree to keep them and to aid Mr. Vanderbilt to become the controller of the property, and in this way fewer purchases would be necessary, and the market would be less affected by them. That anything of the kind has been done, however, is pure speculation offered only as a possible means of securing control of a company which has yet to be sold to satisfy its creditors, and so can not be bought or leased in an ordinary way. But without any control, it is natural to expect that the New York Central will receive a larger amount of freight hereafter than heretofore from the Atlantic & Great Western, simply because the two roads now have a favorable connection which formerly did not exist. Now the New York Central is nearly as favorable an outlet as the Erie for Atlantic & Great Western traffic. The report, however, that there are now transfers of some sixty cars of oil daily from the latter road to the New York Central at Salamanca

seems to have been a misapprehension, based on pipe-line deliveries at Salamanca from the Bradford oil district.—*Railroad Gazette.*

An enthusiast in profanity should travel in a freight caboose; on one train he would hear more new "cuss-words" than he could use to advantage in a month.

An exchange says that the following lately occurred in a New England railroad station:—

Pat—"Phat is the fare to Putnam?"

Agent—"Putnam in Massachusetts or Connecticut?"

Pat—"Phat is the fare?"

Agent—"Five dollars to Putnam, Massachusetts; eight dollars to Putnam, Connecticut."

Pat—"Well, bedad, Oi'll take the cheapest."

An invention really needed is an automatic ticket agent, warranted able to answer thirty-five questions at once, find change for a \$50 bill, give each one of seventeen passengers his ticket first, listen unmoved to indefinite abuse of himself and the company, and make up a correct return of the tickets sold at the same time. For small local stations a variety would be useful which could, at once and the same time, receive two telegraph orders, put out a signal, change a switch, sell tickets for the next train, and explain the mysteries of the freight tariff to an irate granger.

WE are apt to think the locomotive of the present day an improvement on its predecessors, but in every round-house will be found some conservative old veteran, who stoutly maintains that these "new-fangled rattle-traps" are of no account, and who will tell how he used to "go up the Bungtown grade with old No. 7, forty miles an hour, with six cars, and steam a-blowin' the whole way." Nevertheless, if "old No. 7" could be resuscitated from the scrap heap, it is very doubtful if the veteran would be willing to give up his present engine and go back to the old one.

### Fast Work.

The Jackson (Mich.) *Partriot*, of May 25th, contains the following account of fast boiler building:—

"Last Monday John McIntyre, with helpers—Richard Whalen, Andrew Connor, G. W. Updyke and C. M. Rutherford—began work in the Central boiler shops on six new boilers to show how fast they could do work in that shop. They flanged the twelve inside fire-box heads, six front and six back, in twenty-two hours and ten minutes; the twenty-four short corners, each requiring a separate heat, being made in two hours and ten minutes. They also flanged the six large outside or back end heads, which had 108 feet of plate, with a nine-inch flange, in twenty hours. The steel was Cleveland rolled steel, part half-inch and part three-eighth inch. This time in boiler building has never been equaled, or if it has no one seems to have heard of it."

### Compound Locomotives.

The compound type of engine, where one cylinder receives the steam direct from the boiler and after using its expansion to a limited degree sends it on to another and larger cylinder, is almost universally used for marine engines, and in part for stationary engines, and has recently been applied to locomotives. Three engines for passenger service have now made a united run of over 2,500 miles, and may be considered as something more than experiments. The engines have two cylinders, placed on the outside, that are fitted to the wheels in the usual manner, and one of these is somewhat larger than the other. When the locomotive is to be started, or when more draft is required in the fire, a new form of valve, called the undoing valve, is employed to turn the steam into both cylinders at once, and the exhaust is thrown into the stack to increase the draft. The undoing valve is the only addition to the engine, and, excepting in this and the different sizes of the cylinders, the locomotives do not

depart from the common type. When the speed is attained, or when the draft is sufficient, the new valve is changed and the steam goes to the smaller, high-pressure cylinder on the other side of the engine, and after further expansion the steam is finally thrown into the stack. It will be seen that the engine gives only half the number of "coughs" or ejections at the stack, and thus loses half the draft. The engines are reported to do continuous work in dragging heavy excursion trains over a sea-side road at a decided economy of future. The prospect of their general adoption in the future is very probable.

### The Watch.

"Watch" is from a Saxon word signifying "to wake." At first the watch was as large as a saucer; it had weights, and was called "the pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in a record of 1542, which mentions that Edward VI. had "onne larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron-gilt, with two plummettes of lead." The first great improvement, the substitution of the spring for weights, was made about 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and required winding twice a day. The dials were of silver or brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of fifteen hundred dollars in our currency, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

There is a watch in a Swiss museum only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil-case. Its little dial indicates not only hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the olden times, when watches were inserted in saddles, snuff-boxes, shirt-studs, breast-pins, bracelets and finger-rings. Many were fantastic—oval, octangular, cruciform, or in the shape of pears, melons, tulips, coffins, and innumerable other forms.

**Tempt Not.**

It was a bridal scene. The wine cup passed from lip to lip. One gentleman, who thought himself cured of his drinking habits, refused.

"Can't you pledge friendship in a social glass?" pleaded the bridegroom.

"I dare not; I can not."

Then the beautiful bride, with bewitching smiles, and eyes that were brighter than the jewels on her fingers, held out the poison to him, saying:—

"Surely, you will not refuse me?"

The color mounted to his cheek. He faltered. He yielded to the Circe of the banquet. The first taste fired his lust, and he ceased not till he was a sot again. A few years later, one quiet summer's evening, a wretched outcast reeled into the open door of a pleasant home, when a lady was just drinking a glass of wine, allowing her little one to sip. The vagabond sprang forward with a maniac's frenzy, dashed the cup to the floor, and shouted:—

"Murder him if you will, but not with that! Dook at me! You made me what I am. I was respected and honored. You tempted me at your wedding. Now, there is not a reptile I would not gladly change places with. I must soon stand before God's bar. On your head rests my blood!"

A gurgling sound was heard in his throat. He fell at her feet a corpse. He sleeps in a nameless grave, the victim of a cruel though thoughtless seduction.

CHOLERA was raging in the district of an Ayrshire grave-digger, and every day he had a number of graves to dig, and was fast making money. While digging a grave a friend, in passing, said, "You're busy, John," "Yes," he replied, but this is a useless job—it's for my wife."

SIDNEY SMITH once said, in an aristocratic party: "That a man to know how bad he is, must become poor; to know how bad other people are, must become rich."

**Short and Suggestive.**

A Haverhill (Mass.) man who had been on a spree for three weeks, wound it up by stabbing his wife and then killing himself. That was an expensive spree.

Three men at Chapel Hill, N. C., ended a spree by quarreling. One wanted to get into the house of another, who finally took his gun and fired at the intruder, but instead shot his wife, who died soon after.

A man who owned considerable real estate in Lexington, Ky., committed suicide there recently while laboring under a temporary fit of insanity. The latter had been caused by financial embarrassments and intemperance.

The Fort Wayne (Ind.) police arrested a man and locked him up on a charge of drunkenness. Next morning he was found dead in his cell, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from dissipation and exposure.

The *Detroit News* describes a fearful scene, being the suicide of a farmer near that city, to which terrible act he was driven by his wife's drunkenness. While he was breathing his last the unfortunate woman, suffering from delirium tremens, made the night hideous with her yells and curses.

ONE of the ablest speeches of the session was that made by Hon. Benjamin Wilson, of West Virginia. The following is a brief extract:—

"Mr. Speaker—Uprisings, seditions, and rebellions are not new in the history of the world. We are taught by the essays of Lord Bacon, which were written three hundred years ago, that they existed at that period, and were attributable to any one of the various causes that operated oppressively upon the people. We are taught further by this distinguished writer that of all the rebellions known to man 'the rebellion of the belly is the worst.' Fanaticism may be appeased, political uprising may be quieted, sectional discord adjusted, but 'the rebellion of the belly' knows no law and will yield to no compromise that does not satisfy the cravings of hunger."

THAT it will be that of prohibition vs. free drinking and free destruction is the opinion of Dr. Holland, expressed in *Scribner's Monthly*:—

"The truth is, there is no question before the American people to-day that begins to match in importance the temperance question. The question of American slavery was never anything but a baby by the side of this; and we prophesy that in ten years, if not within five, the whole country will awake to it, and divide upon it. The organization of the liquor interest, the vast funds at its command, the universal feeling among those whose business is pitted against the national prosperity and the public morals—these are enough to show upon one side of this matter, at least, the present condition of things, and the social and political questions that lie in the near future are apprehended. The liquor interest knows there is to be a great struggle and is preparing to meet it. People, both 'in this country and Great Britain, are beginning to see the enormity of this business, and beginning to realize that Christian civilization is poisoned at its foundation, and that there can be no purification of it until the source of the poison is dried up."

"WHY did you kill my dog?" asked a farmer of a road traveler. "Did he bite you?"

"No," was the answer; "no, but he might!"

The Mayor of Philadelphia looks upon the labor party as that traveler looked upon the watch-dog. He doesn't know but "emergencies might arise" in that city, growing out of the labor reforms; and so he writes to the Secretary of War at Washington to send him on arms to kill them. The Secretary replies that he has "no authority to loan arms even to the State authorities," much less to municipalities.

A LATE dispatch from Rome states that Pope Leo's health is steadily declining, and his physicians declare that his removal from the Vatican is necessary to his recovery, but a majority of the Cardinals resist the removal.

## DON'T TALK WHEN YOU'VE NOTHING TO SAY.

It is well to be free in conversing—

It is well to be able to chat

With a friend on a subject of interest—

With a stranger on this thing or that.

Don't aim to be cold or reticent,

But listen to reason, I pray;

And remember this wisest of mottoes—

"Don't talk when you've nothing to say."

A gay, lively friend or companion,

With wits that are ready and quick,

Is better by far than a stupid

And unconversational stick.

Yet speech at the best is but silver,

While silence is golden alway;

And remember at all times and places—

"Don't talk when you've nothing to say."

I like to see well-informed people,

Who know *what* to say, *how* and *when*;

And a little good nonsense and jesting,

Is not out of place now and then.

But I dread the approach of a magpie

Who chatters from grave themes to gay,

Who talks from the morn till the mid-night,

And always with nothing to say.

It matters little where I was born,

Or, if my parents were rich or poor;

Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,

Or, walked in the pride of wealth secure;

But whether I live an honest man,

And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,

I tell you, my Brothers, plain as I can,  
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,

If on the land or in the sea,

By purling brook, or 'neath the stormy wave,

It matters little or naught to me;

But whether the angel of death comes down

And marks my brow with a loving touch,

As the one who shall wear the victor's crown,

It matters much!

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**

—Ink can be preserved from mold by putting a clove in the bottle.

—Dip candle-wicks into spirits of turpentine and then dry before using.

—Ink stains on silver can be removed by rubbing with a paste of chloride of lime and water.

—Blankets had better be washed in a warm solution of borax, and bedsteads in a strong brine.

—Cistern water that has become hard from long standing can be softened by adding a little borax.

—Common salt freely sprinkled on the shelves, etc., is recommended as an effective remedy for ants.

—A few drops of glycerine in a bottle of mucilage will cause the mucilage to adhere to glass when used upon labels.

—A few drops of any essential oil will preserve leather from mold and both alum and resin will keep paste in a pure condition.

—Sprinkle hay with water on which chloride of lime has been mixed, and place on floor, and it will take away the smell of fresh paint.

—To clean oil paintings use a sponge dipped in warm beer, and when perfectly dry wash with a solution of the finest gum-dragon dissolved in pure water.

—To make fancy pound-cake, take one cup sugar, one of butter, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls milk, one and one-half cups flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder.

New England brown bread, take four cupfuls rye meal, three of yellow Indian meal, one small cupful molasses, one-half teaspoonful cream tartar; mix very soft with sour milk, or buttermilk, a little salt; steam four hours and bake two.

—To make yeast, take three large potatoes, pare and grate them into an earthen bowl, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one tablespoonful of salt. Put two quarts of water into a porcelain kettle, and when it boils put in one handful of hops (let it boil while preparing the potatoes), strain the boiling hop water into the potato and stir thoroughly. When cold, add one teacup of old yeast.

—Make a paste of soft soap and emery for polishing steel.

—A small quantity of turpentine added to stove blacking will make the stove easier to polish.

—To remove old putty from window-frames, pass a red hot poker slowly over it, and it will come off easily.

—Provide on Saturday for Monday, so as not to take up the fire with cooking or time in running errands on washing-day.

—A bottle of linseed oil, chalk and vinegar mixed to the consistency of cream, should be kept in every house for burns, scalds, etc.

—To clean chromos, dampen a linen rag slightly and go over them gently. If the varnish has become defaced, cover with a thin mastic varnish.

—Quicksilver beaten up with the white of an egg, and applied with a feather to every crack and crevice of the bedstead, is the very best bug preventative.

—Alabaster is best cleaned by putting it in a pan of water and letting it soak some hours until quite clean. Another mode is to cover it with a strong solution of soda.

—To clean cistern water, add two ounces of powdered alum and two ounces of borax to a twenty-barrel cistern of rain water that is blackened or oily, and in a few hours the sediment will settle, and the water be clarified and fit for washing.

—To make Indian pudding, take two quarts of sweet milk, scald one of them, add fourteen tablespoonfuls (level full) of Indian meal, one teacupful of chopped sweet apples, either dried or green, and salt and molasses to taste. Bake three hours.

—To fry potatoes with eggs, slice cold boiled potatoes and fry in good butter until brown; beat up one or two eggs and stir into them just as you dish them for the table. Do not leave them a moment on the fire after the eggs are in, for if they harden they are not half so nice. One egg is enough for three or four persons, unless they are very fond of potatoes; if they are, have plenty and put in two.

## Editorial.

**CONTRIBUTIONS.** — *Readers of the Magazine will materially assist us in making our news accurate and complete, if they will send us early information of events that occur under their observation, relative to experiments in the construction of roads and machinery—especially the locomotive—suggestions as to improvements, &c.*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, poet and journalist, died at his residence in New York on June 12th, at the age of 84.

GEN. BUTLER says:—"The legislation of the country (fostering the rich and crushing out the poor) has brought about the present condition of affairs."

THE Directors of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road, who reside in Boston, came over the Michigan Central at 4 o'clock on the morning of May 25th, and intended to continue their homeward journey without delay, but through some mistake their car was switched off in the yard and left behind. For their accommodation a special train was made up and left Windsor at 9:15 A. M., five hours behind the Atlantic express. The trip to Suspension Bridge, a distance of 229 miles, was accomplished in 4 hours and 5 minutes actual running time, although 50 minutes must be added for delays. The Atlantic express was overtaken at the Bridge, and the travelers were enabled to continue their trip without further delay. They telegraphed back their thanks and acknowledgments to Passenger Agent Firth, and complimented the road in the highest terms.

## A DETECTIVE'S STORY

The Secret Organization Which May Develop Into a Commune.

Mr. Lonergan, of Lonergan & Thiel's Railway Secret Service Agency, believes that he has discovered the existence of a secret order styling itself the Knights of Labor, which, springing up since the strikes, has united the discontented laborers into a secret, oath-bound brotherhood, with signs and pass-words that are bonds of fraternity with 700,000 members scattered through every State in the Union.

Mr. Lonergan says the railway strikes failed, not on account of any inherent deficiency in the organizations that projected them, but because those who had not been taken into the secrets of the movement precipitated a collision between labor and capital. He says that months before the crisis occurred he advised the managers of trunk-line railways that the engineers and firemen of their locomotives designed quitting work upon a certain day. This day fixed by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers long post-dated that of the actual strike. There was an unaccounted factor in the problem, namely, the Trainmen's Union, composed of brakemen and other employes, who, too hard pressed by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, brought about the conflict before the men were able to carry it through to success. When the trouble began men of all grades and conditions of railway service enlisted upon what proved to be a losing campaign. One of the most influential of the strikers, according to Mr. Lonergan, was P. M. Arthur, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Lonergan goes on to say:—

"The muskets of many thousands of militia wrought destruction and disorganization among the strikers. Recognizing the fact that they had miscalculated the power of the National Guard factor of the problem, they sought to repair their omission and prepare for better-considered contest by means of iron-clad oaths, pass-words and the other binding influences of secret organization. An important element in this new association has been drafted from the discontented Granger societies of the West. National and State or-

ganization has been perfected, and local lodges of the Knights of Labor are styled Assemblies. Each of the last named bodies are governed by a Master Workman, Worthy Foreman, Venerable Sage (dispenser of signs, grips and pass-words), Unknown Knight (director of secret expeditions and transactions), an Assistant Unknown Knight, Outer Esquire, Inner Esquire, Financial and Recording Secretaries, Statistician, Almoner, Treasurer, and Worthy Inspector.

“Uriah O. Stevens, of Philadelphia, who was a guiding spirit in the strikes, is National Master Workman. George Blair is the Master Workman of New York Assemblies. Ralph Beaumont, editor of the *Advocate*, is also high authority in New York.

“The purpose of the association is the elevation of labor by means of electing members of Congress and of State Legislatures. Acknowledging no party fealty, they support any nominee who is pledged to their objects.”

At a recent meeting of a convention of the Knights certain refugees of the Commune were excluded, although Justus Schwab was permitted to participate. Still Lonergan asserts that whenever the plans of the organization are ripe for general leveling, those lately described in the *World* as foremost in the atrocities of the Paris Commune are to be the chosen leaders for the new rising.—*New York World*, April 19.

Like all detectives, Mr. Lonergan is as far from the truth as it is possible for any one to get. He speaks of an organization of which he *knows nothing*. He claims he advised managers of railways in whose employ he was that they had better prepare themselves, as the engineers and firemen intended quitting work on a designated day. All we can say is that the Detective Agency of Lonergan & Thiel's were only *bleeding* the companies, in order to retain their positions and draw their salaries. To substantiate what we say we will relate a circumstance somewhat similar, in which a detective offered, for a certain consideration,

to “spot” conductors running on a number of railways, but several companies, be it to their credit, virtuously rejected his infamous proposition. The detective then arrays himself for a wholesale slaughter by preparing a letter, in which he represented himself to be an old conductor of a railway northwest of Chicago. This Judas Iscariot takes the name of every conductor, no matter how honorable or straightforward the latter's previous course had been, and reported all to their Superintendents. On receipt of the letter some eight or ten conductors were removed from their positions; but an investigation of the matter being made by the companies the plot of the so-called detective was exposed, and the discharged men were immediately reinstated in their former situations. This conclusively shows that these “agencies” are compelled to perform some *dirty work* in order to remain high in favor in the eyes of railway officials. As for Lonergan's statement it contains not a particle of truth, and the welfare of all is best preserved by giving such sensational trash, that only originate in the fertile minds of unprincipled detectives, no credence whatever.

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That was a good point Gen Butler made in Congress in reply to Mr. Durham, of Kentucky. Said Mr. Durham:—“The trouble in the country was that people congregated around the cities who ought to be at work in the country. [Cries of ‘That's so.’] They ought to be out on the Western prairies.” To which Gen. Butler replied:—“The trouble was that they had no money to go West, and if they attempted to walk they were put in jail in New Jersey as tramps.” The member from Kentucky made no response.—*Irish World*.

### The Anticipated Strike.

Many of our readers have no doubt expected, as did officers and managers of railways and corporations, that, on the 17th of June, the railroad employes of the United States would join in a combined strike. The designated hour arrived, and found the employes at their posts ready and eager for work—willing to earn enough to keep body and soul together. The newspapers on the other hand, continued to harp upon a subject which had better be dropped, as the discussion of which has tended rather to incite than allay the feelings of railroad employes. Now, even after the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th of June has passed, we see articles almost *defying* the men to strike, and by the authority of Gowan, Ledyard and other leading bread-stealing officers.

It is our desire to have the public know that we do not solicit trouble on account of differences between officers and men, and we furthermore say, that if the general press would give an unprejudiced statement of facts, and not cater to the wishes of the companies, there would be less cause for trouble and no fears of premeditated strikes. But the desire of the press is to rule or ruin. To aid or express the true wants of the working classes is not their policy, but on the contrary, they are bribed by corrupt corporations to act in their interests.

We have been called Communists, rioters, etc., by leading newspapers of Cleveland, New York and St. Louis, which is entirely uncalled-for, and is only another evidence of the rascality of the press. No trouble has or will exist where organization holds sway, but with a promiscuous body is where the trouble arises.

We would ask that all locomotive firemen join our ranks and thereby learn to be good, upright and honest citizens, and the finger of scorn would soon be turned upon those who seek to place us on a level with uneducated and unlawful persons.

A few lessons from the pages of our books would make men of many of the managers of newspapers, who, if the public would see it, are the instigators and stimulators of such improbable and predicted coming troubles. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

THE following law was passed in the Ohio Legislature May 28, 1878, is of much interest to the workingmen of that State as well as to those outside its boundaries:—

“An act to prevent the practice of resorting to distant courts to oppress the citizens of Ohio, and deprive them of their rights under the statutes of Ohio.

“SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio,* That if any person or persons as principal, agent or attorney, with intent thereby to deprive any *bona fide* resident of the State of Ohio of his or her rights under the statutes of Ohio, to exempt personal earnings from application to the payment of debts in certain cases, shall send, or cause to be sent, out of the State of Ohio, any claim for debt, to be collected by proceedings in attachment, where the creditor, debtor and person or corporation owing for the earnings intended to be reached by such proceedings in attachments are such and all within the jurisdiction of the courts of the State of Ohio; such person, whether principal, agent or attorney, shall be deemed and held to be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined for each and every sum so sent, in any sum not less than \$20, nor more than \$50, at the discretion of the court.

“SEC. 2. That any person who shall, either directly or indirectly,



assign or transfer any claim for debt against a citizen of Ohio, for the purpose of having the same collected by proceedings in attachment in courts outside of the State of Ohio, when the creditor, debtor, and person or corporation owing the money intended to be reached by proceedings in attachment are each and all within the jurisdiction of the courts of the State of Ohio; such person shall be deemed and held guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum not less than \$20, nor more than \$50, for each offense.

"SEC. 3. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

"JABEZ W. FITCH,

"President of the Senate,

"JAMES E. NEAL,

"Speaker of the House of Rep's.

### Sobriety.

One of the mottoes of the Brotherhood is "Sobriety," and a very necessary one for an engineman. No man is fit to either fire or run an engine while under the influence of liquor; for not only does he imperil his own life but hundreds of others. Scarcely a meeting is held in our Lodge-rooms without this important question being discussed, and much good has resulted from it. If we desire to retain the confidence of railway officials we must continue in our work, and we will soon be a band of teetotallers.

SINCE Congress has appointed a committee to look after the interests of the laboring classes, would it not be policy for the committee to have railroad companies pay their employes promptly each month, instead of having the men wait three and four months. Many roads issue script to their men instead of paying them in money. The script is of course discounted by some railroad

official, and the employe thus compelled to work for a 10 per cent. reduction. There should be a law prohibiting the issue of script. When the mortgage bonds of a railroad fall due they are not paid in script—not by a good deal.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

### THE FIREMAN'S LAST RUN.

BY "OLIVE."

A fireman sat on his seat one night,  
While o'er him the moon shed her sil-  
very light;  
His body was there on the seat, I say,  
But his heart had wandered far away.

Far away to his home by the river side,  
To her who had been but a year his  
bride—  
Who wept as she kissed him and held  
him fast,  
Saying, "Who knows? this may be the  
last.

"This may be the last time my head  
shall lay  
On your living breast as it lies to-day;  
The stars may find, by another night,  
These ruddy cheeks all cold and white."

The words seemed burnt in his very  
brain,  
And the noise of the long and heavy  
train  
Could not drown the sobs of his wife so  
dear,  
As they fell at parting upon his ear.

But he 'woke with a start as the engine  
swayed,  
As a red flag before them signaled  
"Danger ahead,"  
But 'twas all too late; to the very core  
Of his heart, he felt that his life was o'er.

Sure enough, in the morn chill and drear,  
The fireman and careless engineer  
Were borne away on a litter-bed—  
One was wounded, and *one was dead.*

The fireman's wife goes alone to-night,  
With hands clenched and face so white,  
To where the rays of the setting sun  
Fall soft o'er the fireman's last, last run.

## Correspondence.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST ISSUE.]

### OUR INDIA LETTER.

Just at sunset we stopped at a station at Patrio City; it is a native city of mud huts, and here all the bricks for the whole of India are made. They build their kilns in the shape of a pyramid, just as the Israelites did, and one sees lots of these kilns standing about; they also make a great deal of earthenware here. Two large Mohammedan mosques, and some native temples are here, as also whole rows of mud and bamboo huts, in fact, a real city of them. All these mosques have tall minarets rising high in the air, and each one has a gilt crescent on top; there are generally sixteen in all, four on each side, two in front and two at the back. The tops or roofs are flat, and in the centre a high, round oriental dome rises up, and always has a vane and crescent on it; these glisten brightly in the hot sun. The mosques are built of brick, plastered over and whitewashed. All Hindoo temples are perfectly square and have flat roofs, on top of which and in front rises a tall spire; this is full of little witches, and small gods are placed in them; they are painted in all sorts of colors. Along and on the edge of the flat roof are large plaster figures, life-size, of lions, tigers and hyenas, all grinning fearfully; there are also images of dogs, cats and monkeys, all hideously painted in bright, glaring colors, but they are kept in good order. One at first feels inclined to laugh at these grotesque images, and then you feel a sort of pity bordering on

contempt for these poor Hindoos for worshipping such looking gods. The country is so fair and beautiful that it seems as if they must know that there is a great and beneficent Being who created it all, in fact, many of them do know it, but they have worshiped idols for so many years it is hard to break away from it.

After stopping here for coal and water, we started on our way, and journeyed on through native villages, groves of palm, cocoanut sandal-wood and tamarind trees, and at half-past 8 o'clock p. m., reached the little town of Dinapore; here there were refreshment rooms, and we had supper. It was the poorest refreshment room on the route, and the fare was very poor. After getting rested, the guard came for us, and I was soon locked in my carriage; and, for the first time, on the whole journey, was asked to show my ticket. I was a little surprised at this, still it was nice not having to be showing your ticket every half hour as we do at home. The carriage was dusted and lighted, and after we got started I unfolded my rug and pillows and was soon settled again on my sofa for the night, and soon fell asleep.

When I awoke it was 5 o'clock in the morning, and we were journeying through a native village of mud huts, and the natives were bathing in the tanks or ponds near their houses. I had seen so many of these native villages that I was tired of them. Here I will explain what a tank is, as I may often mention them in my letters: It is a large square pond, dug in springy soil, capped with tiles around the edges, and has a flight of stairs leading down into the water. During the rains these tanks are filled, and hold water enough to last six months; then as they get low the springs keep them about half full, except in very dry seasons. These are the sole dependence of the natives for water all over the country.

At 6 o'clock our train ran into a large brick depot at Hawrah station, and here my journey of 1,480 miles was at end. My brother came to the door of the carriage and welcomed me to India, and soon the

guard unlocked the door, and I was free. I then had to hunt up my luggage, and when I found them the lock of my best trunk was broken, and all of them were black and dirty. I sent them off by a porter, got into my brother's carriage, and we drove across the fine iron suspension bridge over the Hoagly River, and which connects Hayrah City with Calcutta, the city of palaces.

Calcutta looked very familiar to me, as this was my second visit—I was there about ten years before I took this journey. We soon passed through the city; many of the buildings, parks and gardens looked quite natural. We had a pleasant drive, and at last reached my brother's country house, and there I felt that I was at home, and very glad I was, being about used up with heat. I had a good bath and then breakfasted. I was so tired that it took me several days to get rested. I could hardly realize that I was so many thousand miles from my own New England home, as it seemed so natural to be with my brother again, and India seemed so familiar to me.

I remain truly yours,  
T. S. ABBOTT.

(Concluded.)

## BLOODLESS BATTLEFIELDS.

Has the Government Ceased to be "of the People, by the People, for the People?"

Boston, Mass., June 11, 1878.

Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:

One can not survey the country from confine to confine, from coast to coast, without having a dark foreboding that we are under the sway of an unseen and unacknowledged despotism—a power whose ruthless edicts are obeyed because, unlike our revolutionary sires, we slumber beneath the oppression; a power unmet and unoverthrown because centering in our midst and emanating from our own kindred and citizenship.

A century back the nation rested

upon the *whole* people as its foundation, and the superstructure has from time to time been reared and cemented in their blood; yet to-day but a small and select portion of our people are the objects of concern by our Government. With our advance and growth among the nations of the world, there has grown up in our midst a powerful moneyed aristocracy, more pernicious to free soil and free institutions than the titled nobility of the old world. This special class of our people alone engross the attention and the time of our rulers in the State and in the Nation, and for them and in their interests, the wheels of this Government "of the people, by the people, for the people," are grinding labor—the substratum of this nation—for its grist.

At every session of Congress, claims against the Government, reeking with the slum of corruption and deluged in dishonor and crime, are forced through the treasury at the expense of toiling millions. Class legislation advanced by moneyed corporations without souls, but with hands black with bribes, occupy whole months; nay, we may say, years. The Goulds and the Scotts, the Rothchilds and the Shermans, syndicate rings encircled in sin, swarm the lobbies, preventing the ingress of honest and needed legislation, yokeing the American people to a crushing load of railroad subsidies, bonded indebtedness made payable in gold against the terms of the original contract by circuitous legislation, and asking for large standing armies to compel the people to submission and subjection. Neither of the great political parties are exempt from giving aid to these sins against the Republic—Democrats and Republicans alike have been obedient to the dictates of this moneyed aristocracy. If not accepting bribes, many of our legislators quiet the qualms of conscience by setting "policy" before their face and keeping aloof from opposition. Aaron and Hur lifted up the hands of Moses that the children of Israel might prevail, and were thereby of more service than with the sword; so, too, in the halls of Congress, policy men aid on this cor-

ruption and are as guilty of crime as are the bribe-takers and henchmen.

Before the war the militia of the States made up the sum of our "National police;" to-day we are asked to augment an army to 100,000 men. For what purpose? When necessity called for troops, our artisans and mechanics, our whole labor element responded, and to this volunteer soldiery our country now owes its unity and its strength. When the necessity ceased, back to the shop and the forge, the farm and the loom, turned the battle-scarred and worn soldiery to develop the industries of the country and to earn a livelihood by their toil. Our citizen soldiery turned from the din, smoke and blood of the battle-field to win other victories for their country more full of sublimity and grandeur, because to be fought upon bloodless battle-grounds, encased in the armaments and wielding the weapons of the arts of peace.

To these battle-fields, thirteen years ago, the labor classes made forced marches from the sights of suffering, butchery, death. How glad some were their hearts to turn away from four years of such scenes, and how bright then looked the future. But how many of these men have since wished that the issue of their fate in the war might have been a soldier's grave, we shall never know. How many to-day may be looking upon cheerless homes, knowing all the miseries of want, we shall never know, because we are careless now of their concerns and their lives. After enduring the hardships and dangers of civil war, they find they have saved the country for the enrichment of a few, while they in vain seek for an honest recompense for their labor. Every day these men are fighting harder battles with more courage, though upon a bloodless and unknown field, than ever in the war; battles that require the nobility, firmness and moral rectitude of high manhood to fight, made necessary by the perversity of the times, in order that they may keep themselves upright and honest before men and true to their country. In each suffering breast of want we may find a battle-ground—bloodless, yet death reigns there; noiseless, yet the heat of that conflict is terrible; but the conqueror comes forth from that conflict undecked with garlands, uncrowned with honors. Heaven

alone has witnessed, and heaven alone will recompense.

What then does this country need to-day? Not an army of 100,000 men, nor even 20,000 men. Disband and disperse this army, and bring us back to the republicanism of old, with our State militia as our National police, and a Government "of the people, by the people, for the people." If the State soldiery can not or will not quell insurrection, should it ever come? We may rest assured that there is some great wrong to right, and that the only way to right it will then be by insurrection. To prevent these wrongs, and thus disarm insurrection, is the business of legislation in the Government; to so legislate that each citizen, foreign, as well as native-born, should have an interest in the good order of society and the preservation of property and the tranquillity of peace; that upon each and all should rest a keen sense of application of a citizen's duty to the State and his interest in the enforcement of the laws.

Legislation for the business prosperity of this whole country is the crying need of the hour. Not only ought every man willing to work have here in this land the necessities of life, but even the luxuries ought to be more or less distributed according to the desire and the willingness to work for them. This can only be brought about by legislating for *this country* and its *whole* people, not by schemes for the emolument of the few or in the interests of foreign bondholders.

But before this time can come, when the prosperity of this country and the happiness of her people shall be the one aim of our rulers, armies must be organized and disciplined to the use of a weapon which, while it deals death, out of it comes life, like a phoenix rising from its ashes. To the battle-fields of politics must this army be transported, there to do its work of retaking and bringing back to its pristine glory this Republic. A new political party shall this army be, and along with the stars and stripes, sacred in the memories of the past, shall be borne another banner, inscribed, "Honest legislation, for the happiness and prosperity of the *whole* people—this alone is the business of Government."

With the ballot in their hands, guided by intelligence, our labor classes now

suffering from the neglect or ignorance of Congress on the one hand, and corrupt chicanery on the other, may bring about a new order of things; they may make their power felt and their wants heeded. Instead of unholy frauds being unearthed and investigated by unholy hands—like unto the devil investigating the wickedness of hell—we shall find a new party and a new Government with clean hands and earnest hearts, cleaning “angean stables” and bringing back to us the prosperity of former times, legislating for the betterment of the condition of the American people, and to the honor and glory of our Nation.

Upon this bloodless battle-field the victory will soon be won. No Communism must be allowed to mar the glory of our flag; in free America, whatever may be our oppression, that red flag of ruin and disgrace must not, can not, be raised; but out of this hour of adversity we shall come tried like unto gold from the furnace. Upon this battle-field, with the ballot for our powder and ball, shall the rights of the capitalist and the laborer be adjusted; the security of our institutions be made more secure, and the happiness and prosperity attained, will show America still continues “a Government of the people, by the people, for the people.”

MARSHALL.

## A VISIT TO NAPLES, ITALY.

Recollections of a Cruise on Board the  
U. S. Sloop of War, “Plymouth,” of the European  
Squadron, U. S. N.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 4, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

It was a beautiful evening in the latter part of October, 1871, that the U. S. sloop of war, “Plymouth,” arrived at Naples and moored behind the Molo and under the guns of the Castle of St. Elmo. It was dark before our work was finished, but when we were done we were allowed to look around us; for one thing at a time, and that done well, was a standing order in the U. S.

Navy. And what a view met our eyes as we looked around us. Directly eastward, across the Bay of Naples, about ten miles distant, arose Mt. Vesuvius, a volcano in full action. No one on board our vessel, either officers or men, had ever witnessed such an eruption as the one now taking place. In fact, the natives said, it was the most violent since 1850, when a terrible eruption took place. But this was a sight never to be forgotten, the like of which I may never see again, well had it repaid me to behold such wonderful works of nature. But in the evening the scene was more varied, when could be seen fire, smoke and stones thrown hundreds of feet in the air, some of the stones being of immense size and weight; while upon the northwest side were two streams of red hot molten lava coursing down the mountain side, estimated to be of great width and depth. All this could be seen with the naked eye, but with the aid of a marine glass could be seen to a better advantage; in the daytime only dense volumes of black and sulphurous smoke issued forth.

I have given a brief but correct account of the eruption as it occurred in the autumn of 1871, during our stay there. I will also give a brief description of a run ashore or liberty in Naples. After receiving my pass for forty-eight hours liberty, I hailed a shore boat and soon landed on *terra firma* once more, and, in company with my old chum, Dan Stewart, we set out to explore the city. The first place we visited was the studio of Mr. Geo. Somers, who, by the way, takes the finest photos in Naples—Naples and Hamburg (Germany) being considered the finest places in all Europe for photos. I gladly recommend him to any Brother who may happen to go there, as his stock of stereoscopic views comprise many thousand different subjects throughout all Europe. I made a selection of over four dozen, comprising many fine views. As our time was short, we

had a great deal to see, and we wanted to see all we could, we now took our leave of Mr. Somers and commenced our travels.

We employed a guide from among the many, who, for a small fee, will go all day with you. The first place we inspected was the Palazzo Reale (King's Palace). It is an immense building, three stories high, and each story different from the other in architecture. It contains magnificent apartments, handsomely furnished and adorned with choice statuary and paintings, among which are the Madonna of Monte Casino, by Raphael, and another, Christ Disputing with the Doctors, by Caroggia. We inspected the stables and gardens, all of which were well worth seeing. We were also shown the interior of the palace—the principal rooms are the council chamber, a private theatre, reception room, sleeping rooms and other handsome apartments, in one of which was the Princess' cradle, costing half a million dollars, composed of costly fabrics and ornamented with costly jewels. After leaving this pleasant spot we wended our way to see the largest theatre in the world, the San Carlos (St. Charles). We found on entering that it was magnificent, and is capable of seating many thousand people in the pit alone, while it has six tiers of private boxes on either side. The interior is richly carved and expensively ornamented.

The churches of Naples rank with the finest in Europe. They are rich in architecture, adorned with beautiful paintings, statuary and fine carving in wood, stone and marble. The most singular of these is that of Santa Maria Della Pietra, containing the mausoleum of the Sangro family, which is decorated with rare marbles and surrounded with arches, and in every arch is a sarcophagus and a statue of a Prince of Sangro, and attached to these is the tomb of his wife, with a statue representing her most conspicuous virtue. The most remarkable of the statues in that of Modesty, covered with a veil, through which the features are plainly seen. There is also two other veiled figures—The Dead Christ and Vice Convinced—the first is a magnificent

piece of work, and of the finest Italian marble.

Naples is the birth-place of many of the old masters, and their works may be seen in the museum, where; every day, may be found a number of people copying from them. The museum is a very large building, and contains much that is interesting. It has a library of over 250,000 volumes.

The principal street is Toledo (or King Street), and many handsome buildings have been erected on it. The trade in meerschaum and coral goods is immense, Naples being the chief market for the latter, as the finest specimens are to be found there. The most valuable coral is of a very light pink color, this is owing to its great beauty and scarcity. It is also the centre of the cameo trade, many fine specimens of which are to be had here. Camcos are derived from a species of shell peculiar to the Mediterranean, and are known as concha shells. Lava jewelry may be bought in large or small quantities cheap for cash.

Naples, as it is approached from the sea, is really beautiful beyond description; all the houses being visible, rising in the form of an amphitheatre, crowned by the Castle of St. Elmo, which guards the entrance from invasion. It is the most populous city of Italy, having a population of over 600,000 people.

There are a great many odd looking vehicles in Italy, and what was very curious to us no bits are used in the horses' mouths, they being guided by a strap which passes over their nose, which is a more painful usage than the common bits. The climate is delightful and healthy, being the same temperature the year round. All kinds of fruit and vegetables can be obtained throughout the year; and to sum it all up, Naples is a delightful place to live. The principal food of the lower classes is macaroni, an article of food that is universally liked by all classes. It is made of flour in small hollow tubes and very bitter. It is a good dish when served up with tomato sauce, or baked with cheese crumb. Wine and cognac are cheap,

and of good quality, of which all classes cosume large quantities.

I can not tell you any more at present as we are to take the next train for Pompei, for we long to explore this wonderful city buried 1,800 years ago.

If this proves acceptable, will tell you what we saw in Pompei. I will now close with a short poem on

#### THE "PLYMOUTH."

The "Plymouth" bold, as we are told,  
Went o'er the ocean rolling—  
To Italy's coast we drank a toast,  
While on her waters bowling.

A burst of fire flew up in the air—  
"What's that?" cried Jimmie Baker;  
"Why don't you see," a dozen cried,  
"It's the mountain throwing lava."

The mighty volcano threw its light  
Far out upon the ocean;  
By all account, inside the mount,  
There was a great commotion.

The sailors said the devil's imps—  
The devil and his father—  
Had struck four bells to ahead  
And shovel up the lava.

High up in air, two hundred feet,  
The red-hot stones were turning,  
As in we stood for Naple's Bay,  
Our jibs and trysails furling.

While the leadsman from the chains  
Warned us to go no farther,  
Down went our mud-hook [anchor]  
With a splash, sticking fast in the lava.

And now the peddlers swarm aboard—  
Oh, such a curious mixture;  
One fellow showed nice cameos,  
Another displayed a picture.

A long nosed Jew gold rings displayed  
From Jericho to Java  
No such beautiful stones could be found,  
And all made out of lava.

To see such splendid things aboard  
Would cause your mouth to water;  
Good meerschaum pipes for half a franc,  
The best ones for a quarter.

Exposed to view were eggs quite blue,  
It made them look the smarter,  
Of course they sold like buckwheat cakes,  
Because they were made of lava.

Our salors all on shore did go,  
Their pockets stuffed with "rhino,"  
While some went to Pompei  
Others went to guzzling "vino."

Some went to see the museum.  
Others drank French wine from Havre,  
But the stuff that knock our shells  
Keel up, was undiluted lava.

'Tis lava here, 'tis lava there,  
It would strike one with amazement,  
When in the town you walk around,  
It is on a lava pavement.

There is oil made of lava,  
The soap sold by every barber,  
With brooches, watches, chains,  
And pins, made out of purest lava.

Now the day of sailing has arrived,  
The signal is a-flying,  
It's man the capstain, heave away,  
Each man his best is trying.

We hook the cat, we walk away,  
And as we leave the harbor,  
We bid good-bye to Naple town,  
Its people and its lava.

Fraternally yours,  
C. E. B.

#### CONSOLIDATION.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, June 11, 1878.

Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:

I had expected in the June number of the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE to see more on the subject of the consolidation of the B. of L. F. with the I. F. U. than I did; and I think there should be more said on that subject than there has been through the MAGAZINE, for the reason that every man has an opinion of his own, and there certainly must be a great diversity of them; and the more information we have on said subject, the more apt we all are to finally drift to a relative and mutual understanding.

Although like "Marshall," of Boston,—the contributor of an article

on consolidation in the June number—my present occupation does not permit me the privilege of being constantly among the members of the B. of L. F. at this point; yet, unlike "Marshall," I am a member of the Order, and was very favorable impressed with his communication, but he does not fully come up to my views on the subject.

Now, I don't doubt but that every member of the Order fully realizes that consolidation means strength; very well, but I do doubt that every member knows just how much they would be strengthened by, or what the immediate absolute value would be of this proposed consolidation. The MAGAZINE is the medium through which to make more thoroughly and satisfactorily known the fact, which would be very acceptable to the members here—for we know nothing of the I. F. U., save what we gather from the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE, which information is very meagre, so that it is an utter impossibility for us to give a satisfactory opinion on the subject. We all very naturally say, "We don't want to consolidate." Why? Simply because we have literally no idea whatever, what or whom we are wanted to consolidate with.

If "Marshall's" ideas are facts (of which we have no reason to doubt), why need we go to the expense of effecting a consolidation? for he says, "It (the I. F. U.) is fast going to pieces, and coming over to our side," or words to that effect, and under those circumstances, it certainly is only a question of time until there will be only the one Order, and that the B. of L. F.; and in that case our reputation for charity and benevolence will remain unscathed and without a blemish, whereas we might, otherwise, be dashed to pieces against that rock called "Look before you leap."

We have a good Order, which, all are forced to admit. Then why jeopardize its intent, solid foundation and well-earned reputation by consolidating with something, of which we are entirely without knowledge? If there can be shown

good and sufficient reasons for consolidation, other than that of strength—the immediate want of which I claim is not sufficient reason just now while times are so hard—then, I doubt not but there will be very little trouble to effect such a measure; but, as it is, I can see no good effect to be derived from placing each Lodge to considerable expense, when the Lodges separately can see no plausible reason for so doing.

Franklin Lodge, No. 9, expects to send a delegate to the Buffalo Convention, and the Lodge would very much desire to charge their delegate with their unbiased opinion on the subject, which, in the present state of affairs, they are unable to do. If any one in possession of any information on the subject would disclose some of it, it would be gladly received by

A. R. NOLD.

### A SAD ACCIDENT.

#### Death of Frank E. Darling—64 Hours Under an Engine.

MEMPHIS, TENN., June 13, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

At 6:30 o'clock on the afternoon of April 23d, eight miles east of Meridan, Miss., on the Alabama Central Railroad, the engine fired by Mr. Frank E. Darling was precipitated through a trestle which had been undermined by the heavy rains. The engine fell in such a way as to bury Mr. Darling and his engineer, both of whom were almost instantly killed it is supposed, as the delay in getting the proper machinery to raise the engine prevented the recovery of their bodies until 10 A. M. of the 25th, they being about 64 hours under the engine. When the bodies were taken out they presented a badly bruised and burned appearance. Mr. Darling was buried at Selma, Ala., with all the honors of the I. O. O. F., of which he had been a member for the past six years.

Frank and the writer have been



companions for seven or eight years, and left our far-away Eastern homes in 1870. We came to Erie, Pa., where we worked on the Erie & Pittsburg Railroad. From 1870 to 1873 we fired together on the Buffalo Division of the L. S. & M. S. R. R., and in 1874-75 were connected with the advertising department of old John Robinson's show. In the fall of 1876 we separated, he taking the position of fireman on the A. C. R. R., with the promise of something better at the first opening, and he was duly promoted in July last, and had been running the switch engine in Selma, Ala., until a short time before his death. His engine was put in the shops for repairs, and he was firing a few trips during that time.

Mr. Darling made many friends, and was beloved by all who knew him; and should any of his friends in the North or East, see this notice who has not heard of this sad death, I know they will drop a silent tear for his poor, heart-broken, bereaved mother and sister, for he was very devoted to them, and was the only son and brother. To the young lady to whom he was soon to have been nearer and dearer than all else, we extend our heartfelt sympathy, for it must have been a sad blow to her, as they were to have been united in October.

I had written to him soon after he was killed, sending my photograph, little thinking at the time of writing that my friend was no more. My letter was forwarded to his people in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, and his sister answered it, writing a very beautiful and touching letter to me—a stranger whom she had never seen. It was so full of deep-feeling sentiments that it has made a very sad impression in my heart, and one that will long be remembered, illustrated as it was by my friend's sad fate.

Mr. Darling was not a member of our noble Order, as he never had the opportunity to join it, but I know and feel if the opportunity had presented itself he would have been one of our best Brothers. I remain, as I am, your Brother and his sad friend,

A. M. CRONIN.

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

FORT KLAUWATH, OREGON, June 15, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Since I left Gratiot I have been intending to write to our MAGAZINE so that my friends would see that I had not forgotten them. I can hardly realize that I am so far from headquarters, yet it is a fact, for if nothing else would convince me, these old mountains, the sturdy sentinels, would do so, and to see these clear, crystal-like streams, come with a rush down the steep hillside and slacken their speed as they go, winding their way across our prairie, is more evidence that I am not a citizen in Michigan. My trip across the continent was quite as pleasant as I could have expected, considering the time of year. It commenced snowing after leaving Cheyenne, and so continued until after we had begun descending the western slope of the Sierras, and it was worth all the expense, and all the miserable weather, just to get the sight of Sacramento Valley as it looked on this beautiful morning of April 5th, and it was made a thousand times more beautiful from the contrast, for at early daybreak we found three or four inches of snow, and at 5 o'clock we got in full view of the fertile valley of the West. My trip from San Francisco to this place was anything but pleasant, owing to severe rainstorms, yet it was worth all the trials and hardships to receive the hearty welcome of my friends here. I found my MAGAZINE awaiting me, and right glad I was to see it. I hope our Eastern Brothers will keep up the spirit which has been the life of both our Order and MAGAZINE. I will try and do what I am able to, as far as talent and time go, and if some of the Brothers whom I know have both, will apply themselves, there need be nothing to keep our little book from being very interesting to ourselves and to others also, for any one who is interested in brotherly feeling will surely be interested in anything which tends to bind those bands still closer.

I remain yours in B. S. & L.,

FISHERMAN.

## LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S

**Monthly Magazine.**

DAYTON, O., JULY, 1878.

**Four Grand Prizes.**

To the four MAGAZINE Agents who will furnish the largest subscription list of Volume 2, of our MAGAZINE, will be given the following prizes:

*First.*—To the highest, a handsome silver watch, American works.

*Second.*—To the next highest, a fine sixteen-karrat gold chain.

*Third.*—To the third highest, a fine gold pin, with monogram of the Order and name of agent.

*Fourth.*—To the fourth highest, choice of a large family Bible, or a handsomely bound volume of the MAGAZINE.

**To Union Firemen.**

OFFICE GRAND LODGE,  
BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE  
FIREMEN, December, 1877.

*To all Subordinate Lodges, International Union of Locomotive Firemen:*

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—In view of a stronger bond of union, we do herewith offer to each Lodge of your Order, now in working order, a complete set of works and charter of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen *gratuitously*, to become of our Order. We will also institute and put all Lodges in thorough working order. Would be pleased to open communications on the subject with any of your officers; also will furnish copies of our monthly MAGAZINE *gratuitously* on receipt of address.

Fraternally yours,

W. N. SAYRE,  
Grand Secretary.

Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, is making extensive preparations for the coming Convention.

**Notice.**

Lodges will do well to consider upon matters pertaining to the coming convention. The time is not far distant, and much is to be done in each Lodge. All Lodges holding open accounts with the Grand Secretary and Treasurer *will, on or before July 30th* close the same, in order that reports can be made out, and everything in readiness for September. Transportation will be furnished only to such Lodges as report delegate's name by August 10th. Each Lodge will be entitled to one delegate in this most important gathering of the Knights of the Scoop.

F. B. ALLEY, G. M.

**Magazine Matters.**

We have during the past thirty days visited subordinate Lodges Nos. 4, 5, 10, 13, 14, 15, 21 and 23, finding each Lodge in good condition; Nos. 5, 10 and 23 gradually increasing, and the balance doing well. Our business was directly in connection with the MAGAZINE. We feel proud of Brothers Powers, Smith, Farnsworth and Culliton's attempts, as with them it is not only to promise but to fulfill. No. 4 gives us a guarantee of more subscribers. In our travels we met the familiar faces of Brothers Henderson, Morgan, Clark, Harrison, Woolley, Shull, Miles, Maxwell, Dunbar, Quackenbush and many others whose names it is impossible to remember but whose faces will always be familiar. We shall visit Nos. 43, 54 and 64 as soon as the rush of work is off our hands.

**Balls.**

Industrial Lodge, No. 21, gave a grand moonlight excursion down the Mississippi. A large crowd enjoyed the trip.

Brother George D. Partington, of No. 46, writes us: "The third annual ball of Capitol Lodge was, as usual, a perfect success in every respect. All enjoyed the dancing, and visiting Brothers from No. 13 could be found doing the agreeable. The managers deserve credit."

## Lodge Notes.

—Brother Jos. Richey, of No. 54, will confer a favor on the officers of Anchor Lodge, by notifying them of his whereabouts.

—Brothers O. S. Tousey and Frank Thatcher will please notify F. S. of No. 56 of their whereabouts, and hear something to their advantage.

—We have heard of queer things, but bowing to shadows and throwing shoes out of cab-windows when half asleep is tough. This occurred on the — R. R.

—All members of No. 13 absent from their Lodge, knowing themselves to be indebted to the same, will do well to communicate with the F. S. of that Lodge immediately.

—Brother F. N. Schooley received a severe blow from the reverse lever flying back and knocking him out upon the ground. This shock, following a year's sickness, will compel our Brother to again take his bed. Cheer up, Frank.

—Any person knowing the whereabouts of John Saddler will render his family a service by notifying the Grand Office. He was last heard of in New York City. Members of No. 50 can probably give us the information, as we think he is on the Gilbert Railroad.

—The officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company (main line) gave Lodges Nos. 72 and 75 a special train from Philadelphia to Altoona and the Allegheny, visiting there two days, and taking in the shops at Altoona and points of interest along the line. The company paid all expenses. Brother W. T. Gounlie acted as commander-in-chief of the little band of 41 Brothers. At Altoona the Brothers of Mountain Lodge gave them such a reception as is only experienced by the members of the foot-board. A general good time was the consequence.

—All officers and members are hereby notified that J. E. Dunavon has resigned the office of Grand Lodge Deputy, and taken a final withdrawal card from the Order.

F. B. ALLEY, G. M.

## Jumped the Track.

A very serious accident occurred on the Jacksonville Division of the C. & A., recently. Engine 39, running a passenger train between Alton and Louisiana, while coming down Stewart Hill jumped the track and was thrown down a deep ditch. Brother Charles McCabe, the fireman, was seriously injured, sustaining a fracture of the skull and other bad bruises. He was immediately taken in charge by the company's surgeon, Dr. King, of Jacksonville, and though at first in a very dangerous condition, under good treatment he is doing well, and now considered out of danger. Brother McCabe has the sympathy of all members of No. 40, of which he is a good and faithful member.

—  
We are pleased to record the statements of many traveling Brothers as to the princely reception given them by our old friends, Messrs. Hafer & McCollock, proprietors of the Eldridge House, in Coffeyville, Kansas. They can be found on hand and on time in this enterprise as well as when holding the throttle on the A. T. & S. F. R. R. Brother McGaffey is their right-hand man, and manipulates the quill and register like an old-timer. To much can not be said of these enterprising gentlemen, who have always proved faithful to their employers, and now propose to conduct the public as safely over their well-stocked and spacious hotel as once they did over the rail. We wish you well, and may our thanks be among the many already expressed.

—  
“THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, devoted to the interests of the locomotive firemen, is published by order of the Grand Lodge, under the immediate supervision of the editor-in-chief, Wm. N. Sayre, Grand Secretary and Treasurer, Indianapolis, Indiana, to whom may be addressed all inquiries concerning the formation of new Lodges.”—*Carondelet (Mo.) Review*.

### Handsome Testimonial.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock on the morning of June 3d, the employes of the mechanical department of the G., H. & H. R. R., met at the machine shop in Galveston, Texas, and invited the presence of Mr. J. H. Small, their late Master Mechanic. On his arrival, without further ado, Mr. P. H. Brady advanced and said:

"The duty has been imposed upon me by the employes of the mechanical department, of presenting this chain I hold in my hand, as a slight testimonial of their regard for you as an officer and a man. I could well wish the task had been assigned to some one who is capable of conveying to you at least a faint idea of the strength of attachment we have formed for you in the space of two years. A number of us had been under your supervision before you came to this road, a majority of us during the past two years, and a few for a shorter period; but, sir, it is the universal testimony of all the employes of the department you have just left, that, while you demanded everything of a man that was his duty, you never required aught of him that was a burden. While your course has challenged the approbation and respect of your superior officers, we can say, without fear of successful contradiction, that you have not during the last two years wounded the feelings of a man in your employ. Yet, while we are proud and rejoice, sir, that your worth and ability are being recognized in your appointment as a Master Mechanic of a road which is destined to be the great American transcontinental thoroughfare, yet on this, the eve of your departure, a feeling of sadness pervades us which is not in man's nature to stifle. Take this little chain, dear Hank, and, when you look upon it, remember that you have forged a chain of friendship which will link you to us until by friction or accident we shall have been cast into the scrap-heap of mortality. It is proper that I should say to you that there should have arrived from New Orleans this morning a case of drafting instru-

ments, which were intended as an accompaniment to the chain. We shall take pleasure in forwarding them to you at Marshall. And now, sir, in the name of the employes of the mechanical department of the G. H. & H. R. R., I bid you God speed on your journey to Marshall, and through life."

Mr. Small received the token with much evident satisfaction, and, after a few pleasant remarks of thanks for a testimonial, which could not be received without bringing up the happiest emotions of a man's nature, a basket of wine was introduced, and Mr. Small gave the first toast: "The employes of the G. H. & H. R. R." Mr. Bell responded, another succeeded, and the report closed leaving them still toasting and still happy.

The chain is of heavy gold, supporting a locket, on one side of which is the monogram of the presentee, and on the other the inscription: "Presented to H. J. Small, M. M., G. H. & H. R. R., by his employes, June 3, 1878." The whole is very handsome, and, it is said, the drafting instruments are equally fine, silver mounted and of extravagant finish. Mr. Small takes charge of the Texas Pacific at Marshall, Texas, and it is to be hoped that he will find as worthy a set of men in his new as at his old place.

### Struck by a Bridge.

Johnny Tamplin, a solid Brother of No. 9, met with what might have been a serious accident on the 7th of June. He was knocked off his caboose by an overhead bridge four miles east of Xenia, Ohio, and laid in the ditch some hours insensible. He is recovering fast, and will go to work soon.

**Sad Bereavement.**

Little did we think when in our last issue we wished Brother Mummert and lady many days of happiness with their little charge, that we should be called on to record the departing of the spirit in so short a time. The *St. Louis Journal*, speaking of this sad affliction, says:—

“Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Mr. and Mrs. John Mummert, accompanied by Misses Ellen and Julia Robbins, arrived here last night from Moberly. But a short time ago they were here with a darling little girl, precious to them as their first-born. Now they return with the same child, but cold in death. Not only do the young parents mourn the loss, but many relatives and friends who sympathize with them in their bereavement. The little one is safe from the ills of life, has escaped its sorrows and trials, and why should we mourn, but rather rejoice, if possible, that she has gone where no harm can reach or troubles befall her. The little one was dear to our heart, as well as to the parents, but we feel that those who die early are blest indeed, above those who for years live to buffet the storms of life, for as a general thing its sorrows far out-weigh and outnumber the joys. To the bereaved parents the greatest consolation we can offer, are the words at the beginning of this article. They are all-sufficient to sustain them as they to-day see their child committed to the grave at Bellefontaine cemetery.”

THE attention of those in arrears for the MAGAZINE is called to the fact that a closing of accounts *must* be had *at once*, and we hope those indebted will respond without delay.

ALL members, especially those on the C. & A., will look sharp for one Walter Kichline, a traitor to the Order and the railroad companies,

**Ready for Work.**

Brother Cronin, in writing from Memphis, speaks thus of the motive department of the L. & N. R. R.:

“Mr. Thomas Walsh, our most efficient Master Mechanic, has rebuilt all of his freight engines, and is now ready for the fall freight. They are in the best condition, as are all of his power, for which he deserves the highest credit. The men under him are always at work, though the times have been somewhat slack. Mr. Robert Gray, the foreman, is the right man in the right place, and is esteemed and respected by all.”

It is a pleasure for us to give space to the above, and it would give us still more pleasure to receive and print reports of a similar character every month.

**Resolutions.**

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 25, 1878.

At a regular meeting of Louisville Lodge, No. 23, B. of L. F. held June 23, 1878, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

“Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are due and hereby tendered to our worthy Grand Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. N. Sayre, and his wife, for their very able assistance and attendance at our picnic.

“Resolved, That we sincerely hope their trip was an enjoyable one, and will ever be a ray of sunshine in their memory.

“CHAS. E. MILLER,  
“W. B. NATALL,  
“FRED HONNAKER,  
“J. A. SMITH,  
“Committee.”

**BLACK LIST.****EXPELLED.**

No. 16.—Wm. Brennan and Purley Snyder, defrauding the Lodge of its monies.

Jas. McGerr, Scott Smith, M. Kadel and J. Maloney, non-payment dues—utterly unworthy to be known as Brothers in any cause.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

### BIRTHDAY WISHES.

[Inscribed to one whose birthday is on the  
29th of June.]

Once more Time's wheel is round  
To thee, on this, thy natal day,  
Bringing memories, in which abound  
Joys, sorrows—you dreamed—passed  
away.

Calm skies of azure blue;  
Shrubs, trees—all of loveliest green,  
Nature calls forth each beauteous hue  
To honor thee—all this is so to-day,  
I ween.

Flowers, sweet messengers of truth and  
love,  
Seem guiding us to a purer way,  
Assuring us of blessed rest above;  
Seem to me, lovelier than e'er, to-day.

Birds, singing gayly to us, say:  
"Be glad!—brush away each tear;  
For this *must* be a glorious day,  
Brightest, happiest of all the year!"

Ah, I would that *all* thy life  
Were one fair June morn;  
Without a cloud, devoid of strife,  
To mar a coming dawn.

And when, at last, sorrow and joy  
Alike to thee, shall cease,  
Calm rest to thee, without alloy—  
Hovering angels breathing "Peace."

—M. M., Chicago, Division 47.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

### LIKE THE ANVIL STAND.

BY L. J. L.

Like the anvil stand when the strokes  
Of stalwart men fall fast and fierce;  
Storms but more deeply root the oak,  
Whose brawny arms embrace the  
blast.

Stand like the anvil when the sparks  
Fly far and wide; a fiery shower;  
*Virtue* and *Truth* must be the marks,  
Where malice raves its want of power.

Like the anvil stand when the bar  
Lies red and glowing on its breast;  
*Duty* shall be life's leading star,  
And conscious innocence its rest.

Stand like the anvil—noise and heat  
Are born of earth, and die with time;  
The soul, like God, its source and seat  
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

### OUR LIVES MAY BE STEADILY ON- WARD.

BY L. J. L.

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows  
of green,

To the billows of foam-crested blue,  
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is  
seen,

Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue;  
Now dark in the shadow, she scatters  
the spray

As the chaff in the stroke of the flail,  
Now, white as the sea-gull, she flies  
on her way,  
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted  
caves,

Where life and its venturer are laid,  
The dreamers, who gaze while we battle  
the waves,

May see us in sunshine or shade;  
Yet, true to our course, tho' our shadow  
grows dark,

We'll trim our broad sails as before,  
And stand by the rudder that governs  
the bark,

Nor ask how we look from the shore—

THE molders of North America will  
hold a Convention in Louisville, July  
10th. It is proposed to have a grand  
picnic at Woodland Garden on the 11th.

## Grand Lodge Officers.

F. B. ALLEY.....	Grand Master,
286 Wenzel street, Louisville, Ky.	
W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Vice Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
JOHN SAVAGE.....	Grand Warden,
Boston, Mass.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
C. G. SWAN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Suspension Bridge, N. Y.	
WM. COWLES.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Camden, N. J.	
E. V. DEBS.....	Grand Marshal,
Terre Haute, Ind.	
MARION BARNHILL.....	Grand Chaplain,
Indianapolis, Ind.	

## Grievance Committee.

F. B. ALLEY, Chairman.....	Louisville, Ky.
W. T. GOUNDIE, Assistant Ch.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. N. SAYRE, Secretary.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
W. W. SMITH.....	Belleville, Ont.
O. W. CUTLER.....	Providence, R. I.
J. B. SWARTZ.....	Scranton, Pa.
A. JENKINSON.....	Galion, O.
D. O. SHANK.....	Albany, N. Y.
F. SNYDER.....	Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. W. PHILLIPSON.....	Marshall, Texas
S. F. BROWNE.....	Austin, Minn.
JOHN MIZE.....	Denver, Col.
JAMES MCNEAL.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. ACHRY.....	Nashville, Tenn.
GEO. MCGARRAHAN.....	East St. Louis, Ill.

## Grand Lodge Deputies.

F. CLARK.....	Jurisdiction No. 1,
Detroit, Mich.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Jurisdiction No. 2,
Lowell, Mass.	
E. STURGES.....	Jurisdiction No. 3,
Hoboken, N. J.	
J. C. BARNARD.....	Jurisdiction No. 4,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
R. V. DODGE.....	Jurisdiction No. 5,
Chicago, Ill.	
J. R. GOHEEN.....	Jurisdiction No. 6,
Topeka, Kansas.	
WM. COYNE.....	Jurisdiction No. 7,
Little Rock, Arkansas.	

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jervis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.	
I. B. Fisher (Box 724).....	Master
Ed Salley.....	Rec. Sec'y
N. C. Marshall.....	Magazine Agent
2. ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.	
C. Hobart.....	Master
W. Graves.....	Rec. Sec'y
John Broderick.....	Magazine Agent

3. JERSEY CITY, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets at Wagner's Hall, 490 Grove street, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.	
S. S. Clark (care 14 Erie street).....	Master
Henry Jackson (care 14 Erie st.).....	Rec. Sec'y
.....	Magazine Agent
4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.	
W. H. Maxwell.....	Master
Geo. F. Dunbar (box 286).....	Rec. Sec'y
L. F. Williamson.....	Magazine Agent
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 P. M.	
A. Jenkinson.....	Master
C. Bennett.....	Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....	Magazine Agent
6. DAYTON, at Dayton, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Sixth and Ludlow streets, first Sunday of each month.	
Frank States (19 Zeigler street).....	Master
J. C. McCutcheon.....	Rec. Sec'y
Chris. Sweetman.....	Magazine Agent
7. SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa., meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.	
Geo. H. Carpenter.....	Master
Thos. Roach (Lockbox 37).....	Rec. Sec'y
S. D. Schooley.....	Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.	
Thomas Ackley.....	Master
Frank Schooley.....	Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Gabard.....	Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.	
F. J. Kistler (14 West Fulton st.).....	Master
F. W. Arnold.....	Rec. Sec'y
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. block.)	
Chas. Collier (Spruce st.).....	Magazine Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, Ohio. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M., Miller's Hall, cor. Auburn st. and Scranton ave.	
Josh L. Clark, (8 Freeman st.).....	Master
D. T. Henderson (46 John st.).....	Rec. Sec'y
P. J. Culliton.....	Magazine Agent
(148 Rear Columbus st.)	
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.	
J. S. Gorgas.....	Master
L. D. Salisbury.....	Rec. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....	Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30; hall, 253 Michigan st.	
James Shufelt.....	Master
J. C. Bradley (470 Swan st.).....	Rec. Sec'y
C. G. Swan.....	Magazine Agent
(527 South Division st., Buffalo.)	
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. in brick bank hall.	
J. Hunt.....	Master
Geo. McGarrahan.....	Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Lane (Box 191).....	Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., at No. 62½ East Washington street.	
C. A. Hawley (110 Span ave.).....	Master
C. P. Bond (456 E. Michigan st.).....	Rec. Sec'y
C. P. Bond.....	Magazine Agent
(456 E. Michigan st.)	

15. **PACIFIC**, at St. Louis, Mo., meets 2d and 4th Sundays; hall, Chateau avenue, near Summit Avenue.  
J. J. Smith.....Master  
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind., meets every Friday at 7:30 p. m., cor. Main & 7th sts.  
James Smith.....Master  
E. V. Dehbs (Box 1074).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Ebbage (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. **LEACH**, at Mattoon, Ill.
18. **FRIENDSHIP**, at Fort Wayne, Ind., meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.  
J. R. Anderson.....Master  
F. Snyder, 138 Force st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Ferd. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
19. **HOPE**, at Alliance, Ohio, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
L. M. Holloway.....Master  
J. Martin (Crestline, Ohio).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. S. McKee, Crestline, O. Magazine Agent
20. **WESTERN STAR**, at Galesburg, Ill., meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
O. D. Pratt.....Master  
John McGee.....Rec. Sec'y
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo., meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
James Bucke.....Master  
H. Miller (cor. Ellwood & 2d st) Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill., meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
F. C. Beatty.....Master  
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Rec. Sec'y  
Isaac Litler (Box 598).....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky., meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
J. H. Smith (252 Zane street).....Master  
F. B. Caywood (593 W Chestnut) Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Smith.....Magazine Agent  
[252 Zane street.]
24. **H. G. RUST**, at Jackson, Mich.  
S. Smith.....Master  
Wm. E. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y  
Miles Grosvenor.....Magazine Agent
25. **PROVIDENCE**, at Providence, R. I., meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Saturday evenings in each month in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Geo. H. Bragg.....Master  
C. S. Newton.....Rec. Sec'y  
(14 Chestnut st., Hartford, Conn.)  
O. W. Cutler.....Magazine Agent  
(Ashland, Mass.)
26. **J. W. THOMAS**, at Nashville, Tennessee, meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at Knights of Honor Hall, W. Nashville.  
Geo. D. Smith (317 Church st.).....Master  
Will Achey.....Rec. Sec'y  
(cor. W. Gay and Hines sts.)  
Will Achey.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
F. A. Davis.....Master  
A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb., meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month.  
W. J. Stuart.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. **CHAMPION**, at Detroit, Mich.  
John Munroe (239 Larned st.).....Master  
Frank Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Magazine Agent
30. **HARMONY**, at Susquehanna, Dep.  
James Cass.....Master  
Frank Choate (Box 299).....Rec. Sec'y
31. **FORT CLARK**, at Peoria, Ill.  
A. F. Eaton.....Master  
D. B. Wright.....Rec. Sec'y
32. **AMERICUS**, at Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Charles Jewell, 82 Center st.....Master  
George H. Scott.....Rec. Sec'y
33. **CECIL FLEMING**, at Jackson, Tenn.  
J. Jones.....Master  
R. T. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Jones.....Magazine Agent
34. **ORCHARD CITY**, at Burlington, Iowa.  
Win. James.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
35. **WASHINGTON**, at Lafayette, N. J., meets 2d Monday and last Saturday evenings of each month at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
Horace Allen.....Master  
A. Zindle.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 Pine st., Jersey City, N. J.)  
J. Conklin.....Magazine Agent  
(183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at Lafayette, Ind., meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Sixth and Main sts., Curtis' Block.  
H. C. Ward.....Master  
P. Ronan (182 N. 6th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer (91 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
37. **MOUNTAIN CITY**, at Altoona, Pa., meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.  
John Gardner.....Master  
J. Miles Stonebraker, Box 343.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. McMurray, Box 343.....Magazine Agent
38. **KEY STONE**, at Pittsburg, Pa., meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Beaver avenue.  
Gust Sold.....Master  
Thos. Vanvoey.....Rec. Sec'y  
(148 Bidwell st., Allegheny, Pa.)  
Burt E. Gove.....Magazine Agent  
(134 Juniata st., Allegheny, Pa.)
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn., meets 2d and 4th Sundays.  
H. M. Baker.....Master  
Wm. Chambers.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Anderson (Box 56).....Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill., meets every Thursday night.  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss (1206 N. Lee st.).....Master  
T. O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y  
(910 W. Chestnut st.)  
C. M. Stone.....Magazine Agent  
(1206 N. Lee st.)
41. **FOX RIVER**, at Aurora, Ill., meets every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.  
C. Riddle.....Master  
C. E. Powell.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. L. Cummings.....Magazine Agent
42. **MISSOURI VALLEY**, at Sedalia, Mo., meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th Wednesday.  
R. C. Yopst.....Master  
C. Schernowkie.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. D. Palmer.....Magazine Agent



43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. meets every Sunday at 8 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
DeWitt Pearce.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Fitzpatrick.....Magazine Agent
44. **RELIABLE**, at Brookfield, Mo. meets 2d and 4th Thursdays, in B. of L. E. hall.  
.....Master  
S. Leonard.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. R. Worth (Box 13).....Magazine Agent
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.  
Wm. Coyne.....Master  
M. W. Campbell (Lock Box 648).....Rec. Sec'y  
M. W. Campbell.....Magazine Agent
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. meets every alternate Sunday at Eng. Hall.  
John Walsh (532 North Fifth st.).....Master  
G. D. Partington (Box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Henry.....Magazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
P. D. Furlong (692 State st.).....Master  
W. Woodin (544 S. Canal st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
John Glover.....Magazine Agent  
(661 State st.)
48. **AMICITY**, at Harrisburg, Pa. meets every Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, corner 3d and Broad streets.  
R. T. Shepherd (5th, near Riley).....Master  
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y  
937 Pennsylvania avenue  
C. W. Guyon.....Magazine Agent  
(642 Colder st.)
49. **SPRINGFIELD**, at Springfield, Mass.  
C. O. Mansus.....Master  
J. W. Hurlbert (Box 396).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. H. Porter (Box 396).....Magazine Agent
50. **NEW YORK CITY**, at New York. meets every 2d Sunday and 4th Saturday of each month, at 869 Second avenue.  
D. E. Elliott (107 E. 46th st.).....Master  
Henry J. Glover (231 E. 45th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.).....Magazine Agent
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y.  
A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st.....Master  
L. J. Boynton (112 W. Utica st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. McCarthy (49 W. Erie st.).....Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Ind., meets every Friday at 8 p. m., corner Market and Canal streets.  
Chas. Schrier.....Master  
S. Bricker (box 626).....Rec. Sec'y  
Ambrose Ross.....Magazine Agent
53. **FIDELITY**, at Sunbury, Pa., meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
John Pittenger.....Master  
D. F. Vollmer (Box 276).....Rec. Sec'y
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo., meets every Monday night, at 43 Reed street.  
J. J. Murphy.....Master  
J. Mummert (Lookbox 580).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Bresson.....Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis, Tenn. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at Engineers' Hall, Adams street.  
Wm. Bender, 206 Old Raleigh st.....Master  
O. B. Hanes.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Bender.....Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Emporia, Kan., meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
S. McGaffey.....Master  
Wm. Tangman (Topeka, Kan.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. R. Goheen.....Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 a. m., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
Francis Beadle.....Master  
(No. 1 Mt. Vernon st., Bunker Hill District.)  
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
(123 Chelsea st., E. Boston, Mass.)  
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent  
(70 Cambridge st., E. Cambridge.)
58. **STAR**, at Hoboken, N. J. meets 2d Sundays and 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st.  
C. E. Barland.....Master  
O. Gillen (Box 41, Hoboken).....Rec. Sec'y  
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. **ASHLEY**, at Ashley, Pa. meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 p. m.  
J. M. Peck.....Master  
A. E. Detro.....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. meets 1st Wednesday night and 3d Sunday morning, corner Hancock and Diamond streets.  
G. C. Green (107 Haydock st.).....Master  
J. McNeal (427 Schneider ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. A. Falls.....Magazine Agent  
(224 North Second st.)
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 p. m., cor. 7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall.  
S. J. Murphy (56 Goodrich ave.).....Master  
C. Sinks (58 Goodrich ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Peil (183 Exchange st.).....Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbonade, Pa. meets every 2d Thursday and 4th Sunday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
O. E. Histed.....Master  
W. T. Hingham.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. W. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
J. C. Boyssel.....Master  
Chas. J. McGee (box 772).....Rec. Sec'y  
F. Roers.....Magazine Agent
64. **LOYAL**, at Ellis, Kan. meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.  
W. H. Hamilton.....Master  
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 16, Brookville, Kan.)
65. **ISLAND CITY**, at Brockville, Ontario, (Canada). meets 2d and 4th Sundays, King street, over McClean's boot and shoe store.  
Wm. T. Simpson.....Master  
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. **CHALLENGE**, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada). meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Patrick Flannery.....Master  
James Cummins.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. C. McKnight.....Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occidental Hall, Queen street.  
Wm. Newlove.....Master  
Wm. Prenter (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y  
George Shields (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. **HUDSON**, at Jersey City, N. J. meets 1st Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday afternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.  
John McAuley.....Master  
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y  
(232 Union st., Elizabeth, N. J.)  
B. Hare (245 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent

69. HURON, at Port Huron, Mich. Meets every Sunday, over Postoffice.  
J. Britnall.....Master  
C. Macklow.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)  
T. French.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)
70. LONE STAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets every Friday night in L. O. O. F. Hall.  
James McDonough.....Master  
L. W. Phillipson.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. T. Smith (box 92).....Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 540 Broadway.  
D. O. Shank, 85 Cherry street.....Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union street.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent  
(281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.)
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
Wm. Cows, 410 Hartman st.....Master  
L. Elberston (417 Henry st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave.....Magazine Agent
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass., meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
Geo. Hewitt (Union Depot).....Master  
T. E. Kelton, 42 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. P. Danforth.....Magazine Agent  
(9 Myrtle street.)
74. KANSAS CITY, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 7st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic hall, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Master  
John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y  
cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Magazine Agent  
905 Penn street.
75. ENTERPRISE, at West Philadelphia Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
C. E. Austin, 3800 Story st.....Master  
W. T. Goundie.....Rec. Sec'y  
3405 Elm st.  
C. E. Austin.....Magazine Agent  
(3800 Story street.)
76. VALLEY CITY LODGE, at East Saginaw, Michigan. Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.  
F. C. Blanchett.....Master  
J. Lennox, Box 860.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Hannon, Box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
S. B. Turman.....Master  
W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Pelham.....Magazine Agent
78. BINGHAMTON, at Binghamton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.  
Thomas Milan, Box 725.....Master  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. MIAMI, at Cincinnati, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M., corner 8th and Freeman sts.  
J. T. Coakley.....Master  
G. Horrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Sperry.....Magazine Agent  
432 George st.
80. EARLY SUNRISE, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st & 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. hall.  
J. H. Morely.....Master  
C. Reich.....Recording Sec'y  
A. P. Draper.....Magazine Agent
81. READING, at Reading Pa. meets every 2d and 4th Sunday. Bland's Hall, cor. Ninth and Penn st.  
W. Hynes.....Master  
C. J. Butler (28 Church st).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Goodman.....Magazine Agent
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn., meets in Druids Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet Avenue, between 1st and 2d streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday evenings of each month.  
S. F. Brown.....Master  
(1311 N. Washington avenue.)  
John Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
(M & St. L. freight office.)  
J. W. Cole (1223 S. 7th st.).....Magazine Agent
83. MISSISSIPPI, at Winona, Minn.  
John Hewick.....Master  
Wm. Warren (box 686).....Rec. Sec'y  
B. F. Weller (box 23).....Magazine Agent

# THE BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

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## A RACE FOR LIFE.

### CHAPTER I.—THE MESSAGE.



Y DEAR fellow, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed my friend McCausland, as he met me at the door of his house.

I had gone on a visit to Holmesdale, a little town in the north of England. McCausland was engineer to the water company there, and had invited me to go down for a week.

After the usual interval for dressing, we sat down to an excellent little dinner. Not unnaturally, the conversation turned upon the weather.

"I am sorry this rain continues," said McCausland; "it spoils my water supply. People bully me as if I could help it."

"Are your reservoirs near the town?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "away in the hills. We can go over to-morrow, if you like. I'm due there."

The excursion was arranged. We agreed to start at 11 o'clock next morning, and we started punctually.

We pursued our way up the hill, and, crossing the brow, reached a small inn. Here we found a country gig awaiting us. Into this we clambered and proceeded along a wooded by-road, stony and rutful. At length, when hope had almost

given way to bad language, we pulled up at another small inn, called "The Reservoir." We got out of the gig gladly. An engineer forman hurried up and accosted us politely.

"Is it all right, Johnson?" inquired McCausland.

"Yes, all is right, but——"

"Well, but what?"

"I don't quite like the South Reservoir embankment," was the reply.

McCausland turned pale to his very lips.

"Come with me," he said abruptly.

"We hurried after him in silence, and with a strange dread upon us.

We soon came in sight of the extensive embankment which confined the waters of the largest of the three reservoirs of the Holmesdale Company. A fresh breeze was blowing the water in small though noisy waves against the paved top of the bank. Here and there a tongue of liquid spat upon the stonework, and at one spot it trickled down into and apparently came through the grass.

"This is the spot I was looking at this morning," said Johnson.

"You had better have a few men to puddle up this," said McCausland, indicating a tiny crack that would have escaped less experienced eyes.

We then continued our inspection,

but during our progress round the works the clouds had massed themselves in wild grandeur above the hills, and lay heavily upon the Apps Valley in front. The railroad crosses the valley on a graceful viaduct near Ammering Junction. The dark, slaty clouds hung suspended over this district. Long tendrils of the scud came forth from them like fingers. These clutched now a rock, then a solitary tree, now swept up again a larger mass of cloud to place upon the ground—ever stealing onward and downward, leaving all in its stealthy track dark and foggy. A low, moaning sound was in the air. It was not the wind, for the breeze had strangely lulled. The trees scarcely moved, yet the water rolled up against the reservoir banks as if agitated by an unseen wheel. We all seemed conscious of the disturbance of the atmospheric conditions, and the leaves whispered strange confidences to the motionless boughs above our heads.

The men had all gone up to the reservoirs. McCausland and I sat chatting together.

"Do you think you could find your way back alone?" he asked suddenly.

"Why?" I said. "Do you intend to remain her? Is there any danger?"

"Well, scarcely that; but I think I ought to be on the spot. I will return to-morrow or next day."

"Cannot I stay too?"

"Certainly, if you desire it. We rough it up here, though."

"I do not mind that," I replied.

Fortunate it was that I did remain. As we were preparing to visit the sluices we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning, which had hardly passed when the rocks rang out with a thousand thunder-echoes. This was the signal. The windows of heaven opened, and a perfect deluge descended upon the devoted valley. The little brooks leaped up and danced down the hillsides in white array. Tiny waterfalls swelled themselves into cataracts, and foamed down to the streams. The wind rose up from its sleep and

forced great rolling waves across the coping of the reservoirs, and stones and grass became commingled. Now the sluices were all opened, and the long-imprisoned water gladly dashed out from its prison to meet its native river once again. The channel of the Holmesdale, once more filled with water, divided on the hill. But still the men worked hard amid the gathering gloom and thunder by lantern-light, and nature rested not that live-long night. But I turned in and got some sleep, in defiance of the elemental war without. At 5 o'clock in the morning, as the gray light was struggling into life, McCausland came, fully dressed, into my room. I started up.

"Dress yourself as quickly as you can, and come downstairs," he said. I began to ask questions. "Lose no time, there's a good fellow; I want your assistance." He left the room.

I jumped up at once, hurried to the window and looked out. Day was just breaking through the misty sky, and all the world was raining. The water was plashing from the eaves, and, mingling with the heavy drops, burst into a separate stream in every rut and furrow. The wind beat the tall trees and roared amid the branches. Ever and anon a sharp snap denoted a bough torn from its place and whirled to the soaking earth. I dressed quickly and joined McCausland in the little parlor. He was studying a private copy of the railroad time-table, which, as an official, he always carried.

"Will you take the horse and ride down to Ammering Junction with a message?"

His collected manner assured me. Was this all? A ride through the rain was not much.

"Of course I will go."

He grasped my hand firmly.

"Are you nervous?" he said, as he held it in his own steady grasp.

"Nonsense," I replied, laughing. "I'll be ready in five minutes, if it's important. Is the horse here?"

I ran up for my waterproofs. When I came down the horse was at the door, and McCausland inspect-

ing him. I mounted.

"Now," I said, "for this great message, if you please."

McCausland's tone had something very solemn in it, as he replied:—

"Tell the station-master at Ammering Junction, and any people you see, that the South Reservoir will not last three hours. It will burst down the valley, and will destroy the Apps Viaduct, and carry away the bridges on the Holmesdale branch. Stop the traffic and save the passengers. God bless you; and, hark ye, *ride for your life*. I will fire the signal-cannon as a warning. Good-bye."


## CHAPTER II.—A WILD RIDE.

Mechanically I gathered up the reins, nodded to McCausland, for I was too stupefied to reply in words, and started upon my wild ride. Three hours hence and the water would be pouring down the valley through which my course lay. No wonder I had to ride for my life, and perhaps the lives of hundreds of my fellow-creatures depended on mine. Ammering Junction was some miles away. My route lay through an unknown country, across moorland intersected by flooded streams and swept by the fierce wind and rain.

I must do it, I thought, as my horse picked his cautious way amid the loose stones down the steep by-road we had ascended the previous day. I should need all my strength, though, to execute the task, so I pressed on. A valuable slice out of my time had been expended when I reached the broad highway and urged my horse to speed. I had to turn off again, I knew, but I fancied I should easily find the path. Besides, was not there a sign-post? Therefore, urged by dreadful tidings, and with the fierce wind and biting rains by turns and all together assailing me, I urged my horse onward. I reached the turning and pulled up to read the direction I should take. I nearly fainted with horror as I read. The fatal finger pointing up the cross-road I was pursuing—

 To Holmesdale and Seaham.

The opposite index pointed—

 To Ruddall and Ammering.

I could scarcely credit my senses. Surely, I was right! We had come up the previous day, and up the hill to the reservoirs. I had merely to reverse the route we had traversed. At that moment, if you will believe me, the true state of the case, and my own stupidity flashed upon me. We had come from Holmesdale; I was now bound for Ammering, which lay at the opposite side.

This was a terrible mistake. It was now past 6 o'clock. One of the three precious hours had elapsed, and I was farther from Ammering than when I started. I was seized with despair; whatever could I do now? Two hours remained, and I had three up-hill miles to ride, and then about seven more across the moor before I could reach the junction, and before that the trains might have started, and then—

I burst out into a cold perspiration at the thoughts, and then, desperate and only half conscious, I rode madly back to the Ammering road and up the hill again. But the storm-fiend was abroad, and had arrayed all his forces against me.

As we gained the more open ground the blast came down with such violence as to stagger us. It tore across the hillside, and whizzed and hissed amongst the gorse and swaying grass. The rain came down more determinedly than ever. At length I reached a small cluster of stone cottages, and halted under the eaves of the last one to take breath for a fresh struggle over the moor, which lay before me. A straight road lay over it—a good road, but crossed at intervals by rapid streams which had overflowed their usual limits, and swelled over their boundaries in all the pride of "spate" across the flinty stones which had defied them all the summer long. The summits of the neighboring hills were shrouded in a veil of mist; but far in advance, on the level, I could trace the railroad line. From the elevation at which I stood I could trace the channel of the Apps River down the valley, and could guess the spot at which the flood

would strike the railroad, and the branch line over the spur of the hill. I could just distinguish the junction in the middle distance. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it; an engine, perhaps, waiting to start with a train, and I was lingering on the hill. All this, and more, I could perceive as I rested on the summit. Somewhat refreshed, I rode manfully forward in the storm.

How my horse kept his feet I do not to this hour understand. The wind, which had been high before, appeared to have gathered new force while we had halted, and it rushed across the track terrifically. Pebbles were frequently blown across the road, and every pool had its waves, like a miniature sea. Some helpless crows were blown over my head, and a sinister looking raven skimmed the moor close by, uttering a weird croak, which fell upon my ears like a knell and chilled my blood. I was quite alone, not a human being in sight, but suddenly the whistle of a locomotive was carried to my ears. An engine moved out of the station. Another whistle shortly afterwards. That train was safe. I watched it glide away over the viaduct. Five minutes later I rode into the station and called for the station-master. As I dismounted the clock struck eight. The time was up, and no signal from McCausland. Telegraphing would now be easy. A porter came out in answer to my summons.

"I'm sorry ye lost the express," he began.

"I don't want the train," I replied; "I must telegraph at once, though. Where is the station-master?"

"He'll be here in a minute. But ye can't telegraph. The wires are blown down. We had to send a 'pilot' with the express to clear the line to Handleigh."

"Not telegraph! I tell you, man, I *must* stop the traffic. The South Holmesdale Reservoir will burst this very hour."

"Can that be true?" inquired a cool, gentlemanly man at my elbow. It was the station-master himself.

"True?" I echoed. "It is only

too true. I have ridden to tell you. *We must stop the trains!*"

"The excursion leaves Handleigh at 8:05," mused the station-master. "There may be time; come with me."

He crossed the line and entered a shed opposite. I followed. Just then a loud, booming sound rent the air. The sound came back from the hills like thunder.

"It is the signal!" I exclaimed. "The water is out. Heaven help us now!"

The station-master called out. A cleaner appeared.

"Is that engine ready?"

"Yes, sir; waiting for the excursion."

"Run and open the points. Now, sir, get up."

I obeyed mechanically, and before I had quite realized the situation we had crossed the up-line. The station-master stopped to get a red flag and give a few instructions to his subordinate. I now perceived that we were to race the flood. Steam *vs.* Water. Which would conquer?

A whistle; we started. "The flood, the flood!" shouted the porter. We turned one glance up the valley. A moving brown wall, capped with a snowy ridge, was tearing down to the devoted viaduct. No time to lose. "Go ahead!" cried the station-master. I turned on steam, put the lever over another "notch," and the race began.

We flew along the metals. A few minutes would decide it. We must get to the viaduct and over it first, or the excursion, unwarned, would dash to destruction. A depression in the ground ran beside the railroad for a short distance. We trusted to this to turn the velocity of the approaching water. It was an exciting race, and one never to be forgotten. On rolled the flood. We were running "neck-and-neck" for one terrible half-minute. Now the restless flood bore directly to the bridge. Stones were rolled before it like marbles. Trunks of trees, hay-stacks, debris of every description, came headlong down upon the doomed structure. We fled like

lightning over the rails. Our speed told now. Sparks flew from the chimney. Another "notch"—the beat of the piston quickened to an almost inconceivable rapidity. We were on the bridge. Hurrah! The curling wave beneath seemed to spring forward. It broke against the buttresses. In a second we were across. I shut off steam, the station-master put down the brakes. A tearing, rending sound, that was not the brakes—a crash! We looked back. The line dropped behind us like a stage-trap. The bridge gave way, and with a roar that was heard two miles off the pretty viaduct was swept away by the boiling, furious water.

We were truly thankful for our narrow escape. And now to save the excursion. Speeding forward again, whistling like a demon, our good engine—"Vigilant" by name—soon came in sight of the excursion train. By waving our red flag we averted another danger—a collision. The telegraph poles being down, trains had to run upon the same line as far as Handleigh, but our timely action set all to rights at last.

We soon gave the bewildered passengers to understand the narrow escape they had had. Fervent and sincere were the thanks we received from all, except one man. He was escaping from justice, and was captured. From the elevated embankment we could trace the course of the flood for miles. The train put back to Handleigh, whence the passengers were forwarded by another company.

By the time we had arranged matters and returned to the broken viaduct the water had subsided. The work of destruction was complete, but a "breakdown" gang was quickly on the spot. A footway was constructed across the muddy river-bed, and trains stopped at both sides of the stream, the passengers exchanging from one to the other.

The loss of cattle and farm produce caused by that terrible flood was very great. Had the catastrophe occurred during the night, the loss of human life would have been appalling. As it was, some unfor-

tunate people were drowned, but some had most marvellous escapes. The aspect of the country as I retraced my steps was deplorable. I could scarcely recognize the places I had passed in the morning.

I found McCausland and his staff at the reservoir awaiting me. He wrung my hand fervently, and said certain words that I shall not easily forget.

The viaduct was quickly rebuilt, but the station-master at Ammering does not forget the race of Steam vs. Water on the "Vigilant" locomotive.

Nor do I!

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**The Oldest Conductor---He Relates his Experience, and Almost Goes Into Ancient History.**

"They don't do things now like they used to," mused the man who claims to be the oldest living railroad conductor, as he settled two hundred pounds of avoirdupois in a comfortable position, and cleared his throat to tell why they didn't. Then he threw back his hat and disclosed a well-rounded, jolly-looking face, with clear cut lines. "I'm sixty-seven," said Conductor William Roberts, by way of preliminary, but he does not look to be over fifty. He is remarkably well preserved, and his small, bright eyes peer out over two big fat cheeks, which show that he is able to manipulate the punch for a few seasons yet.

"I believe I am the oldest railroad conductor in the United States," he said, as he bounced his cane on the floor and straightened himself out so that his memory could run clear. "I entered the railroad business in 1831, and did not relinquish active service until two years ago, when an accident incapacitated me for some time to come. I was a 'bus or coach driver along with father in the city of Baltimore up to 1831, and at 19 years of age was called to the profession to which I have tenaciously clung until nearly the term of life allotted to man has been fulfilled. They didn't know much about building railroads in those

days, and when the idea of constructing the Baltimore & Ohio road was broached people laughed at it. To give them an idea of what the tramway would be like, a circular belt of rail was laid in the rotunda of the Exchange in Baltimore, and a small car placed upon it. Here the members of the commercial and financial bodies, whom it was desired to interest in the scheme, enjoyed the novelty of whizzing around the rotunda and riding on a rail. So ignorant were the people of railroad building that they made the car wheels with the flanges outside. This they ascertained to be a great mistake when they attempted to take around a curve. Then they placed them on the inside, and found that worked all right. Inquiries were sent to England and all around in the hope of learning some improved method of railway building, with but little satisfaction. However, we managed to get along first-rate ourselves.

"In 1828, 1829, 1830 and 1831 the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was constructed, and extended to the Relay House, thence to Ellicott's Mills. The cars were somewhat like summer cars on the horse railroads, while in a few months we advanced so as to remove coach bodies and place them on iron wheels to run along the track. The trains were drawn by horses, each car holding about twenty persons, having one horse. In this humble manner the foundation was laid for what is now one of the trunk lines of the country. For a couple of years the trains were run without conductors, but in December, 1831, three of us were appointed to act in that capacity. Both of my partners have since died. They were John T. Surault and Gustavus Allen. At that time the agent sold you a piece of paper on which was printed your destination. This was your ticket. When you purchased this your name was written upon it, and at the same time your name was entered in a large book in the office, thus: 'Andrew Jackson, Ellicott's Mills.' The conductor was a great man, and much thought of. He was invited to dinner with the prominent citizens, and asso-

ciated with the chief officers of the company.

"Well, now, I really don't know why the companies introduced those little punches; but I presume they thought some of the conductors were getting rich too fast, so they determined upon some check to prevent them becoming owners of the roads. It was 1860, or sometime about then, that the punches were first put into use.

"When the Baltimore & Washington road was first opened, in 1835, I was appointed conductor, and spent three years there. We had steam engines then, and had given up the horse power. The first and best engine came from the shop of a man named Davies, at Little York. People talk about fast trains in these days. Why, in March, 1837, the day before Martin Van Buren was inaugurated President, we ran an engine and special car from Baltimore to Washington in 65 minutes. This was to bring the President's message north the next day. What a big thing that was! A whole car and an engine for the message of the President! Well, we started off, but broke down before we arrived at Baltimore, and had to send the message on by coach. There were many incidents of an amusing character which came under my notice while on that road. One day we had a special car containing two immense cheeses for President Van Buren. Some fellow sent them to him all the way from Massachusetts. Probably he expected a postoffice by return mail. The cheeses were very large, one being at least two feet thick."

"The President accepted them, of course," said the reporter, intending to anticipate the answer.

"Presidents in those days were not like the present breed. They didn't take brick houses, horses and steamships. Mr. Van Buren looked at the cheese and smiled. He offered to purchase them from the man, but take them as a gift he would not. There was no clause which he could find in the Constitution allowing the President to accept a gift from his people; so the cheese was prepared



to skip back to New England. However, it was stopped at the National Capital and sold for fifty cents a pound, and there was right merry fun while it was being disposed of. The President himself bought a couple of pounds.

"Then, there was James K. Polk, of Tennessee, as we used to call him. He loved horses. Indeed, I think he was as fond of fast steed as General Grant. Many sleek animals were sent down over the road bearing a tag showing that they were for the Chief Executive. If the horses suited his ideas he would purchase them and pay cash, but many of the 'critters' were sent back to their owners because the President was too conscientious to receive them as a gift. Andrew Jackson was the same way, only stricter than the rest, if anything.

"I remained with the Baltimore & Ohio Company until 1851, when I transferred myself to the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Company, and am still actively employed. During the many years I have been employed as a conductor I have traveled altogether by railroad somewhere about 7,000,000 miles. You open your eyes at the figures. But when you travel on an average about seventy-five miles a day for forty-five years, it counts up. Ah! but railroading now is not what it was years ago. The conductors are different, the officers are changed, and there are so many new-fangled ideas that one is almost bewildered. As soon as my spine gets all right again I will be ready to move through the cars, and will sound the well-known cry of 'Tickets,' even if I am sixty-seven years old."

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 "ONE, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight," said Mr. Lightbody, as he counted the sitters around the stove in the bar-room. "That'll cost just about a dollar." Every eye glistened and every mouth watered. "Give me a glass of ale, George." Then eight faces got so long that they struck the cellar floor with a thud, and the last seen of Mr. Lightbody's coat-tail was when the door bit it off.

### A Street Arab--A Boy that has not Slept in a Bed in 8 Years.

John Ryan, a ragged urchin, bare-headed and bare-footed, aged about ten years, very miserably clad, with a coat buttoned up that was in shreds, and without any shirt, was brought before Justice Flammer the other day on his own confession of vagrancy. His face was dirty and bruised, and well it might be, for the boy had never known what it was to rest his head on a pillow.

The officer that brought the boy into court said he had entered the station-house; and said he had no home, and wished to be committed to some institution.

"Come up here," said Justice Flammer.

The boy came up to the desk, and the justice asked him why he wanted to be committed.

He replied that he had no home.

"Have you no father?"

"No; he died nine years ago."

"No mother?"

"No, sir; she died about a year after father."

"And where have you lived all these seven or eight years?"

"Everywhere."

"How did you manage to live?"

"That's puzzled me often," said the little chap; "I don't know, but I pulled through."

"Where did you sleep at nights?"

"In hallways."

"Summer and winter?" asked the Justice.

The officer said he had often found him asleep in hallways, but he let him go when he said he lived upstairs.

"What is your religion?" asked the Justice.

"Catholic," said the boy.

"Then we will send you to the Protectory."

The officer said when the boy came into the station-house and he was asked why he wanted to be sent to some asylum, he answered the sergeant:—

"I won't be a thief, and I'd have to be that if I didn't get somewhere."—*New York Dispatch.*

### A Strange Scene.

A well-dressed man walked into one of the saloons the other day leading a little boy by the hand, and called for a drink of whisky. The little fellow burst into tears and begged his father not to drink, and the saloon-keeper, to his credit be it said, refused him, whereupon the man jumped behind the bar and seized a bottle of the article in question. The bar-keeper attempted to take the bottle from him, and a scuffle ensued, during which the liquor was spilled, and the stranger ejected. A man of family who was present was so struck by the conduct of the boy, that he left the saloon and made an oath that he would never drink another drop. What a scene for an artist's pencil! A wonderful battle in which a little boy conquers the bar-keeper and the man of family present, but can not prevail over his own beloved but besotted father!

### Tell the Truth.

In all things, everywhere, and at all times, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Let children know you to be true; to be untrue exists only in your own cowardice. The fewer the lies the less trouble you will have to conceal them, for lies must now and then be hid; no man is proud of them. What is truth? Ask your own soul. You know what it is; it is the opposite to a lie. No one is so stupid as not to know it. If you are miserable enough to believe in the potency of lies—and lies have had power in this world—begin by telling small truths, just for the comfort of the thing. Men do not miss the truth through intellectual dullness, but through their own perversity. He who tries to follow it will have a divine clue given him by which he will surely find it.

AH HA! ah ha! the festive mosquito is with us once again, and we can now in the dead hour of night 'lam blazes out of the old woman's nose, and tell her we were hitting at his nibbs. Ah ha! ah ha!

### The Row in the Ravine.

The other afternoon, three reporters, representing the *Chronicle*, *Enterprise* and *Gold Hill News*, strolled into the police court together, just in time to hear Constable Norton remark to Lib Hastings:—

"They caught him near the ravine, and had a terrible fight taking him."

"Who was that?" asked these three in a breath, getting out their note-books.

"Abel Filkinson," said Norton.

The name went down at once on the three note-books as "Abe L. Filkinson," "Able Filkin's son," and "A. Bell Filkinson." "What did he do?" asked all again.

"Killed Billy Bausman," said Norton.

"Killed Billy Bowers' man," went down on the note-books.

"Hit anybody else?" asked one of the press gang.

"Yes, but two were with stray shots."

"Where?" (all three).

"In their ear."

"In the rear," went down on three note-books.

"Did they get him in jail?"

"Yes, locked him up the same night."

"That was last night?" queried the reporters, in chorus.

"No."

"When?"

"About nine years ago—down in Placer County, California."

The reporters retreated in silence with closed ranks, and left the satanic constable grinning balefully in his chair.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle*.

"THE American laborer must make up his mind henceforth not to be so much better off than the European laborer. Men must be contented to work for less wages. In this way the workingman will be near to that station in life to which it has pleased God to call him."—*N. Y. World*.

The fool seeketh to pluck a fly from a mule's hind leg; the wise man letteth the job out to the highest bidder.

## RAILROAD NOTES.

A delicate parcel to be sent by rail—a young lady wrapped up in herself.

An intelligent crew recently fastened their vessel to a railway track at Pittsburg, drew the rails out of position, and threw the train off the track.

“Good-morning, gentlemen,” said a railroad conductor, on entering a car. No one responded, “Beg pardon if I have said too much,” he thereupon added, “I withdraw the last expression.”

Would you like to know how fast this great country grows? In 1830 there were but 22 miles of railroads in the whole of it; in 1877 there were 79,208 miles. No more rail-ing at the United States, then.

The Vanderbilt train, consisting of two coaches and engine No. 151, recently made the run from Air-line Junction to Cleveland in 109 minutes, distance 108 miles. This is the fastest time ever made on the Lake Shore road.

The Dominion Government is advertising tenders up to the 1st of December next, for constructing and working a line of railroad commencing near Lake Nipising, between Ottawa River and Lake Huron, extending about two thousand miles, to the Pacific Coast. The intended works are already under contract, and expenditures on account of them will be assumed by parties contracting for the whole work.

We give the following exhibit of the business done by the Belt road during the month of June, 1878. This road runs around the city of Indianapolis, Ind., and is 17 miles in length: Hauled over the road, 12,845 cars; loaded cars delivered to pork-houses, 638; empty cars from yards, 2,151, making a total movement of 15,634 cars. By weeks—1st to 7th, loaded cars over road, 3,496; 8th to 15th, 3,365; 16th to 23d, 2,920; 23d to 30th, 3,160. To pork-houses—First week, 157; second, 164; third, 128; fourth, 189 cars.

The Vandalia line is generally known as “The Fast Line,” and it is every now and then doing something remarkable in the way of speed that establishes the entire question of the designation. The latest thing in this way is the run of No. 2 extra recently, between Indianapolis and St. Louis. This train left Indianapolis at 2:10 A. M., in charge of Conductor W. B. Rice and Engineer John Crawford, with engine No. 39, taking the train through the eastern division, and Engineer H. Bugle, with No. 44, the western division, and the whole run of 238 miles was made in four hours and fifty-four minutes. To appreciate the time made, however, it must be known that twelve stops were made and eighteen minutes lost in tending to hot boxes, so that it is estimated that 54 minutes in all were lost, making the actual running time four hours and fifty-four minutes, averaging a little over a minute and a quarter to the mile, and making nearly 50 miles an hour. The following schedule shows the details of the run:—

Stations.	Time.
Left Indianapolis.....	2:10 A. M.
Ar. Terre Haute, 73 miles.....	3:55 “
Left “ .....	4:00 “
Ar. Effingham, 140 miles.....	5:36 “
Left “ .....	5:40 “
Ar. E. St. Louis, 238 miles.....	7:38 “

Indianapolis to East St. Louis, 238 miles, in 5 hours, 48 minutes.

The railway bridge across the Tay at Dundee (Scotland) is over two miles long. Including the extension on the northern shore, the exact length is 10,612 feet—that is to say it is longer than the Victoria Bridge, Montreal, and Britannia tubular bridge taken together. This great length is taken in eighty-five spans of varying width. There are longer viaducts over marshes and meadows, but there is no bridge of the same length over a running stream. The greatest difficulty which the engineers encountered arose from the varying character of the bed of the river. Near the shore the rocky bed was easily reached, and on it piers were built of brick. In the middle it is 130 feet above high-water mark.

### MERRY MOMENTS.

We've never seen a brick stoop, but we've seen a stone fence. Yum, yum, yum.

Ladies are advised not to bleach their hair and eat arsenic. It brings on insanity.

When is a smack on the mouth no offense? When it is received from the lips of a pretty woman.

"Whisky is your greatest enemy," said a minister to Deacon Jones. "But," said Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh, yes, Deacon Jones; but it don't say we are to swallow them."

A celebrated temperance man has proposed that persons who insist upon drinking alcoholic liquors should be compelled to take out a license at \$5. We never touch the vile stuff, but in order to assist the movement we will take two licenses.

"Yas, my belubbed bredren and sisterin, dar's no time like de present to seek salvation. What must ye doter be saved? Why, jest plank down yer little boodle in der conscription box when it passes yer way. Never miss a trip, or when der Angel Gabriel comes round hoah wid his little silber trumpet, yer won't git aboard, even if yer know der conductor, der engineer, and der brokesmen, and if yer git yer clothes full of free passes. Brud-der Jacksing will please collect der fares."

"A hungry stomach knows no conscience." We have been expecting this for a long time. First, the Communists, then the Fenians, and now the hungry stomach is going to get up and rampage. Are our lives and property safe with this state of things existing? Unless we travel round with our clothes full of Gatling guns, who will dare to say that some hungry stomach will not come along and bat us over the head with a slung-shot, and rob, feloniously murder and kill us fatally dead. Oh, for a cot in some vast wilderness! Some boundless contiguity of what do you call it!

"We can't all of us be great," remarked a seedy, but benevolent philosopher. "Some of us have got to run peanut stands, or children would grow up comparatively unaccustomed to luxuries."

A country editor, who has been soliciting "short articles" from the subscribers to his paper, lately received a baby's undergarment, somewhat dilapidated, but short enough doubtless to meet all requirements.

A furrier lamenting, in an advertisement, the tricks played on the public by unprincipled men in his own trade:—"Earnestly requests ladies to bring him their skins, which he promises shall be converted into muffs and boas."

At an exhibition of one of the Albany (N. Y.) shoos not long since, the following conversation took place: Young lady to young gentleman—"That piece just played was by Wagner; wasn't it too lovely for anything?" Young gentleman to young lady—"Yes; and ain't his palace cars just gay?"

A Teutonic admirer of G. W. C. lately presented the following to the sorrowing parents of a little boy:—

"Leedle Shakey's gone und lefd us,

Guess we dond see him some more,

Shakey caught der chicken poxes

Oud behind der hen-coop door.

Shakey vos a kleiner roosder,

Pully leedle poy vas he!

He'll pe puried youst oaxtly

Vifteen minutes behind dree."

Have you ever met that pale, emaciated creature, who, with downcast eye, appears like a criminal about to meet her fate? Have you not noticed that nervous, distrustful look as she walks with slow and unsteady steps? The color has left her cheeks, the cherry blush has vanished from her lips, the sparkling eyes are now dull and expressionless, and the once warm, dimpled hands are now thin and cold. Her beauty has fled. What has wrought this wondrous change? Has she been crossed in love, or does some lurking disease claim her body as a resting place? Nix. She feels her bustle coming loose, and she's keeping her eye skinned for an open doorway.

## FOR THE LADIES.

They meet, that is, she went to the store,  
And made him turn his departments o'er,  
Till he vanished behind the goods, and then  
She pleasantly said she would call again.

—The "Aimee" is a new and favorite style of slipper.

—The most serviceable sea-side suit is made of seersucker.

—Mrs. Jenks has a double chin, and herein may lie her power.

—Englishmen are imitating the Russian fashion of wearing bracelets.

—Shepherd's plaid is a beautiful material for a young girl's traveling suit.

—The most fashionable and admired color of hair is now "society gray."

—Afternoon dances are the latest freak of fancy in the fashionable world.

—Stout and serviceable mountain dresses are made of Scotch cheviot shirting.

—For second mourning, gloves are stitched across the back with lilac or gray.

—Reticules are now carried on the arms of young ladies, as in the olden times.

—Lisle thread shawls in beautiful colors are shown for evening and seaside wear.

—Bunting and debege are the favorite materials for plain woolen summer suits.

—The favorite flowers for the hand-painted hats are forget-me-nots and poppies.

—The side satchel of velvet or morocco is always appropriate for traveling costume.

—Short dresses are so much favored that train dresses are only made for house wear.

—Long chatelaines with aumoniere bags are worn at the side, called "Anne of Brittany" bags.

—For the warmest weather, linen and lawn traveling suits are preferable for short journeys.

—It seems cowardly for a big man to try a "brush" with a little creature that happens to get in his hair.

—Floral garniture for bridal toilets are composed of white hawthorn, and orange blossoms and myrtle leaves.

—The present fashion of waistcoats makes it convenient to remodel old basques which have become soiled in front.

—Swinging side pockets of velvet with silver clasps are suspended by silver chains to the waistcoat of cut-away jacket costumes.

—Percale and lawn in delicate solid colors have borderings for the flounces either in floral designs or with set Greek or arabesque figures.

—Butterflies are set on wires and vibrate with every movement of the wearer; sometimes the real butterfly wings are used, stretched on gauze.

—Ladies' watch-chains are now fastened in the button-hole with a gold bar instead of being put around the neck or attached to the chatelaine pin as formerly.

—Crossbarred and dotted Swiss muslin dresses are trimmed with Smyrna or fine torchon lace, and are worn for the most part over silesia, or long slips of colored pink, blue or mauve.

—Small bouquets of different kinds of flowers are made to give the finishing touch to every elegant toilet this season. They are fastened on the left side of the bodice with a porte bouquet.

—Open-work lisle thread stockings in all colors are worn with summer dresses, the ecru shades with almost any color. The newest stockings have wide, coarse meshes, and are entirely of open work.

—Traveling ulsters for ladies are made of silver gray mohair, like those worn by men; they are as cool as linen dusters and more serviceable. Fullness is let into them below the waist, to allow them to be worn over suits, and they are finished with small carrick capes.

## Editorial.

**CONTRIBUTIONS.** — *Readers of the Magazine will materially assist us in making our news accurate and complete, if they will send us early information of events that occur under their observation, relative to experiments in the construction of roads and machinery—especially the locomotive—suggestions as to improvements, &c.*

### Benevolence.

One of the mottoes of the B. of L. F. is "Benevolence," and it is strictly a necessary one. As our wages are inadequate to supply our wants, it is important that we act in concert with one another in case of sickness or death. By this method we are enabled to inter decently a Brother of the footboard, too often neglected by railroad companies—who frequently go so far as to deprive thirty or forty men of the privilege of performing a duty they will not perform themselves. Numerous cases can be cited where companies have actually refused transportation to a member who desired to visit and deliver financial assistance to a deceased engineman's family. They, like the dog in the manger, won't eat themselves, nor will they allow any one else to do so; benevolence with many of them being considered a farce, and entirely unnecessary for the welfare of the men.

WE owe an apology to our subscribers for the delay in mailing the July number of the MAGAZINE, it being caused by a mistake in the shipment. The books were shipped to us by freight instead of by express as formerly, causing a delay of five days in the mailing of the same.

### The Molders.

Like all attempts of labor organizations to obtain charters and licenses through Congress, we are again called to record another failure. This time the Iron Molders have been defeated, thereby depriving them of a National Charter, a fact to be seriously regretted, and one that should not be passed over lightly by laboring men, but, on the contrary, should be remembered until the opportunity presents itself to repay this insult to trades organizations. Every working man should attend meetings called for the purpose of improving his condition, and while there should state his wrongs, and act like a true man and father in the support of his rights. Give your support to the man who will represent your interests, and others will necessarily follow your course or be crushed out. A few years ago a locomotive engineer went to the New York Legislature, and while there introduced a bill to the effect that locomotive engineers who could pass an examination before a Board of Commissioners should receive licenses—as is now the case with engineers on all boats propelled by steam. But railroad officials could only see that a licensed engineer would command a fair compensation, and the bill never was called for a second reading. The public does not give this the consideration it justly deserves. It is a question of vital importance to them, as it is a guarantee of competency, and also a safeguard against the hundreds of unforeseen accidents that befall inexperienced and cheap runners railroads are so eager to employ. The smallest tug, or, even a raft upon the rivers of the United States, propelled by steam, must have a li-

censed engineer upon it, or the Government officers quickly tie it up. We should all strive, not only to elevate ourselves, but our brother workmen. In the failure of the molders, we see but one more of the many acts which go a long way toward waking drowsy men from their Rip Van Winkle slumbers.

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"Is not a dollar a day enough to buy bread? Water costs nothing, and a man who cannot live on bread is not fit to live. A family may live, laugh, love and be happy that eats bread in the morning with good water and good bread at noon, and water and bread at night.—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

We are satisfied that if the Rev. Beecher made the above remarks in all sincerity, that he is a much worse character than we took him to be, and that Ward's Island (N. Y.) would be a capital resting place for his old bones. One dollar a day is the *actual cost* of three meals and lodging. Beecher, who has been one of the principles in endeavoring to reduce the good name of laboring men, knows it, too, as well as the poor stoker who, after paying out the dollar, has left but twenty-five to fifty cents to keep a family for forty-eight hours. If such men are to represent the goodness of God, we want none of the goodness.

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THE Greenback-Labor party is fast growing, and no doubt will meet with success in various States. Its principles are sound, and every man who toils for his bread should support it. At the same time great care should be used in the selection of worthy men—men who are not the off-falls of either of the old parties, but those who have the interest of the workingman at heart.

THE *Chicago Tribune* of July 10th contains a lengthy article on the labor question—a letter on "The Locomotive Engineers," by a Mrs. Swisshelm, of Princeton, Ill. The letter, from beginning to end, is a rehash of the "cursed secret orders," "Communists," etc. She speaks of "honor and truth" as the true principles, makes no provisions for the stomach, and adopts Beecher's bread and water plan; also speaks loudly on law and order, and calls labor orders "gangs," "slaves," etc. We certainly appreciate the goodness of all ladies, but believe if Mrs. S. would confine her talent to her duties as the good book dictates, and which she freely quotes from, she would more than have her hands full. Such assertions as these create very serious trouble. We doubt her originality, for the article sounds too much like general office dictation.

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THE committee appointed by Congress to inquire into the cause of the labor troubles throughout the land, convened in New York on the 1st inst. It was a rehash of the labor troubles adjusted to suit capitalists. The Associated Press Agent there gave biased reports, and very probably had his hands well "greased" for his pains. His accounts were simply a burlesque of the working classes, and not an *impartial* report, as the Associated Press claims to send forth at all times.

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THE project of uniting both orders of locomotive firemen—the Brotherhood and Union—is rapidly growing in favor, and it is quite probable a conclusion to this effect will be reached before the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood.

[For the B of L. F. Magazine.]  
**THE TEMPERANCE TRAIN.**

BY D. M. DEEN, DIVISION 56.

The temperance train is coming,  
 I hear it near at hand;  
 I hear the car wheels sounding,  
 And rumbling through the land.

CHORUS:—

Get on board, children,  
 Get on board, children,  
 Get on board, children,  
 There's room for many more.

I hear the bell and whistle—  
 She's coming 'round the curve;  
 She's playing on her steam power  
 And straining every nerve.

CHORUS.

No signal for another train  
 To follow up this line;  
 Poor drunkard! you're forever lost  
 If you are left behind.

CHORUS.

This is the Murphy banner,  
 Its motto is new and old—  
 "Temperance and Repentance"—  
 Are burnished there in gold.

CHORUS.

We soon shall reach the station,  
 Oh, how we then shall sing!  
 With Reynolds and his army,  
 We'll make the welkin ring!

CHORUS.

There is Schmidling, Charlie Bundrum,  
 And Asa Bancroft, too;  
 Our reform drunkards on this train—  
 Oh, what a good old crew.

CHORUS.

We'll shout o'er all our sorrows,  
 And sing forever more,  
 With Reynolds and his army  
 On that celestial shore.

CHORUS.

The fare is cheap, and all can go,  
 The rich and poor are there;  
 No "second class" on board this train—  
 No difference in the fare.

CHORUS.

This train will make a little stop,  
 And await upon this line—  
 And give you all a chance to go—  
 And still she "makes her time."

CHORUS.

We are nearing now the station,  
 Oh, drunkard, don't be vain!  
 Do sign the pledge and get on board,  
 And ride on this temperance train!

CHORUS.

No half-fare tickets on this train,  
 No difference in the fare—  
 So get your ribbon! jump on board!  
 And sit in the Murphy chair.

CHORUS.

First they drink the lager beer,  
 And then wine and alcohol,  
 But now we are for temperance,  
 Cold water for us all.

CHORUS.

The rumsellers, they feel quite bad,  
 Their custom hard to get—  
 But when we open out on them,  
 We will scare them out, you bet.

CHORUS.

What has become of our drunkards,  
 That last week were on the stage?  
 Murphites got after them,  
 And they're on the narrow gauge.

CHORUS.

The temperance train is going  
 Around mountain and lake;  
 Francis Murphy has control  
 Of the whistle and the brake.

CHORUS.

Beefsteak when I am hungry,  
 Cold water when I am dry,  
 Money when I am hard up,  
 But temperance till I die.

CHORUS.



## Correspondence.

### OUR INDIA LETTER.

#### Native Jugglers.

One bright, pleasant morning in the rainy season, we were all sitting on the veranda, enjoying our after-breakfast cigars, when we heard a Hindoo native going by the place, announcing in a loud voice and in the Hindoostan language, that he was a juggler, and could do many wonderful tricks for the sahibs, or masters, and as he was at our gates we sent a bearer (servant) to call him in. None of these native peddlers, beggars, or any kind of natives dare to come into a gentleman's gate unless he has permission from the sahib (master) of the place. So in Calcutta one isn't constantly annoyed by beggars and tramps calling at their doors as we are at home in America. At every gateway is a little hut, built just inside the walls, and here is stationed a servant called the durwan, or door, or gatekeeper. It is duty to see every one who comes into the gateway, and if they are beggars, peddlers, or servants from other houses, he must know their business before they can enter the gateway. If they can not give him a satisfactory answer concerning their business, they are denied admittance; but if they persist in coming in, word is sent to the house to a servant who is called a chaprassé, or footman. He is an indoor servant, and it is his place to stand in the grand entrance hall of the house, to receive callers, and take their cards to the sahib, or to the mem sahib (Mrs. Master), and then show the callers into the drawing-room. This servant will also go on errands from one house to another. As none of these native servants can

carry a verbal message, one has to write a chit or note for them to carry to a friend, and then your friend will write a chit in return, and in this way our messages are sent about the city. So the durwan sends to the chaprassé, and he goes to the sahib, and if the latter is willing any one who is waiting at the gate is permitted to enter. A good many peddlers, who bring Chinese and native curiosities, checker work or embroideries, are permitted to enter the gates on condition that they will give the durwan a little commission on all the sales they make at the house. If they make a good sale they sometimes pay the durwan a little sum and depart, and I have also known them to try and cheat the durwan by pretending they have not sold anything at the house when they had done well. The durwan would know this, as there is a sort of freemasonry among these servants, and so would keep the gate closed, and keep the peddler in till he paid this commission. I have known them to haggle for hours about a few pice, and the whole amount would be about the value of one cent in American money. I thought a short description of the different servants might be of interest to my friends who read this story.

A bearer is a servant who waits upon one, takes care of his clothes, looks after everything, puts your clothes to the hoby to be washed and puts them away when they come home, does the mending in the morning, calls one, then after you are up gets your bath ready, and while you are in it gets your clothes ready, puts studs into your shirts, helps you to dress, and then blacks your boots; he will also go on errands about the house for you.

After this long digression, I will return to the juggler. The durwan admitted him, and the chaprassé had let him come into the lower or entrance hall, and had placed chairs for us there. All houses in India are very spacious, and the rooms and halls are very high studded. Our house is fifty feet stud. The hall is long and wide, and at one end is the grand staircase. The rest of the hall is furnished with chairs, tables and

lovely Chinese stands with high colored foliaged plants upon them, many of these being very curious. We also had birds in cages, engravings and paintings hanging on the walls. We took our seats, and all the house servants stood behind us. They asked the sahib's permission, of course, as they are very fond of any kind of shows. The juggler and his bearer stood in front of us, at the other end of the hall, and both made profound salaams to us. His tools were in an old tow-bag, and when he took them out they were of the simplest construction, and consisted of a few boxes and baskets; these latter being made of bamboo. He also had a little horn made of hollow bamboo, and a little tum tum, or drum, and several wooden articles and clay pots.

The first trick he did was in this manner:—He took a wooden shoe out of his bag; into this he stood an empty cocoanut shell—this was a whole shell. He showed it to us, and it appeared to be a simple thing, hollow and empty, and in one end were two holes, a large and small one. He stood this shell on one end in the wooden shoe, and in the large hole at the other end he put a hollow piece of bamboo full of small holes. This was shown to us also, and it seemed a harmless piece of bamboo, and looked like a pipe. After fixing this hollow pipe into the cocoanut, he covered the whole concern up with a cloth. He then took his horn and blowed on it, making a weird, ear-piercing kind of noise, and his bearer beat on the tum tum. They walked around in a circle for awhile, and then the juggler tapped at the cloth several times with his wand. After awhile he stood still, and removed the cloth, and, behold, water poured out of the top of the bamboo rod; a tap, and it poured out of the hole in the side of the cocoanut; a second tap, and it came out of the small holes in the bamboo; a third tap, and it flew out of the top of the bamboo about a foot high, and ran down the sides like water out of a fountain, and made a great puddle on the floor; a fourth tap, and the water disappeared. T. S. ABBOTT.

(To be Continued.)

## HIGH LIVING.

BOSTON, MASS., July 10, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

How often since the hard times have come upon us have we heard the complaint that the people have been living too high—have had too many fine carpets on their floors, too many luxuries on their tables, and too fine clothes upon their backs. That they must come down from these things and live on a level with "hard pan!"

Again and again have we pondered upon this conclusion of the wise-acres, and then turned our eyes to a contemplation of the business stagnation of the present time, and tried to understand this theory—but see it, we can not—believe it, we will not. In a land "flowing with milk and honey" we can discover no wisdom in a people who neglect the satisfying of their wants therewith, and instead drink the waters of bitterness and feed upon the husks of the swine. Were it not that man should have and enjoy those things which minister to his pleasure, they would no more form a part of nature's boundless economy, than would aquatic life without oceans, seas and rivers. The more we enjoy and love, the higher we rise through linking the process of nature with the developing hand and mind of man, so much nearer do we attain to that purity of thought, feeling and action which marks a perfect manhood.

It is impossible then to conceive of an individual or a people, surrounded by too large a number of influences, the tendencies of which are to refine and ameliorate his or their condition. Art, music, science—all comforts and attainments that can call forth the tender or sublime faculties of the soul—have their part in that progressive destiny which the Almighty has set before us. With no birthright from nature her-

self, all mankind stand upon one and the same level—accident alone permits the babe to be born in the lowly hut or the palace of princes, and accident alone shows forth the favoritism of nature. We do not quarrel with this accident cause—we are indeed thankful that it is so. It teaches us the equality of man, tracing our lineage back to primeval nothingness—it speaks to us in the silent meditation of the heart that all rights and all privileges springing from natural law are heir-looms to the peasant as well as to the king, and that every addition to a rational and pure pleasure should be as much within the grasp of the one as the other.

We are not to be understood to advance the proposition that one man should possess the same goods to the same extent or more in that circle of luxury that marks the pleasure of another. The peasant may still be peasant, for his life's pleasure will be found there—he shall not even crave the power, ostentation and glory that surrounds the throne, for this would not elevate or uplift his nature. Neither may the mechanic toiling on in the blazing sun of a midsummer day, sigh for the pindling wretchedness of a gouty wealth, sucking disease and pain from its very ease and revelries. These are neither rights nor privileges which come from nature—they are but the "will o' the wisps" of life—disappointments, rather than tranquil joys. We mean, however, that every able-bodied man willing to work and endowed with average abilities, should not only find himself able to meet, through his honest labor, those immediate necessities that cling about him, but should by a frugal and wise husbandry of his resources be enabled to add one by one those surrounding articles which will administer to his comforts. If he have wife and children he can not add to own pleasure without they share in it also—and just here comes in those things which we are told has produced the squalor and misery of dependent thousands to-day, that is, household luxuries. But who and where is that practical economist who would risk his reputation by

inveighing against a people made happy through such things? If we have no needs we shall waste away in the stagnation of inertia—if we have needs but no power to satisfy them, we shall die in all the wretchedness of famine. So with those things which are as the cooling breezes and the invigorating life of the rain in the hot and parched days of summer—those things which we call luxuries, but are in reality necessities of our higher natures, our refined and cultured souls—if we can procure them not, they and their producers will pass from among us, and our better selves receded generation by generation until we are but the history of a past and glorious race. Athens with her culture, and hundred-gated Thebes warn us against those receding waves, which, if we but enter, will carry us into an ocean of oblivion.

But the difficult problem to be solved is, how may man attain to these things? How may he ever procure the necessities of life? The answer to this is, that just here comes in the duty of Congress—Senators and Representatives should now be reminded that our war ceased fourteen years ago, and that now they are expected to act the role of statesmen, not politicians; it is for them to study well this problem, and so legislate in the interest of the business prosperity of the country that the manufacturer may be enabled to sell his goods at a fair price, covering a proper compensation to his employes and a fair profit to himself. Throughout the whole country, to-day, there are many varieties of goods sold far below the cost of production—can this continue long and not bankrupt a country? Low prices for wares and merchandise means a starving compensation to the laborer and producer—this means again misery and want to the back-bone and sinew of the State and Nation.

No one will dispute, that, although a man was obliged to pay ten years back, eighteen or twenty dollars for those necessities of life which to-day can be bought for two-thirds of that sum, that those times were better for the poor man than the present—

and is better for him, better for everybody—he and his family were better clothed, fed and warmed then than now. Why? Because the laborer was kept employed and at good wages, and good wages to the laborer was nothing more than good business to the country—those wages upon being received, circulated immediately in the channels of trade and industry, keeping up a constant renewal of the necessary life blood; every large compensation to the mechanic, the citizen and the laborer, is an angel in disguise to the trades and manufacturers—a million dollars distributed among a hundred thousand needy men with families, will do more for the country by being distributed among the small trades and markets, than were the same amount invested by one, two or a thousand capitalists in developing some old industries. Let this million dollars represent the weekly excess of high wages over low wages, and immediately it creates a demand for more necessities and many luxuries—it throws open the doors of mills long idle, and calls into activity men long unemployed; the wheels of industry revolve, and carpets are woven for our floors, linen for our households, and changes of apparel for our bodies, instead of being compelled to wear one suit the year round, too scanty for winter, too coarse and heavy in the hot sun of summer. The arts are patronized, and we put behind us our utilitarian croakings and our severely practical eyes; the drooping spirits of the butcher and the groceryman revive, and our tables are spread with wholesome and delicious food, dwellings are made more convenient and healthful, and children bask in the sunshine of the parent's ability to care for them. Everybody is happy, except perhaps the would-be-moneyed aristocracy, and everybody has enough, unless it be the professional tramp, so by choice, not from necessity. Over production is not the cause of our present condition—it is because of underpaid labor that the stock now on hand is not utilized at once.

Such are and were the times of so-called high living; but they are

also the times of the greatest happiness and prosperity among the people and the greatest purity in morals. In the days of high living there were no idlers at the corner, no vagrants made so by stern necessity. Would that these times were back again, and that we might even now listen to the whirr and din of happy prosperity in every city and village throughout our whole country.

MARSHALL.

### PROGRESSION.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., July 15, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

I desire to write you on the question of what some men call "progression." Really they are far from bearing the title of workers. You can find in our midst persons who have reaped a harvest from our Order, through the benefits allowed during days and weeks of sickness. You will also find families who are to-day living upon the benefits derived from the Brotherhood. We have put many a traveling brother upon a sound financial footing, and sent him onward rejoicing. Our Grand Secretary and Treasurer has secured many positions for members of the Order, not forgetting his own lodge. Yet I can plainly see that the principal reciprocants of our lodge are the last ones to promote progress. In fact I find they are the last ones to do anything except stay away from meetings, and spend their time in such a way as to bring disgrace upon themselves or reproach against the Order. You never meet them but they will dun themselves for the amount of their dues, find fault with some one officer who asked them for the same, or comment upon some action taken at a previous meeting. You can see them slink around the corner when a member approaches, and in a few moments can be found squandering away the insurance of a wife, father or mother. This is all too true of many who claim to be good members. They know little of the important business transacted at the lodge room, yet they discuss it like statesmen. This is not progression, but unh. Fraternally,

L. A. W.

# LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S Monthly Magazine.

DAYTON, O., AUGUST, 1878.

## Four Grand Prizes.

To the four MAGAZINE Agents who will furnish the largest subscription list of Volume 2, of our MAGAZINE, will be given the following prizes:

*First.*—To the highest, a handsome silver watch, American works.

*Second.*—To the next highest, a fine sixteen-kararat gold chain.

*Third.*—To the third highest, a fine gold pin, with monogram of the Order and name of agent.

*Fourth.*—To the fourth highest, choice of a large family Bible, or a handsomely bound volume of the MAGAZINE.

## To Union Firemen.

OFFICE GRAND LODGE,  
BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE  
FIREMEN, December, 1877. }

*To all Subordinate Lodges, International Union of Locomotive Firemen:*

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—In view of a stronger bond of union, we do herewith offer to each Lodge of your Order, now in working order, a complete set of works and charter of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen *gratuitously*, to become of our Order. We will also institute and put all Lodges in thorough working order. Would be pleased to open communications on the subject with any of your officers; also will furnish copies of our monthly MAGAZINE *gratuitously* on receipt of address.

Fraternally yours,

W. N. SAYRE,  
Grand Secretary.

THERE are some bills standing out due the Grand Lodge Printer, Mr. J. W. Johnson, of Dayton, O. Subordinate Lodges would do well to consider the necessity of immediately paying the same.

Mr. Bennett, publisher of the MAGAZINE, has \$250 due him from some few agents on last year's subscriptions, which should be paid at once, thereby saving trouble, as Mr. Bennett can collect by presenting bill for the same to the companies in whose employ they are.

## Grand Lodge Notices.

Subordinate Lodges will send to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Grand Lodge on or before the 15th of August, the name of their delegate to the Convention to be held in Buffalo, (N. Y.) on the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of September, 1878, in order that he may secure the necessary transportation and hotel accommodations. This is very short notice for the amount of work to be performed by the Secretary. Credentials will be furnished as soon as the name of delegate is handed in. By order of

F. B. ALLEY, G. M.

Officers of subordinate Lodges will forward promptly the last quarterly reports, all monies standing out on death claims, MAGAZINE and quarterly grand dues, including the fourth or last quarter's dues, to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer previous to September 5th, thus enabling him to complete his reports and not be over-burdened, as has heretofore been the case at the Convention. Let no excuse be neces-

sary, but act promptly during the coming month. Clear your books up and present a clear account. Instruct well your delegate, and notify the Grand Secretary and Treasurer of your intentions in time.

By order of F. B. ALLEY,  
Grand Master.

All Recording Secretaries of the B. of L. F. are hereby requested to forward a schedule of the average pay per one hundred miles, and also the average number of days made per month: total earnings; the price per meal and lodging at either end of your route. This request is made that a general schedule can be obtained for important purposes.

W. N. SAYRE, G. S. and T.

### Lodge Notes.

—Do you subscribe for the MAGAZINE?

—Wm. Loasby, of No. 4, is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

—Agents having MAGAZINE money in their possession will forward at once. We want every cent due by the time the Convention meets.

—Blanks for annual reports will be furnished at once. Any Lodge failing to receive the same, will notify the Grand Secretary.

—Among the principle objects of the coming Convention will be making the Insurance Fund a positive one; protection of Lodge money against heavy donations; selecting a competent person to act as instructor, lecturer and organizer; petitioning Congress for certain measures, &c. Let each delegate come prepared to act upon measures that will be of the greatest benefit to the largest number.

—C. M. Stone, of No. 40, says the C. & A. boys intend to have a big list this month.

—We should like to hear occasionally, through the MAGAZINE, of Brothers of No. 1.

—Brother Frank Lane, of No. 13, has started a list in East St. Louis. Wish you success, Frank, and speedy returns.

—J. H. Smith, of No. 23, can explain all about Jackson's paper suit and the Palmetto soap. Ask him for the story.

—We have opened a list for our MAGAZINE at Concord, N. H., and at St. Albans, Vt., formerly occupied by the I. U. F.

—Brother A. P. Draper, of No. 80, sends us 35 new subscribers, and on only ten days' labor. We want a few more Drapers.

—C. F. Ritchey and A. Graham are very quiet. What is the trouble, Brothers? "Too much work?" If so, we know of 400 firemen for sale.

—Brother M. Olmstead reports regularly from Denver, stating that his health is improving, and that No. 77 is one of the first-class Lodges.

—Brother Alex M. Cronin, of No. 55 sends us 63 subscribers from Memphis, Tenn., saying it will do to start on. We should remark that it would, and with a few more agents like Alex we could have a rousing big list.

—Brother J. J. Murphy, of No. 54, is alive to business; 13 more subscribers to the list, and "still there's more to follow." All this in a little town of 2,500 inhabitants, while some of our Eastern Agents in cities of ten thousands have only two or three. A lack of energy is the only cause.

—Brother Savage, of Boston, could give us support if he would, and it is not too late yet. We are sorry to see Brother Kilborn so quiet.

—Brother Falls, of No. 60, is on the war-path and taking in the subscribers. He had a nice little order last month, showing active work. Don't let her fall (s.).

—Brother R. Peel wants to know how he stands on the prize list. It would be unfair for us to give it away, Dick, yet you have a chance to swell your now already big list.

—Brother Danforth, of Bay State Lodge, No. 73, keeps up his list—an additional one every week or two counts up. Give Springfield a trial, Brother D., and appoint an assistant.

—Brothers Buck and Hays, of No. 21, are right side up, and can be found at their respective posts each day doing good work. Brother B. handles the throttle with flattering success.

—We had the pleasure of meeting with our old friend, James O'Neil, while in Cleveland. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he is in good health and holds a fine situation.

—Brother James McDonough, of No. 70, has lost his position as locomotive fireman—but can be found at the throttle doing good work. Glad of it, Mac; wish a few more such promotions would take place.

—Brother Jas. Farnsworth, assisted by Brother Walter Shull, are responding finely to the call for more subscribers, Brother F. having secured 45 in two weeks, and Brother Shull 13. They have but just commenced.

—Brother Frank P. Smith has recovered from injuries received on the Northern Pacific, and is now all O. K., and ready for work.

How much better it is to always pay for your MAGAZINE promptly. Agents do not like to call for "that dollar," any more than the subscriber likes to be dunned.

### Answer to Correspondents.

"Constant Reader."—A league is three miles; a fathom six feet; a Sabbath-day's journey is 1,155 yards.

"Just For a Day."—First, we will cheerfully place anything readable in the MAGAZINE. Second, yes, sir; we are compelled to reject many articles which come to us as original, when we have read them months ago. All contributors in sending us such matter should give us the name and date of the paper in which it appeared, so that credit may be given.

"Delegate."—You are to act for your Lodge, not for yourself. If your instructions are to vote yes or no on certain subjects to be brought up, you should do so. If the majority is against you after the vote is taken, arise and give your vote to make it unanimous.

"H. M."—A delegate's expenses should not exceed his hotel bill, which is generally about \$9, and his expenses to and from the Convention about \$3, making a total of \$12. This is simply the average cost: delegates from a distance will, of course, be under heavier expenses. There is not a Lodge but has one Brother that can afford to lose the time—8 days out of 365—for the good of their fellow men.

### Question on Consolidation.

Will the delegates of the Union meet with us at Buffalo, the second week in September? Please inform us.

H. V. N., No. 50.

If they do not we can not see how anything can be effected. If they desire to present the question, it will be necessary to come together; and, if consolidation is decided on, to hold the Convention as one body- is the only way. The Union meets in New York the third week in September, and we can not come together after our Convention is over. Consolidation is no child's play, and requires time to regulate it so as to make every one satisfied.

### An Explanation.

In the list of expulsions that appeared in the July number of the MAGAZINE, the name of Mike Kadel is given. As there are two members of Vigo Lodge bearing that name, it will be necessary to state that the Kadel referred to is not the "solid Mike of the Midland." The latter is one of the firmest supporters of the B. of L. F.—always has been and always will be.

### Married.

We are pleased to record the marriage of Brother Richard Warner, of Good Will Lodge, No. 52, to Miss Nora Hutton, of Kokomo, Ind. If the lady will accept Brother Warner as a staunch member of our Order, we can only say, as many others will, that "you have a jewel." Brother Warner has won the esteem and respect of his officers and co-laborers. We wish you, Brother Warner and lady, all the happiness and pleasures that can be enjoyed in this life.

### Ask for the Brotherhood Magazine

As an example why books do not reach subscribers, we print the following letter. After considerable trouble with Brother Draper's list we wrote to the postmaster, with the following result:—

"OFFICE OF POSTMASTER, }  
"PALESTINE; TEXAS, July 16. }

"To Wm. N. Sayre, Esq.:

"DEAR SIR:—Yours of 13th to hand, and the reason the MAGAZINES are not delivered is because they are not called for. There are so many here take daily paper and periodicals of all kinds, that it would be a matter of impossibility to remember, and tell every man what they are and when they come. When they are called for they are always delivered. I have about fifty back numbers of the MAGAZINE here, but Mr. Draper says he does not want them.

"Yours respectfully,  
"J. F. PEELS, Postmaster."

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Sayre would respectfully tender their thanks to C. E. Miller, J. H. Smith, P. Powers and Wm. Nutall, of No. 23, not forgetting Mrs. Wm. Nutall, and hope to return the compliment at no distant day.

### A Train Wrecker's Confession.

Harley Brown, the man arrested on suspicion of having wilfully wrecked the express train near Clairmont, Delaware, on Saturday night, June 29th, by which four lives were lost, made a confession July 1st. He accompanied the coroner's jury to the scene of disaster, and illustrated the manner in which he arranged the ties so as to throw the train off. He was remanded to jail. Brown was formerly employed on the road, but was discharged.



He claims he did not intend to wreck the train, but, after building the obstruction, it was his intention to signal and stop whatever train might come along, and so obtain a situation for what would appear to be an act of great service. He says he did not know the express was coming, but had calculated on stopping an accommodation train which followed it.

### Moonlight Picnic.

Of the grand moonlight picnic given by Industrial Lodge No. 21, of South St. Louis, the *St. Louis Journal* says:

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen held their fourth annual picnic at Jacoby's grove last night. Large delegations were in attendance from different roads, and the citizens here also extended to the Brotherhood a hearty patronage and cordial welcome. The management could not have been better, as up to a late hour, when the reporter left the grounds, the most perfect order and decorum prevailed. The occasion was enlivened by dancing, and scattered throughout the grove were various parties enjoying themselves in social conversation and various games of amusement. Take it all in all, the picnic was a grand success.

THE officers of the Grand Lodge desire to return to the officers and members of Boston Lodge, No. 57, their sincere thanks for the energetic manner in which they have endeavored and succeeded in spreading the objects of the locomotive firemen and their Order through the New England States. We seldom witness such a display of genuine work for the good of the Order, and desire that No. 57, and our District Deputy, Samuel M. Stevens, accept our sincere thanks; and also desire that Brother Beadle, who acted as the prompt messenger, will accept the same for his efficient services.

GRAND OFFICERS.

### To Subordinate Lodges.

OFFICE OF VICE GRAND MASTER, )  
PHILADLPHIA, July 10, 1878.)

Probably the most important feature in the annual election of officers of the different subordinate Lodges is the election of a delegate to attend the annual Convention. From the accumulation of documents and papers in the Grand Secretary and Treasurer's office, there is no doubt that this convention will be the most important ever convened, more particularly so on account of the annexation or consolidation of the I. F. U. with us—which matter having been agitated for some time, should consequently be thoroughly ventilated by every subordinate Lodge, and each delegate definitely instructed how to legislate before he leaves his home.

But few of the Lodges have as yet expressed their opinion in regard to this most important event, and perhaps too little stress is placed upon this matter, many, perhaps, deeming it an object of little or no consequence. But allow me to assure you it is a matter of the most paramount importance to all. It will be one of two things, the addition of from thirty to forty Lodges to our Order, with an increased membership of about one thousand, thereby annihilating the once prosperous Union, thus causing to be in existence only one order of locomotive firemen, which must at once be recognized by the B. of L. E. Should we fail in this our work must be resumed with renewed vigor, more funds must be forthcoming, new energy must be infused throughout the line, and our revenues increased; as it has been clearly demonstrated that should the present lethargy and indifference of a number of Lodges

increase it will be very injurious to us. There are a few of our Lodges that do not take a single copy of our MAGAZINE. Why this neglect? Is it possible that a Master or Secretary can be satisfied with his work without the MAGAZINE, or is he too poor to subscribe for one? I fear it is sheer laziness, lack of ambition, more perhaps like our ancestors, who were content to believe as they were told, and do what they were bidden—who sought for no knowledge beyond their humble sphere, and look with pity towards the present generation, in which it is supposed there is too great a diffusion of light. But, brethren, it is in vain that we should endeavor to clothe the adult in the swaddling garments of the infant; we must make the whole system keep pace, if possible, with the unavoidable advance, and then, instead of remaining children, we shall grow up into well-formed men, and for this purpose we have started the MAGAZINE, and with but a slight effort from each member its success will be assured.

As it is well-known that a great amount of work will be placed before the Buffalo Convention, it behooves every Lodge to be extremely careful in the choice of a delegate. It has been customary in several instances to send the most popular member regardless of qualifications. This is entirely wrong. The Convention is not assembled for fun or play, but to enact laws and edicts for the government of locomotive firemen, and its proceedings are of as much importance to us as the proceedings of Congress are to the people at large, consequently the delegates should be well posted in Lodge matters, have some idea of parliamentary rules, ready at debate, and

last, but not least, have good judgment. Delegates of this kind will speedily dispose of the conventional work with credit to themselves and honor to their Lodges. Let him come prepared with notes in regard to anticipated changes; let him see that his Lodge reports are all properly arranged, and Grand dues all in before he leaves home, and when he starts let it be with a fixed determination to work for the benefit of the Order, and not with the idea of spending his time idly and to no purpose.

As considerable time must be consumed in obtaining transportation, the names of delegates should be sent in not later than the 15th of August; reports and all monies due the Grand Lodge should speedily follow, to facilitate the Grand Secretary in having his reports and books ready in due time. One word more to the future of the Order: If we do our duty the interest of the whole country will be gathered around the Order, and it certainly will become very much more beneficial than it has hitherto been, and a strong bond of friendship will be connected extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But the organization will make no progress, it will gain no sympathy, and it will accomplish no good work in the future, unless we adhere in the strictest manner to the principles upon which it was first established. Brethren, by constantly studying the laws and by-laws which our constitution provides, you will win others to join your ranks, the public will indorse your acts, everything will be prosperous before you, and it will be in your power to perpetuate and make more flourishing the Order to which you are attached. You have indeed

a noble cause; you have right on your side; you have a great work to perform—now, go and do it.

Yours fraternally,

W. T. GOTDIE, V. G. M.

By his close attention to business and regular habits, Frank States, a former Master of Lodge No. 6, has been promoted to the position of engineer on the Dayton & Michigan road. That the duties intrusted to him will be fulfilled to the letter, there can be no doubt. We are glad to note your success, Frank, and hope your prosperity may ever continue.

EVERY Brotherhood man should not only himself take an interest in his Lodge, but see that all members practice the laws laid down by the society. It should be remembered we pledge ourselves to Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, and we should be faithful to our pledge. When the occasion requires, benevolence should not be spared, for we little know how soon we may be there ourselves, and if we distribute benevolence where it belongs, it not only makes the recipient happy but tends to strengthen our Order. Never fail to aid a Brother who is in need, and, if possible, help him to secure a situation. This is the way to make strong advocates of our society. The question of sobriety is also one of great importance, and while a few, if any, of our members disobey this rule, we occasionally see those who indulge in a glass of beer "just to quench their thirst;" but this habit soon grows upon them, until it gets a hold which can not always be shaken off. Let us carefully guard ourselves, and refrain from even tasting it, if we wish to be prosperous men and useful to others. Industry, our last motto, is perhaps the best fulfilled of either of the three, all being willing and anxious to labor when it can be had, which is the only road to a successful future. Let us all then, Brothers, strive to keep the principles of our Order in view, and we will win the esteem of our employers and all good people.

## THE BANKERS AND I ARE OUT.

BY T. W. TAYLOR.

I can't make out, to save my life, why I should be so poor;  
I work and save from morn till night,  
and yet I can't secure  
Enough to get our food and clothes, and shelter over-head;  
It makes me feel so queer sometimes, I wish that I were dead.

And then I look at Nancy Jane, who rises with the sun,  
She cooks and cleans, and mends the clothes—her work is never done;  
And yet we find with all our work, and saving all we can,  
When rent-day comes it finds us short no matter how we plan.

And yet they say that God is just, rewarding each and all,  
According to our deeds on earth we all might rise or fall;  
And each must earn his daily bread by sweat from his own brow,  
And not go sneaking 'round and rob the man who holds the plow.

There's Banker Jones across the way, who rolls in wealth and style,  
And yet he does no useful work, but still he makes a pile;  
His wife can dress in silks and lace, and make a splendid show,  
A coach and four to take her out wherever she may go.

You ought to see them go to church and sit in cushioned pews,  
And make believe they're Christians;  
and yet they're naught but "Jews."  
They live six days by shaving notes and robbing honest toil,  
And then they try to cheat the Lord with sanctimonious smiles.

You will remember, Nancy Jane, when first the war broke out,  
The workmen left the plow and loom, and loudly they did shout—  
"To arms! to arms! your country calls—she needs strong men and means,"  
And soon three hundred thousand men were marching o'er the plains.

We left our wives and little ones to battle with the world—  
 We battled with the Rebels and the Union flag unfurled,  
 And when the clash of arms began and thousands bled and died,  
 And weeping maids and wives at home for lost ones loudly cried.

Yet still the armed hosts pressed on, and still our brave men bled—  
 The old and young, the brave and strong were numbered with the dead.

"Yes, dear John," says Nancy Jane, as the tears ran from her eyes,  
 "I well remembered those dark days we lost our darling boys.

"And Widow Smith, whose husband fell at Gettysburg, you know,  
 Was left with six small boys and girls, to share her want and woe;  
 She went to Banker Jones one day and borrowed on her farm,  
 He charged her twelve per cent. or more, and thought he'd done no harm.

"Her farm was taken for Jones' bonds, and interest running on,  
 Until the farm was swallowed up and all she had was gone.  
 Now, John, it seems so strange to me, I've puzzled night and day  
 To know why bonds should go untaxed and soldiers' widows pay."

And what seems stranger yet than all, I've heard the soldiers say,  
 It's right for bonds to go untaxed, the war debt for to pay;  
 When Uncle Sam wants fighting done it's right to draft the men,  
 And force them, tho' their wives and babes ne'er look on them again.

But when it comes to drafting means, it's quite another thing—  
 We have to go on bended knees before the money king:  
 "May it please your majesty, our country sorely needs  
 Some gold to carry on the war—see how the nation bleeds.

"Men are cheap, and if they die, we've others for their place;  
 But your gold's a sacred thing, may it please your Grace  
 To name the terms you'll loan it on—we'll meet it if we can;  
 We'll make our laws to suit your wants if you will state your plan."

"Dear Uncle Sam, our terms are these, on which we'll take your bonds,  
 Two dollars we will take for one—put on the gold coupons—  
 And take these bonds and keep them safe, and then return us back  
 Twice the sum we've loaned to you, less ten per cent. it lack."

Says Uncle Sam, "It's rather hard to meet such terms as these.  
 But workingmen will pay it all, so fix it as you please."  
 Now, Nancy Jane, to tell the truth, our freedom's all a sham—  
 We vote and fight for knaves and fools, who plunder Uncle Sam.

They make our laws to suit the rich, and then divide the spoil,  
 And we, like fools, don't seem to know it's robbing honest toil;  
 'Tis gold that rules the Church and State, in fact it rules the world,  
 And will until the people rise, with freedom's flag unfurled.

And let that flag this motto bear, in letters all can read:—  
 "'Tis labor that produces all, let it be first to feed!"  
 Let drones and knaves pick up the crumbs, that's all that they deserve,  
 Until they do some useful work, some useful purpose serve.

Let East and West, North and South, unite with heart and hand,  
 And rout the thieves and party hacks who've ruined this fair land;  
 Or let us bow our head in shame, in sack-cloth let us fix,  
 And own ourselves unworthy sons of sires of seventy-six.

"Well, dear John, we are gray, we'll soon be free from cares;  
 It matters not how long we stay or use these old arm-chairs.  
 We've tried to live by honest toil, to earn our daily bread;  
 We'll leave no gold to fight about when numbered with the dead.

"Let those who've lived for self alone on wealth they did not earn.  
 When death shall come to claim his own this solemn lesson learn:—  
 "As ye have sown so shall ye reap," for this is God's great plan,  
 That none can truly serve the Lord who robs his fellow-man."

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

KITTY.

BY M. M., CHICAGO DIVISION, NO. 47.

Ah, thou art gone, sweet sunshine,  
 From our gaze forever here,  
 And we mourn thee, loved one,  
 Whom we loved so dear;  
 Looking at the skies, how often  
 I dream of thy azure eyes—  
 Oh, all my thoughts do thy memory  
     soften,  
 The winds waft them mournful sighs.

In the lily, my angel Kitty,  
 I see thy counterpart,  
 In its delicate, heavenly purity—  
 Ah, my warm tears will start  
 When I know that forever dreaming,  
 Other hearts are crucied;  
 Since then, sweetly sleeping it were  
     seeming,  
 Leaving all so still and hushed.

Near a murmuring stream, thou art  
     laid to rest,  
 Oft I hear its music in my dreams,  
 With the bird song, methinks they say  
     “so blest,”

As on the water the sun brightly  
     beams.  
 There are other graves around thee,  
 Of loved ones, heart treasures, “gone  
     before,”  
 Others’ souls, so pure which bound thee  
 In sweetest memories of yore.

Ah, would to God that I were with thee,  
 Oft have I cried in saddened mien;  
 In thy heavenly home wilt thou not  
     give me

Oh, my Father, holy rest serene?  
 And living by Thy loving, wise com-  
     mands,

In the coming years, patiently I will  
     wait;  
 Knowing that I’ll be in a home “not  
     made with hands,”

And meet my treasures at the golden  
     gate.

SAID Whitney to Sayre:—“I say,  
 Sayre, what’s the difference between a  
 ripe watermelon and a rotten head of  
 cabbage?” “Give it up; can’t tell.”  
 Whitney laughed softly as he said,  
 “You’d be a nice man to send to buy a  
 watermelon, you would!”

## FROM DENVER.

DENVER CITY, COL., July 31, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

By request of a few of our subscribers to the MAGAZINE I shall write up the Little Bonanza Railroad of Colorado, known by the name of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad. It is now under course of construction, and the main line is about fifty-four miles in length, and Morrison branch is seventeen miles. They have three new engines—two of which are from the National Works at Hornellsville, Pa., and the other is a Farlie patent, of the finest shape and pattern, built by the Mason Works of Taunton, Mass. The freight cars have a capacity of carrying 20,000 pounds each, and the coaches were made by Barney & Smith, Dayton, Ohio, and are the finest narrow-gauge coaches in this section of the county.

The finest view of the Rocky Mountains is to be had from Platte Canon, and the scenery and landscape are magnificent beyond description. Of all the places for trout fishing in different parts of the country, the Big Bonanza Canon is far ahead of them all, the streams being literally filled with this specie of the finny tribe, and it requires very little time and patience to “pull out” all that is necessary for two or three meals for an ordinary family; but Engineer Tewitts, who manipulate the throttle of the engine “Platte Canon” (the No. 2) could tell more and better about trout fishing than I can from my limited experience in that pastime. He has very frequently caught some eight and ten pounds in a few hours. Conductor Hanna, also, has earned quite a reputation as an expert trout fisherman, and during his leisure moments has succeeded in landing on the bank a great many of these beautiful fish.

This road is under the direct super-

vision of Superintendent Hughes, who is a thoroughly practical railroad man, and who understands how to run a road as satisfactorily as a road can be run. Mr. Cobbs, our Master mechanic, is as good a man for the position he occupies as any man can be, and is well liked by the boys.

I will now give the names of some of the boys, and the places they occupy. Harrigan fires the No. 1, and his right bower is Engineer Black; the "Mason" is stoked by Mr. Lockwood, and Mr. Cobb controls the throttle of that machine; Tewitts tends to the No. 2 at the front, and Conductor Hanna and Pelham does the binding behind her; Condly Greanslit and Jones do the regulating behind the new Mason.

The grade of the road average from 125 to 156 feet to the mile, and about 25-degree curves. I have traveled over all the railroads in Colorado, but the South Park road is by far the prettiest for beautiful scenery and landscape views than ever has been my lot to see on any of the lines I passed over. No pen or tongue can do justice to it, and for me to attempt a description of it would be but the height of folly, so I will say to the readers of the *MAGAZINE*, that if it should be any of their lots to come to Colorado, by all means take a trip over the Little Bonanza road, for well will it pay you.

Brother Sayre, I would like very much to have you pay us a visit, and take a day trout fishing. Hoping to hear from some of the Brothers soon, in regard to railroads, through the columns of our *MAGAZINE*, I remain yours in B. S. and I.

W. P.

[The foregoing having reached us just as we were going to press, we were obliged to insert it in Lodge news, instead of the "Correspondence" department, where it properly belongs.—*ED. MAGAZINE.*]

## Resolutions.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., August 1, 1878.

I herewith most respectfully tender my sincere thanks and well wishes to Messrs. Whitney, Evans, Harris, and the Lewis brothers (Enterprise Quartette Club of Cleveland), for the serenade given me while in Cleveland a short time ago, and trust I may meet with you all again under the same circumstances. I can only regret that I had not more time to spare, so that I might have enjoyed the company of such musical friends.

WM. N. SAYRE.

CLEVELAND, O., July 21, 1878.

The undersigned desires to return his sincere thanks to the members of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, for resolutions tendered me in respect for my brother, who is now, I trust, in that happy home where nothing can cause him sorrow, and I trust that the same wise God, who has seen fit to cause bereavement in our family, may watch over the members of this Lodge and their respective friends with an eye of mercy, is the wish of

JOHN McMAHON.

## Obituary.

SEYMOUR, IND., July 16, 1878.

WHEREAS, An all-wise God has seen fit to visit the house of Brother Wm. McKain with the death of his child, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the members of Jackson Lodge, No. 8, deeply sympathize with the afflicted family, and trust that He who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," will not forsake the parents in this their hour of trial.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Brother McKain, and published in the B. of L. F. *MAGAZINE*.

A. J. GABARD,  
JAS. GREER,  
L. M. PHIPPS,

Committee.

## Grand Lodge Officers.

F. B. ALLEY.....	Grand Master,
286 Wenzel street, Louisville, Ky.	
W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Vice Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
JOHN SAVAGE.....	Grand Warden,
Boston, Mass.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
C. G. SWAN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Suspension Bridge, N. Y.	
WM. COWLES.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Camden, N. J.	
E. V. DEBS.....	Grand Marshal,
Terre Haute, Ind.	
MARION BARNHILL.....	Grand Chaplain,
Indianapolis, Ind.	

## Grievance Committee.

F. B. ALLEY, Chairman.....	Louisville, Ky.
W. T. GOUNDIE, Assistant Ch.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. N. SAYRE, Secretary.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
W. W. SMITH.....	Bellefonte, Ont.
O. W. CUTLER.....	Providence, R. I.
J. B. SWARTZ.....	Scranton, Pa.
A. JENKINSON.....	Galion, O.
D. O. SHANK.....	Albany, N. Y.
F. SNYDER.....	Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. W. PHILLIPSON.....	Marshall, Texas
S. F. BROWNE.....	Austin, Minn.
JOHN MIZE.....	Denver, Col.
JAMES MCNEAL.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. ACHRY.....	Nashville, Tenn.
GEO. MCGARRAHAN.....	East St. Louis, Ill.

## Grand Lodge Deputies.

F. CLARK.....	Jurisdiction No. 1,
	Detroit, Mich.
S. M. STEVENS.....	Jurisdiction No. 2,
	Lowell, Mass.
E. STURGES.....	Jurisdiction No. 3,
	Hoboken, N. J.
J. C. BARNARD.....	Jurisdiction No. 4,
	Indianapolis, Ind.
R. V. DODGE.....	Jurisdiction No. 5,
	Chicago, Ill.
J. R. GOHEEN.....	Jurisdiction No. 6,
	Topeka, Kansas.
WM. COYNE.....	Jurisdiction No. 7,
	Little Rock Arkansas.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jervis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.  
I. B. Fisher (Box 724).....Master  
Ed Salley.....Rec. Sec'y  
N. C. Marshall.....Magazine Agent
2. ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.  
C. Hobart.....Master  
I. W. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
John Broderick.....Magazine Agent

3. JERSEY CITY, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets at Wagner's Hall, 490 Grove street, every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

S. S. Clark (care 14 Erie street).....Master  
Henry Jackson (care 14 Erie st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
.....Magazine Agent

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.

W. H. Maxwell.....Master  
Geo. F. Dunbar (box 286).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. F. Williamson.....Magazine Agent

5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 p. m.

A. Jenkinson.....Master  
C. Bennett.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent

6. ....

7. SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa., meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.

Geo. H. Carpenter.....Master  
Thos. Roach (Lockbox 37).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. D. Schooley.....Magazine Agent

8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in a. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.

Thomas Ackley.....Master  
Frank Schooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent

9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

F. J. Kistler (14 West Fulton st.).....Master  
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. block.)  
Chas. Collier (Spruce st).....Magazine Agent

10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, Ohio. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m., Miller's Hall, cor. Auburn st. and Scranton ave. Josh L. Clark, (8 Freeman st.).....Master  
D. T. Henderson (46 John st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
P. J. Culliton.....Magazine Agent  
(148 Rear Columbus st.)

11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.

J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
L. D. Salisbury.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent

12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30; hall, 253 Michigan st.

James Shufelt.....Master  
J. C. Bradley (470 Swan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent  
(527 South Division st., Buffalo.)

13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. in brick bank hall.

J. Hunt.....Master  
Geo. McGarrahan.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent

14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at No. 62½ East Washington street.

C. A. Hawley (110 Span ave).....Master  
C. P. Bond (456 E. Michigan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. P. Bond.....Magazine Agent  
(456 E. Michigan st.)

15. **PACIFIC**, at St. Louis, Mo. meets 2d and 4th Sundays; hall, Chateau avenue, near Summit Avenue.  
J. J. Smith.....Master  
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind. meets every Friday at 7:30 p. m., cor. Main & 7th sts.  
E. V. Debbs (Box 1074).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Ebbage (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent  
James Smith (Postoffice box 1074).....Master
17. **LEACH**, at Mattoon, Ill.
18. **FRIENDSHIP**, at Fort Wayne, Ind. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.  
J. R. Anderson.....Master  
F. Snyder, 138 Force st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Ferd. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
19. **HOPE**, at Alliance, Ohio. meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
L. M. Holloway.....Master  
J. Martin (Crestline, Ohio).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. S. McKee, Crestline, O.....Magazine Agent
20. **WESTERN STAR**, at Galesburg, Ill. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
O. D. Pratt.....Master  
John McGee.....Rec. Sec'y
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
James Bucke.....Master  
H. Miller (cor. Ellwood & 2d st).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
F. C. Beatty.....Master  
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Rec. Sec'y  
Isaac Littler (Box 598).....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
J. H. Smith (252 Zane street).....Master  
F. B. Caywood (593 W. Chestnut).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Smith.....Magazine Agent  
(252 Zane street.)
24. **H. G. RUST**, at Jackson, Mich.  
S. Smith.....Master  
Wm. E. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y  
Miles Grosvenor.....Magazine Agent
25. **PROVIDENCE**, at Providence, R. I. meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Saturday evenings in each month in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Geo. H. Bragg.....Master  
C. S. Newton.....Rec. Sec'y  
(14 Chestnut st., Hartford, Conn.)  
O. W. Cutler.....Magazine Agent  
(Ashland, Mass.)
26. **J. W. THOMAS**, at Nashville, Tennessee. meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at Knights of Honor Hall, W. Nashville.  
Geo. D. Smith (317 Church st.).....Master  
Will Achey.....Rec. Sec'y  
(cor. W. Gay and Hines sts.)  
Will Achey.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
F. A. Davis.....Master  
A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month  
W. J. Stuart.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. **CHAMPION**, at Detroit, Mich.  
John Munroe (239 Larned st).....Master  
Frank Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Magazine Agent
30. **HARMONY**, at Susquehanna, Dep.  
James Cass.....Master  
Frank Choate (Box 269).....Rec. Sec'y
31. **FORT CLARK**, at Peora, Ill.  
A. F. Eaton.....Master  
D. B. Wright.....Rec. Sec'y
32. **AMERICUS**, at Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Charles Jewell, 82 Center st.....Master  
George H. Scott.....Rec. Sec'y
33. **CECIL FLEMING**, at Jackson, Tenn.  
J. Jones.....Master  
R. T. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Jones.....Magazine Agent
34. **ORCHARD CITY**, at Burlington, Iowa.  
Win. James.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
35. **WASHINGTON**, at Lafayette, N. J., meets 2d Monday and last Saturday evenings of each month at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
Horace Allen.....Master  
A. Zindle.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 Pine st., Jersey City, N. J.)  
J. Conklin.....Magazine Agent  
(183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at Lafayette, Ind. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Sixth and Main sts., Curtis' Block.  
H. C. Ward.....Master  
P. Ronan (182 N. 6th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer (91 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
37. **MOUNTAIN CITY**, at Altoona, Pa. meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.  
John Gardner.....Master  
J. Miles Stonebraker, Box 343.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. McMurray, Box 343.....Magazine Agent
38. **KEY STONE**, at Pittsburgh, Pa. meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Beaver avenue.  
Gust Sold.....Master  
Thos. Vanvor.....Rec. Sec'y  
(148 B'dwell st., Allegheny, Pa.)  
Burt E. Gove.....Magazine Agent  
(134 Juniata st., Allegheny, Pa.)
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. meets 2d and 4th Sundays.  
H. M. Baker.....Master  
Wm. Chambers.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Anderson (Box 56).....Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. meets every Thursday night.  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss (1206 N. Lee st.).....Master  
T. O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y  
(910 W. Chestnut st.)  
C. M. Stone.....Magazine Agent  
(Corner Catherine and Locust sts.)
41. **FOX RIVER**, at Aurora, Ill. meets every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.  
C. Riddle.....Master  
C. E. Powell.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. L. Cummings.....Magazine Agent
42. **MISSOURI VALLEY**, at Sedalia, Mo. meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th Wednesday.  
R. C. Yopst.....Master  
C. Schernowkie.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. D. Palmer.....Magazine Agent



43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
DeWitt Pearce.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Fitzpatrick.....Magazine Agent
44. ....
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.  
Wm. Coyne.....Master  
M. W. Campbell (Lock Box 648).....Rec. Sec'y  
M. W. Campbell.....Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. meets every alternate Sunday at Eng. Hall.  
John Walsh (532 North Fifth st.).....Master  
G. D. Partington (Box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Henry.....Magazine Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
P. D. Furlong (692 State st.).....Master  
W. Woodin (544 S. Canal st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
John Glover.....Magazine Agent  
(661 State st.)
48. AMICITI, at Harrisburg, Pa. meets every Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, corner 3d and Broad streets.  
R. T. Shepherd (5th, near Riley).....Master  
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y  
937 Pennsylvania avenue  
C. W. Guyon.....Magazine Agent  
(642 Colder st.)
49. SPRINGFIELD, at Springfield, Mass.  
C. O. Mansus.....Master  
J. W. Hurlbert (Box 396).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. H. Porter (Box 396).....Magazine Agent
50. NEW YORK CITY, at New York. meets every 2d Sunday and 4th Saturday of each month, at 869 Second avenue.  
D. E. Elliott (107 E. 46th st.).....Master  
Henry J. Glover (231 E. 45th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.).....Magazine Agent
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y.  
A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st.....Master  
L. J. Hoynton (112 W. Utica st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. McCarthy (49 W. Erie st.).....Magazine Agent
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Ind., meets every Friday at 8 p. m., corner Market and Canal streets.  
Chas. Schrier.....Master  
S. Bricker (box 626).....Rec. Sec'y  
Ambrose Ross.....Magazine Agent
53. FIDELITY, at Sunbury, Pa., meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
John Pittenger.....Master  
D. F. Vollmer (Box 276).....Rec. Sec'y
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo., meets every Monday night, at 43 Reed street.  
J. J. Murphy.....Master  
J. Mummet (Lookbox 580).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Bresson.....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis, Tenn. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at Engineers' Hall, Adams street.  
Wm. Bender, 206 Old Raleigh st.....Master  
O. B. Hanes.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Bender.....Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Emporia, Kan., meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
S. McGaffey.....Master  
Wm. Tangman (Topeka, Kan.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. R. Goheen.....Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 a. m., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
Francis Beadle.....Master  
(No. 31 Russell st., Bunker Hill District.)  
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
(123 Chelsea st., E. Boston, Mass.)  
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent  
(70 Cambridge st., E. Cambridge.)
58. STAR, at Hoboken, N. J. meets 2d Sundays and 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st.  
C. E. Herland.....Master  
O. Gillen (Box 41, Hoboken).....Rec. Sec'y  
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. ASHLEY, at Ashley, Pa. meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 p. m.  
J. M. Peck.....Master  
A. E. Detoro.....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. meets 1st Wednesday night and 3d Sunday morning, corner Hancock and Diamond streets.  
G. C. Green (107 Haydock st.).....Master  
J. McNeal (427 Schneider ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. A. Falls.....Magazine Agent  
(224 North Second st.)
61. MINNEHAHA, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 p. m., cor. 7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall.  
S. J. Murphy (56 Goodrich ave.).....Master  
C. Sinks (58 Goodrich av.).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Peel (181 Exchange st.).....Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
O. E. Histed.....Master  
W. T. Bingham.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. W. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
J. C. Boysel.....Master  
Chas. J. McGee (box 772).....Rec. Sec'y  
F. Rogers.....Magazine Agent
64. LOYAL, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.  
W. H. Hamilton.....Master  
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 16, Brookville, Kan.)
65. ISLAND CITY, at Brockville, Ontario, (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, King street, over McClean's boot and shoe store.  
Wm. T. Simpson.....Master  
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. CHALLENGE, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Patrick Flannery.....Master  
James Cummins.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. C. McKnight.....Magazine Agent
67. DOMINION, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occidental Hall, Queen street.  
Wm. Newlove.....Master  
Wm. Prenter (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y  
George Shields (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. HUDSON, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday afternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.  
John McAuley.....Master  
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y  
(232 Union st., Elizabeth, N. J.)  
B. Hare (245 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent

69. HURON, at Port Huron, Mich. Meets every Sunday, over Postoffice.  
J. Britnall.....Master  
C. Macklow.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)  
T. French.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)
70. LONE STAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets every Friday night in I. O. O. F. Hall.  
James McDonough.....Master  
L. W. Phillipson.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. T. Smith (box 92).....Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 540 Broadway.  
D. O. Shank, 83 Cherry street.....Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union street.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent  
(281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.)
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
Wm. Cows, 410 Hartman st.....Master  
L. Elberston (417 Henry st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave.....Magazine Agent
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass., meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
Geo. Hewitt (Union Depot).....Master  
T. E. Kelton, 42 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. P. Danforth.....Magazine Agent  
(9 Myrtle street.)
74. KANSAS CITY, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 7st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic hall, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Master  
John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y  
cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Magazine Agent  
905 Penn street,
75. ENTERPRISE, at West Philadelphia Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
C. E. Austin, 3800 Story st.....Master  
W. T. Goundie.....Rec. Sec'y  
3405 Elm st.  
C. E. Austin.....Magazine Agent  
(3800 Story street.)
76. VALLEY CITY LODGE, at East Saginaw, Michigan. Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.  
F. C. Blanchett.....Master  
J. Lennox, Box 860.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Hannon, Box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
S. B. Turman.....Master  
W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Pelham.....Magazine Agent
78. BINGHAMTON, at Binghamton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.  
Thomas Milan, Box 725.....Master  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. MIAMI, at Cincinnati, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 a. m., corner 8th and Freeman sts.  
J. T. Coakley.....Master  
G. Horrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Sperry.....Magazine Agent  
432 George st.
80. EARLY SUNRISE, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st & 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. hall.  
J. H. Morely.....Master  
C. Reitch.....Recording Sec'y  
A. P. Draper.....Magazine Agent
81. READING, at Reading Pa. meets every 2d and 4th Sunday, Bland's Hall, cor. Ninth and Penn st.  
W. Hynes.....Master  
C. J. Butler (28 Church st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Goodman.....Magazine Agent
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn., meets in Druids Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet Avenue, between 1st and 2d streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday evenings of each month.  
S. F. Brown.....Master  
(1311 N. Washington avenue.)  
John Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
(M & St. L. freight office.)  
J. W. Cole (1223 S. 7th st.).....Magazine Agent
83. MISSISSIPPI, at Winona, Minn.  
John Herwick.....Master  
Wm. Warren (box 686).....Rec. Sec'y  
B. F. Weller (box 26).....Magazine Agent

# THE BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE.

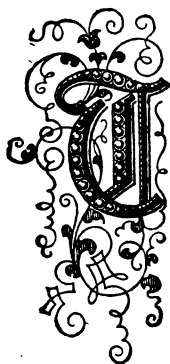
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

Vol. 2.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

No. 10.

## A BAD BRIDGE---A FEARFUL PLUNGE.



HERE were several of us sitting together one day relating various adventures we had experienced, when a call was made for Gil Josselyn, one of the party, to give us a bit of his experience in handling the throttle.

"I have 'pulled a plug' for many years, boys," said Gil, "but have never yet been in 'the ditch.' It is through bad bridges that I have had my 'close calls.' Indeed so many narrow escapes from instant death or mortal injury have I had, that I never run over one now but I experience a thrill of fear. I have striven to rid myself of it, but to no purpose. My nerves are as steady as iron on any part of the road, no matter how imminent the danger, until my engine strikes a bridge, and then I am as timid as a child until I am on *terra firma* again. All of you, undoubtedly, have dreams occasionally of horrible accidents and narrow escapes from death. I am troubled in that way myself; but my dreams are always of frightful wrecks from falling bridges; of rapid running rivers, damned up by tan-

gled masses of iron, rubbish and wood, and of lifeless bodies floating off in the swift current, with ghastly faces, disfigured by horrible gashes, upturned to the pitiless sky."

"How was it about that Zanesville bridge accident, Gil? You was in that one, too, wasn't you?" asked the genial Bob Hogg, of the L. E. D.

"Well," answered Gil, "I wasn't exactly in it; but I came so near it that I had to climb up the falling bridge with my engine to keep out of it. That happened in this wise:

"In the year '66 the B. & O. leased what is now the Central Ohio Division. This road was a good one, and one of the best features on it was the long double-track iron bridge at Zanesville. On the very day that the B. & O. took possession of the road, I was following, with my engine, the west-bound express, which was carrying flags for me. Our meeting point for the east-bound was at Zanesville; and, on our arrival there, and after my train had made its customary stop at the depot, it pulled on across the iron bridge, stopping at the west end to allow the east-bound to cross from the single track on to the other track on the bridge. I pulled close up in the rear of the train I was following, but it left me standing upon the shore end of the west span.

"The yard engine shortly after ran across the bridge, and stopped near the center of the span, in the rear of my engine.

"The east-bound express now ran

past the west-bound and out on the the bridge, just as the latter started up. I had leisurely dropped my engine in the forward motion, and placed my hand upon the throttle, to follow my train out, when at that instant I heard a cracking, rending noise, and at the same time I experienced a sensation as if the engine was sinking.

"Instantly recognizing what was coming, I gave one mighty jerk at the throttle, and shot ahead up hill, just as the whole span, with a terrific crash, fell into the water beneath.

"You can imagine how narrow was my escape, when I tell you that as I gained the shore pier, where my engine seemed to hang, the tender was wrenched off, and fell into the river with the bridge.

"The scene now presented was a dreadful one. The shrill scream and horrible hiss of the heated engines in the water, the shrieks and groans of the poor fellows who had gone down, and the excited cries of the hundreds who thronged the banks, I shall never forget.

"The east-bound had been running very slow, or else the whole of it had taken the fearful plunge. As it was, the express, baggage, and smoking-car, went down with the engine, leaving a heavily-loaded coach hanging over the chasm, and only withheld from destruction by the coupling to the heavy coaches in the rear.

"In the express car was a corpse that had been shipped from New Orleans. It was the body of poor Harper Caldwell, known throughout the East and South as a genial, whole-souled gentleman.

"Waiting at the depot were the many friends and loving relatives, who were to escort his remains to their last resting place; and when they heard the terrible crash, and, realizing that something dreadful had happened, rushed down to the river's brink; there floated from the debris, and was borne away by the swift current, a long box, that too well told them the ghastly truth. After much trouble it was rescued,

and borne with tender hands from the dreadful scene.

"A few minutes later, and before it was yet known how many had gone to their death in the forward coach, several bonnets were seen above the water, and a great cry of horror went up from the assembled people as the awful truth burst upon them, that many had been killed and drowned, and the bodies of the poor women were being swept away by the remorseless waves.

"A boat dashed off to the rescue. A hand was thrust beneath the first bonnet to obtain a firm hold upon the dress of the corpse; then, rising in the boat and exerting his strength, the brave fellow drew up—a love of a bonnet, one of the latest style, and which, with others, had escaped from a box in the express car. The throng gave a great sigh of relief—and grief; relief from all, that their fears were not realized; and grief, most profound, from the softer sex at the loss of those darling bits of finery.

"Strange to relate, but one of the many who took that fearful plunge, was killed, although others received serious injuries.

"But, the closest call I ever had occurred while I was firing an engine on the ——— road. I had not been there long, when there came a rainy spell that lasted a full week, and the result was that all the rivers and creeks in our section overflowed their banks, and fences, culverts, and even houses were swept away by the mad waters.

"Our road, being mostly cuts and fills, was overflowed in but one place, and as there was no current there to speak of, it did not occasion us much inconvenience, as we could run through it slowly, it not being high enough to put out the fire in the engine.

"Our only fear was, that a pier of one of the bridges might become undermined, and many lose their lives by it giving way. But Providence ordered otherwise; for, on the fourth day of the flood, just as the caboose of the train our engine was pulling left the Bitter Creek bridge, that

structure gave way, and was whirled off like a feather.

"Of course that put a stop to travel, for there was no transferring across such swift, mad currents. After the rains, the water receded very fast, and work was immediately begun on a new bridge. As is customary, however, a temporary structure was first put up, so that trains might cross, and then work on the bridge could go on without hindrance.

"As luck would have it, the engine I was firing was the first started out from the headquarters end of the road, and, as Bitter Creek was near that end, of course it fell to our lot to cross the bridge first. All the way out I was hoping that something would happen to prevent us making the test, and when we came near it, and I saw the frail-looking trestle, I felt sick with dread, although I always fancied that I am not easily frightened. Dick, my engineer, saw that I looked timid about it, and he told me I might get off if I was afraid.

"Afraid? I would have gone with him then, if I had known we would go down. So, when we received the signal and started ahead, I opened the cab window on my side, and endeavored to look as if it were a very common affair to me, but with poor success, however, if my face expressed a tithe of the dread that oppressed me.

"I forgot to mention that there had been some talk about the way some of the 'bents' were set among the bridge men, and that on our arrival it was decided to pull over, the first trip, just enough cars to steady the engine, as Dick expressed it; and, just as we started, the master bridge-builder stepped on the engine and stood on the engineer's side talking to Dick.

"As we ran out on the trestle, I was leaning out my window looking down at the water, when all at once I arose, and, it seemed without any volition of my own, grasped the oil-can, opened the cab door and stepped out on the run-board, with not the slightest idea of where I was going

or what I intended doing.

"By this time we were half way across. I had involuntarily stopped with the oil-can in one hand, and grasped the hand-rail with the other, when there came a sudden, terrific crash—a deathly, sinking, falling sensation—and then a plunge into the cold water.

"I was caught and held as in a vise under the water. My struggles for release were futile, and I felt that I was drowning. I was fast losing consciousness, when suddenly there came a tremendous jar; my arms and body were released, and by a desperate struggle I got my head above water. My legs were still fastened under the surface, and it was only after grasping a broken beam as it floated near, that I was enabled to support my head above the waves so that I could look around.

"Ah, it was a horrible sight. The engine had dropped in the water first, and the cars and bridge timbers were piled atop of her. My legs were pinned to the running-board by a huge piece of timber, and over three hours passed before I was out. One leg was broken, and the other badly crushed,

"Dick was not seen after the bridge fell, until taken out dead. The master bridge-builder was seen struggling in the water, and might have been saved, but a car which had been suspended above the wreck by the heavy timbers, suddenly fell, crushing him out of sight. The shock of its fall partially saved me, and saved me from a horrible death.

"Take it altogether, it was as close as I ever wish to be to 'the other world,' unless Death swings the lamp on me and runs me in on the side-track, there to remain until the last time-order is given for me to appear before the Superintendent of the Universe, and account for my record on 'The Road of Life.'"

We see by the German press that Gov. Morgan has "vohastel." We never thought much of Gov. Morgan anyhow, and this only goes to strengthen our belief that there was something crooked about him.

### The Unwelcome Passenger, or the Man Who Had Letters for His Dog.

[From the Burlington Hawk-Eye.]

When a man has once fallen a slave to the dog habit; when he has become addicted to a dog; when he drags a dog around after him, into cars, into omnibuses, into society, all the Murphy movements in the world cannot reform that man. And there are such men. Oh, millions of 'em.

Wednesday night, a bridal party boarded the train at Elizabeth, New Jersey. I heard laughter and weeping, and I knew that laughter and weeping never went well together, except at weddings. So I said, speaking to myself, the only man who never contradicts me when I tell lies, "I will have a look at the young people." I went out and looked.

I saw the bridegroom, happy, laughing, fussy as an old hen with her last lone chicken, holding a black-and-tan dog tenderly in his arms, and clutching his bride by the elbow, to help her on the car. The brakeman shouted:

"Hold on; take that dog to the baggage car."

Dismay, consternation, terror, came out and sat all over that young man's face, but it brightened up again with a happy thought. He dropped his bride's arm, and folded both arms around the dog of his heart.

"No you don't!" he shouted; "no you don't! I've got letters for that dog. I've got a letter for that dog from the Superintendent of the Division. This dog goes with me."

And he danced up and down the platform with excitement, while the brakeman helped his bride on the train, and then the young husband followed, clinging to that precious dog.

Now, do you know I wanted to take that girl's hands—having previously sent a postal card home for permission—and say to her:

"Dear young woman, confide in me. Allow me to collar your hus-

band. Then do you brace yourself against the side of the car and kick him so high that all the dogs in America will have starved to death before he comes down."

But I didn't say anything. But when the party came back into the sleeper, then there was a scene. The porter looked at the dog uneasily, and said he "allowed it was kind of onregular totin' dogs into de parlor cars." And whatever misgivings he may have had on the subject were speedily cleared by a passenger. A testy old gentleman with a back as broad as a county atlas, and a breath so short that he breathed three times in speaking a word of two syllables. An old gent with the baldest head that ever mocked hair oil—a head with a fringe of upright, bristly hair all round it. He stood in the aisle as he heard the dog mentioned, stepping out from behind the curtains in the attire of a man who is not going into society immediately. His bare feet spread out on the floor, his suspenders dangled down behind him, his fat face glowed with rage, and he roared out to the porter:

"Out with that dog! No dogs sleep where I do! I ain't used to it, and I won't have it! Trundle him out!"

"Hold on there!" cried the confident husband—"that dog's all right. I've got letters—"

"Blast your letters," roared the old party. "The whole United States Postoffice can't crowd a dog in on us. Tell you, young man, it ain't right; it ain't decent, and by gum, it ain't safe. Body of a man in the baggage car now, on this very train, that was bit by a lap dog two weeks ago while he was asleep, and died just eleven days afterward. Country's full of mad dogs."

This was a lie about the dead man, but it woke everybody in the car, set all the women to screaming, and armed public sentiment against the dog.

"But I tell you the dog isn't mad," persisted the owner, "and he'll have to stay in here. I have letters from the Superintendent of the Division—"

"Blast the Superintendent!"

roared the asthmatic passenger, triumphantly, "He's got nothing to do with the sleeping car. Take the dog into a day coach and shut him up in a wood-box. Throw him overboard. I don't care what you do with him, but he can't stay here."

"But my dear sir," pleaded the young man.

"Don't want to hear nothing!" yelled the fat passenger, "I don't travel with a menagerie. Nobody wants your dog in here!"

"No! Nobody! Nobody wants him!" came in hearty, fearless chorus from the other berths, the chorus carefully and modestly keeping itself out of sight, so as not to detract from the power of the solo who was gasping out the most terrific denunciations of all dogs in general, and especially this one particular dog.

"But my dog," the young man would plead.

"Devil take your dog, sir," the old passenger would gasp. "What is your dog, or any other man's dog, to my comfort? I say I shan't sleep with him in this car. He can't stay here."

Well, the upshot of it was, the dog had to emigrate into a day coach, and it is a gospel fact that that man, just married, with the prettiest bride that has been seen in this country (since eight years ago) didn't know whether to sit in the day coach and hold his dog all night, or stay back in the sleeper with his wife. He trotted in and out from one car to the other until nearly midnight, keeping everybody in a fidget.

And every time he came in, the glistening head of the fat passenger would poke out from between the curtains, and he would meet the reproachful glances of the bereaved young man with a stony glare that would have detected the presence of that dog had the young man even attempted to smuggle him into the car by even shutting him up in a watch-case.

Who ever saw bean stalk?

### A Good Story About an Elephant.

In the autumn of 1876 I was living in the interior of Bengal, and I went to spend Christmas with my friend, Major Daly. The Major's bungalow was on the banks of the Ganges, near Cawnpone. He had lived there a good many years, being Chief of the Quartermaster's Department at that station, and had a great many natives, elephants, bullock carts, and soldiers under his command.

On the morning after my arrival, after a cup of early tea (often taken before daylight in India), I sat smoking with my friend on the veranda of his bungalow, looking out upon the windings of the sacred river. And, directly, I asked the Major about his children (a boy and a girl), whom I had not yet seen, and begged to know when I should see them.

"Soupramany has taken them out fishing," said their father.

"Why, isn't Soupramany your great war elephant?" I cried.

"Exactly so. You cannot have forgotten Soupramany!"

"Of course not. I was here, you know, when he had that fight with the elephant who went mad while loading a transport with bags of rice down yonder. I saw the mad elephant when he suddenly began to fling the rice into the river. His 'mahout' tried to stop him, and he killed the mahout. The native sailors ran away to hide themselves, and the mad elephant, trumpeting, charged into this enclosure. Old Soupramany was here, and so were Jim and Bessie. When he saw the mad animal he threw himself between him and the children. The little ones and their nurses had just time to get into the house when the fight commenced."

"Yes," said the Major, "Old Soup was a hundred years old. He had been trained to war, and to fight with the rhinoceros, but he was too old to hunt them."

"And yet," said I, becoming animated by the recollections of that day, "what a gallant fight it was. Do you remember how we all stood on this porch and watched it, not

daring to fire a shot lest we should hit Old Soupramany? Do you remember, too, his look when he drew off, after fighting an hour and a half, leaving his adversary dying in the dust, and walked straight to the 'corral,' shaking his great ears, which had been badly torn, with his head bruised and a great piece broken from one of his tusks?"

"Yes, indeed," said the Major. "Well, since then he is more devoted to my dear little ones than ever. He takes them out whole days, and I am perfectly content to have them under his charge. I don't like trusting Christian children to the care of natives; but with Old Soup I know they can come to no harm."

"What! you trust your children under ten years of age to Soup, without any protection?"

"I do," replied the Major. "Come along with me, if you doubt, and we will surprise them at their fishing."

I followed Major Daly, and after walking half a mile along the wooded banks of the river, we came upon the little group. The two children—Jim, the elder, being about 10—both sat still and silent, for a wonder, each holding a rod, with line, cork, hook and bait, anxiously watching the gay corks bobbing in the water. Beside them stood Old Soup with an extremely large bamboo rod in his trunk, with line, hook, bait, and cork, like the children's. I need not say I took small notice of the children, but turned all my attention to their big companion. I had not watched him long before he had a bite, for, as the religion of the Hindoos forbids them to take life, the river swarms with fishes.

The old fellow did not, sir; his little eyes watched his line eagerly; he was no novice in "the little craft." He was waiting till it was time to draw in his prize.

At the end of his line, as he drew it up, was dangling one of those golden tench so abundant in the Ganges.

When Soupramany perceived what a fine fish he had caught, he uttered one of those long, low, gurgling notes of satisfaction by which an ele-

phant expresses joy, and he waited patiently, expecting Jim to take his prize off the hook and put on some more bait for him. But Jim, the little rascal, sometimes liked to plague Old Soup. He nodded at us, as much as to say, "Look out, and you'll see fun now!" Then he took off the fish, which he threw into a water-jar there for that purpose, and went back to his place without putting any bait on Old Soup's hook. The intelligent animal did not attempt to throw his line into the water. He tried to move Jim by low, pleading cries. It was curious to see what tender tones he seemed to try to give his voice.

Seeing that Jim paid no attention to his calls, he sat and laughed as he handled his own line. Old Soup went up to him, and with his trunk tried to turn his head in the direction of the bait-box. At last, when he found that all he could do would not induce his willful friend to help him, he turned round as if struck by a sudden thought, and, snatching up in his trunk the box that held the bait, came and laid it down at the Major's feet; then picking up his rod, he held it out to his master.

"What do you want me to do with this, Old Soup," said the Major.

The creature lifted one great foot after the other, and again began to utter his plaintive cry. Out of mischief, I took Jimmy's part, and, picking up the bait-box, pretended to run with it. The elephant was not going to be teased by me. He dipped his trunk into the Ganges, and in an instant squirted a stream of water over me with all the force and precision of a fire-engine, to the immense amusement of the children.

The Major at once made Soup a sign to stop, and, to make my piece with the fine old fellow, I baited his hook myself. Quivering with joy, as a baby does when it gets hold at last of a plaything some one has taken from it, and Old Soupramany hardly paused to thank me by a soft note of joy for baiting his line for him, before he went back to his place, and was again watching his cork as it trembled in the ripples of the river.



**MERRY MOMENTS.**

—“Did you ever try to read?” asked a gentleman of a little girl. “Oh, yes; I tried real hard once to read, and in a little while I rode.”

—To make a girl love you, coax her to love somebody else. If there be anything that a woman relishes, it is to be on the contrary side.

—An exchange publishes a portrait of Cicero—after an old bust. It must have been the worst old bust Cicero ever had.

—Exchange: It takes 2,160 bees to fill a pint cup, notwithstanding a single bee takes up so much room in a fellow's trousers leg.

—“Nail down your winder. Got all I wanted—Thief.” This is what the fellow wrote and left after he had robbed an office several times.

—A bashful young man, while out driving with the dearest girl in the world, the other day, had to get out and buckle the crupper, and hesitatingly remarked that the “animal's bustle had come loose.”

—The following correspondence recently passed through a telegraph office: “I lent you, a year ago to-night, \$4.87. If you have not had it long enough, please keep it one year longer.” To this delicate hint the answer was returned: “Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let her run another year.”

—“If yer goin' to smoke on this car, ye'll have to get off to do it,” remarked a zealous conductor, the other day. “Let's see yer put me off,” was the ready reply, as the smoker jumped from the car and assumed a belligerent attitude.

—“It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back,” as the young fel-

low murmured when his girl said she would have cake with her ice-cream, and the consciousness dawned upon him that he had only twenty cents in his pocket.

—A man went home and found his house locked up. Getting in at the window with considerable difficulty, he found on the table a note from his wife—“I have gone out. You will find the key on one side of the door-step.”

—A local debating society is preparing to wrestle with the following question: “*Resolved*, That a man who plays on an accordion and keeps a barking dog, can't be a christian.” Four members to one want to take the negative side.

—“Ma, does pa kiss the cat?” “Why, no, my son. What in the name of goodness put that in your head?” “'Cos when pa came down stairs this morning, he kissed Sarah in the hall-way, and said, ‘That's better than kissing that old cat up stairs, ain't it, Sarah?’”

—A correspondent asks, What is the best method of feeding cattle in winter? We don't exactly know. One man might prefer to take the ox in his lap, and feed it with a spoon. Others would bring theirs into the dining-room and let them sit at the table with the old folks. Tastes differ in matters of this kind.

—When a man turns a short corner in a big hurry, and makes the discovery, somewhat abruptly, that another unfortunate is trying to do the same thing in an opposite direction, he always blurts out something about a qualified fool—and he doesn't mean the other man.

—“Why is this called Jacob's Ladder?” asked a charming woman, as

she and he were going up the steepest part of the Mount Washington Railway. "Because," he replied, with a look that emphasized his words, "there are angels ascending and descending occasionally." He squeezed her hand.

—Two country attorneys overtaking a wagoner on the road, thinking to break a joke with him, asked him why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean. The wagoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, replied that the fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients.

—An old gentleman, wishing to be at his ease on horseback, took his horse to a riding master to be taught to amble. Two or three trials were made upon the animal, with but partial success. "Come, sir, do you call this an amble?" said the owner. "No, sir," replied the equestrian, "I call it a preamble."

—A man passing along the street struck his nose against a lamp-post. "I wish that post was in h—l," said he. "Better wish it was somewhere else," said a bystander; "you might run against it again."

—"Sam, you are not honest! Why do you put all the good peaches on the top of the measure and the little ones below?" "Same reason sah, dat makes the front of your house all marble and de back gate chiefly sloop-bar'l, sah."

—At a festival of lawyers and editors, a lawyer gave a toast: "The Editor—he always obeys the calls of the devil." An editor responded: "The Editor and the Lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the former, but requires the original of the latter."

—A young lady at a ball at Dublin

Castle displayed her charms so freely that a looker-on turned to Chief-Justice Doherty with "Did you ever see the like of that since you were born?" "Well," said the Judge, "certainly not since I was weaned."

—Lord Beaconsfield, in the course of an impassioned speech, denounced the occupants of the treasury bench as "extinct volcanoes." "What does he mean by that?" an Irish member was asked. "Shure, he means by that they're used up craters," was the answer.

—A Toronto woman's husband tried to hang himself the other day, but was cut down by an officer and taken to the police station. Next morning, after the court dismissed him with a caution as to what he might expect if he tried it again, his wife said: "Your Honor, will you have the police give me back that clothes-line?"

—"Why don't you put on a clean shirt?" said a swell, the other night, to a companion, "then the girls would smile on you as they do on me." "Everybody can't afford to wear a clean shirt every day as you can," was the reply. "Why not?" asked white collar. "Because," said the soiled collar, "everybody's mother wasn't a washerwoman."

—A friend want to know if it is proper to carry a watch in his pants pockets? Certainly, or in the tail pocket of your overcoat. Some people carry theirs in coffee-pots strapped around their necks; but the fashion is fast becoming obsolete, and if we may be allowed, we would beg leave to suggest that the only sensible way of wearing a watch is to tie a dumb-bell to it, and then go

in swimming with it. Write us, and inform us how it works.

—Feed the poor little birds. The crumbs which fall from the table can not be put to better use. Once fed, they will visit the premises every day, and bring their little companions along, and make everything joyous with their merry twitterings. No. 8 shot is the best for sparrows, and it takes about twenty-five birds to ostracise hunger from a decent-sized household. Aim low, so as to break their legs.

—A Texas young lady raised three bales of cotton, and did the work with her own hands. We know a girl who raises a bale of cotton every day, and she don't do it with her hands, either.

—As we are always willing to answer conundrums for our readers, we would inform Mrs. B. that the best thing for spoiled kids is a cricket bat or a piece of shingle. Some mothers insist upon using pancake-turners, but we are opposed to this method, as it doesn't do the kids or the pancakes any good. Old slippers are used by some parents, but we think the cricket bat much more efficient.

—The young person of the oil regions in Pennsylvania is a "cool hand," and quite practical in emergencies. Not long since a youngster living near Patrolia accidentally shot himself in the abdomen. The wound was not very dangerous, so he endeavored to conceal it from his father. Next morning, however, the father compelled his offspring to show up, when it was discovered that he had cut the ball which lay near the surface, out with a razor. In the meantime he had drank a large quantity of water, as he said,

"to see if he leaked," and finding that he was not filtering, quietly settled down to take it easy until he gets well.

—Two short years ago and she could be seen approaching him every morning with the clothes-brush in hand. She would inquire if "Hubby didn't want his clothes brushed before he went down town?" She would brush his clothes nicely, and then a smack would resound through the house, and everything was lovely. This year he wants to know "Where the devil that broom is?" and when she shuffles up with an old bald-headed, worn-out broom and attempts to brush him down with it, a smack again resounds through the house, but their lips are four feet apart, and instead of getting it on the lips she gets it on the nose, and he goes round the next day with his hand tied up in a yellow rag, and when she visits the grocery-store she wears a veil. Verily! how things do change.

—"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take another off it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit," you must throw it off altogether.

—A young lady of six summers rushed into her mother's presence on Sunday last, with the remark: "Mother, wonders will never cease!" "Why, my dear?" "Why, Mr. and Mrs. W. are sitting on the porch talking just as sweet as though they weren't married!" Her ma agreed with her that "wonders will never cease."

## EN ROUTE.

(PANTOUM.)

[The pantoum is a meteor borrowed by the modern French romantic poets from Malayan prosody. It consists of a series of four-line stanzas, the second and fourth line of each stanza reappearing as the first and third lines of the next stanza. Victor Hugo, in the notes of his "Orientales, gave a prose translation of a Malayan pantoum, which Theophile Gautier afterward versified. M. de Banville and Asselineau and others have written pantoums, serious and familiar. The first English attempt is the "In Town" of Mr. Austin Dobson, composed in 1876 and included in his latest volume, "Proverbs in Porcelaine." The first American attempt is here presented. It is to be noted that the Malayan pantoum resembles the old French rondou in that the opening words recur at the end.]

Here we are riding the rail,  
Gliding from out of the station;  
Man, though I am, I am pale,  
Certain of heat and vexation.

Gliding from out of the station,  
Out from the city we thrust;  
Certain of heat and vexation,  
Sure to be covered by dust.

Out from the city we thrust;  
Rattling we run o'er the bridges;  
Sure to be covered with dust,  
Stung by a thousand of midges.

Rattling we run o'er the bridges,  
Rushing we dash o'er the plain;  
Stung by a thousand of midges,  
Certain precursors of rain.

Rushing we dash o'er the plain,  
Watching the clouds darkly lowering,  
Certain precursors of rain;  
Fields about here need a showering.

Watching the clouds darkly lowering—  
Track here is high on a bank—  
Fields about here need a showering,  
Boy with the hook needs a spank.

Track here is high on a bank,  
Just by a wretched old hovel;  
Boy with the hook needs a spank—  
"No, I don't want a new novel!"

Just by a wretched old hovel,  
Small speck of dust in my eye.  
"No, I don't want a new novel!"  
—Babies beginning to cry.

Small speck of dust in my eye,  
"I will not buy papers or candy!"  
—Babies beginning to cry—  
Oh, for a tomahawk handy!

"I will not buy papers or candy!"  
Train boys deserve to be slain;  
Oh, for a tomahawk handy!  
Oh, for a cool of the rain!

Train boys deserve to be slain.  
Heat and the dust—They are choking,  
Oh, for the cool of the rain!  
—"Gent" just behind me is joking.

Heat and the dust they are choking,  
Clogging and filling my pores,  
—"Gent" just behind me is joking,  
"Gent" just in front of me snores.

Clogging and filling my pores,  
Ears are on edge at the rattle;  
"Gent" just in front of me snores,  
Sounds like the noise of a battle.

Ears are on edge at the rattle,  
Man though I am, I am pale,  
Sounds like the noise of a battle,  
Here we are riding the rail.

—J. Brauder Matthews, in *Scribner's*.

It is stated that the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad Company has recently built at its shops a 34 ton freight locomotive, with cylinders 16 by 26, at a cost of only \$4,500. These figures, we presume, do not allow for interest on cost of machinery, wear and tear, and some other items which should be figured in making any comparison with the prices charged by private locomotive building establishments. Nevertheless they illustrate the great falling off in prices since the war, when \$20,000 and more was often paid for similar engines.

## Editorial.

*CONTRIBUTIONS. — Readers of the Magazine will materially assist us in making our news accurate and complete, if they will send us early information of events that occur under their observation, relative to experiments in the construction of roads and machinery—especially the locomotive—suggestions as to improvements, &c.*

### The Brotherhood--What Is It?

Of late, more especially since the cry of newspapers that there would be a united strike of the railroad men of the United States on the 17th of June, backed by so-called railroad detectives, and the last statement that as we then failed we would try again, this time in Wilkesbarre, Pa., many representatives of the railroad companies and the press came to us asking if such was the case. To our replies of "No, sir," the press would retire and exclaim to a public: "Oh, Sayre is a Communist, and won't tell nothing; but we are afraid he knows the day—the hour!" This has been thrown out by leading papers, such as the Chicago Inter-Ocean, Indianapolis News (an irresponsible sheet), Louisville Journal, Cleveland Herald, New York World, and many other papers, who desire to deceive a public. Such statements as has been made by unprincipled editors does more to call for such actions on the part of the employes than to allay trouble. If the public will read our MAGAZINE and believe us, they will soon be convinced that we are friends to railway interests, while the papers spoken of are most bitter enemies—not only to railroads, but to all classes of labor who have

enough manhood about them to deny the charges.

Articles in the Chicago Tribune, written by a lady who lives in Bureau county, Illinois, upon the subject of "Labor Unions," denounces the members thereof as wholly unfit to associate with Christians, &c. Yet that very same woman, with the farmers of said county, caused the C. B. & Q. Railway thousands of dollars by boarding trains and refusing to pay fares at tariff rates, until said company had to guard all trains with men, and enforce the laws of the line. Still the "honest" farmers of the order of Grangers were a God fearing people. Out with such things as this woman is, and let the public learn what railroad men are by their works. Read the following, and tell us who of you are more worthy to join the ranks than they who now comprise the Order:

#### WHAT THE BROTHERHOOD IS.

For our present purpose, it is sufficient to say that it is an association for a common good, and is designed for and well adapted to the accomplishing noble ends. We but follow a natural law which has held true to itself since the creation. Men are dependent beings, adapted for, and compelled to association for mutual relief. Adam, asleep in the Garden of Eden, perhaps dreamed a long wish for companionship. God knew whereof he dreamed, and said: "It is not good for him to be alone;" and God made Adam an helpmeet. From that time on, everything in nature has been governed by one law of association. Even the inhabitants of the seas, from him who maketh the great deep to boil like a pot, to the smallest moving creature whose native element is water, are formed for association.

Union in action and effort for the ac-

complishment of their work is everywhere and at all times marking the conduct of men, and history teaches us that no great and lasting good comes without association. Hence the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

If the practice of man was to do unto others as he would be done by, much of the evil and distress in the world would be annihilated. But man is naturally selfish—to mount higher himself in the highways of the world, he pushes his weaker and more unfortunate brother aside; he rudely opens the way before him, and tramples, with no sting of conscience, upon those who fall in his way. Selfishness begets heartlessness, and the weak are ever at the mercy of the strong. Alone in life, poor, weak, unfortunate man, finds but the position of slave to his master; but when to him comes the knowledge that the united strength of the many will overcome the force of the few, then the crushed slave rises to the position of a freeman, and the master accords to him the rights and privileges of his manhood. And for this the Order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen exists, that it may win man from his selfishness, throw around its member the protection of its discipline, and build up and sustain the interests of each individual brother, while working to enhance the great good of the whole.

In our Brotherly interests in our members we are not selfish—we drift not away from showering charity and benevolence to others. In our Order, the natural interests we beget from one another lead us to desire to extend the same to the whole membership of our profession. We know whereof we speak. Our aim being to lift man out of his weakness, our great Brotherhood teaches the practice of every virtue. Our aims are honorable—"Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry" is our motto. Col-

lectively, our part is to promote the welfare of a brother, and his family, in health and sickness; to win the inebriate from his ways, and to place man above the brutes that perish; to cause him to leave the by-ways of squalor and misery, and walk in the highways of independence and happiness. To the wife and children, we would, by precept and example, give the noble husband and kind father. To employers, we trust to merit their confidence by giving them men more faithful, more earnest in their toils; and to the public, a better and more trusty man at the post of duty. He who would become a member of our Brotherhood must meet his obligations to God, to the Brotherhood, and to the world as well as to himself. Our ties made in honor's court, bind us in the observance of these things.

Again, from childhood to the grave, infirmities and disease come upon us; as none may be so rich that they can say to themselves they never will be poor, so none blessed with health can say within their hearts, sickness will never come. Even the walls of the temple fall early, and the mouldering earth covers them. Let the olive yield no oil, let the means of support be cut off, let the ability to labor be destroyed, let hunger and thirst, and cold, and nakedness, and unjust imprisonment be endured; let the clouds gather thick and fast, let the thunder peal, and lightnings scathe—then friendship is tested; human nature then craves the sympathy of the human heart; kind actions fill the aching heart with gladness and with joy. It is well then, in a cold, heartless world, that men may agree to mutual relief, and enter into covenants most sacred to practice them. Thus, our desire and our work is, that the sick and afflicted of our members shall in no way suffer for lack of attention; the dead Brother must be quietly and decently

laid to rest, and the widow and orphan comforted and cared for. We go to the bedside of the sick, with quickened pulsation of sorrow, and with a pure and deep sympathy; to the house of mourning, to perform our duty, and to render our support; we follow on to the grave, counseled as we go, that we are as the grass that falls before the reaper's scythe—to-day, strong in the buoyant breezes of life; to-morrow, we, too, may rest in the calm of the coffin; admonished ever that the swelling waters of death are rolling near our door, and one day we, too, shall go out on the receding wave that mingles its water with the ocean of eternity.

How natural that we should be drawn to each other by chords stronger than steel, and that, even in death, our work be exemplified.

These, then, are our objects; and these things we do, and for these duties we exist. To you, who are meeting the same dangers, experiencing the same needs, feeling the same cares with us, we extend the hand of fellowship, and invite you to embrace the opportunities presented.

In union strength abides; in mutual interests, mutual wrongs and mutual rights. By the tripple bond of "Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry," is encircled that noble and perfect manhood that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen would lift before the gaze of the world,

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THE "New Line" between Jersey City and Philadelphia makes the run each morning in one hour and fifty-one minutes. Distance, 87 miles.

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ACCORDING to Mr. Wilfred Lawson (in the House of Commons), 350,000 persons were taken up for drunkenness in England Scotland last year.

### Consistency.

At least once a year it becomes the duty of our Grand Secretary and Treasurer to visit the locomotive firemen on the various lines of railways, examining books and accounts, and seeing to all business in relation to death claims, etc. All lines have heretofore given Mr. Sayre, an old railroad employe of eighteen year, transportation at all times, while upon this business. The General Superintendent of the M. K. & T. Railway, Mr. Mitchell, can "see no reason why Mr. Sayre should have free transportation over his line." We can see. Why, our Insurance Association has, beyond a doubt, saved railway companies thousands of dollars worth of litigation. In cases of accident, whether by neglect of officers or employes, has always stood ready to extend money and means to assist and defray all expenses. We desire to show up that Mr. Mitchell's sympathy is not with the employes of the road. We will publish, from time to time, all accidents on the M. K. & T. road to employes, and compare the amounts given by the Insurance Association in cases of accident to that of the company.

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### Exchanges.

The Iron Molders' Journal, the official organ of the molders of the United States, is on hand promptly each month, and is truly the representative labor journal of the day. The Trojan-Observer, of Troy, N. Y., is a welcome visitor. Also, the Coopers' Journal, edited by Thomas Henneberry; the Beacon of Progress edited by Mrs. Dr. Hoggart; the Indianapolis Times, edited by C. A. Light.

A REPORT of railway accidents in Germany for the month of April, shows that 25 trains got off the rails. The collisions were 10 in number, and resulted in the death of two railway servants and wounding of one passenger, while of the carriages there were 27 smashed and 102 slightly damaged. In accidents not caused by collisions there were 26 deaths caused by the sufferers' own carelessness, 11 being railway servants. Ten persons committed suicide by throwing themselves under trains, and 81 persons were more or less seriously injured by their own carelessness.

The Railway Age says: "Ford, the discharged engineman of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago, has succeeded in gratifying his revenge somewhat by causing some thirty engineers and firemen of the company to be arrested and fined for violating the hitherto obsolete law of Pennsylvania, passed eighty-four years ago, against Sunday labor. In consequence the company last Sunday suspended its freight trains at Pittsburg, and also the church train, not caring to pay \$30 or \$40 fine for every employe running a train on Sunday. Meantime the validity of the law will be examined by counsel."

In Germany railways are not allowed to be built with curves of less than 590 feet radius, or with grades more than 132 feet per mile. Under such restrictions many of our mountain roads, with curves as small as 190 feet radius and grades of 210 feet and upwards, would not exist. Cheap railways and the narrow gauge are practically unknown in Germany, but rules that may apply there will not answer in a new and thinly populated country like ours. Hence, by the way, abstract theories by Baron von Weber and others, based on observations in Europe, may be of very little value in America.

THE important decision of Secretary Schurz, that the lands granted to the Pacific Railroads are, three years after their completion, subject to entry and pre-emption by actual settlers at \$1.25 per acre, is slowly making its way into the public mind. The following are the figures of an estimate of the quantity of these lands: The Central Pacific, 11,722,000 acres; Union Pacific, 10,764,047; Kansas Pacific, 5,000,000; Denver Pacific, 1,100,000. Total, 28,586,947 acres.

A PRELIMINARY meeting of the delegates to the congress for the consideration of a commercial treaty between France and the United States, has been held at Paris. The draft of a treaty was submitted, and will be discussed at a future meeting. It is proposed that the French Government shall engage to admit all American productions on the same terms as are imposed on the productions of the most favored nations, and that the United States shall make the same arrangement regarding the productions of France; that if other nations impose a domestic duty upon their own productions, the same duty may be imposed upon the productions of the other party to the treaty.

THE Philadelphia Press says that letters from the men who left that city to assist in the building of the Madeira & Matamore Railroad in Brazil, picture the situation as anything but agreeable or inviting. In fact some of the representatives are gloomy, indeed, and show that the men are very much dissatisfied. Mr. Albert T. Mills, who sailed several months ago for the scene of operations, returned on board the schooner Jacob E. Ridgway. He states that in his judgment the work of build-



ing the road was started in too much of a hurry, for upon the arrival of the vessels at Brazil it was discovered that no preparations had been made to receive anybody. No arrangements had been made for the transportation of provisions, and nothing done for the payment of the men. The railroad is being built in sections, under sub-contractors, who have found it a losing undertaking. The sections are divided into 100 feet. Sometimes the work required cutting from 25 to 50 feet, and at other places fillings had to be made, and although no rock was encountered, yet the hard sand was just like iron ore, and was difficult to cut. There was also considerable expense in working the sections on account of the difficulty of supplying provisions. Mr. Mills says that the week before he left the work on about three miles of the main line had been completed, and the men generally appear to be dissatisfied. One night eleven Italians, who had been taken along to work, started from camp to walk home by way of Bolivia. In a little over a week they returned, saying they could not get through the country on account of the natives. In reference to the discomfitures of the men, Mr. Mills said that, on their arrival, they had no place to sleep, and had to build rude huts, which they hired the natives to cover with palms. While the thermometer did not reach more than 125 degrees in the sun, yet the heat was very dry and oppressive, and the men who were attacked by the breakbone fever, were so thoroughly depressed as not to be good for anything.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

“THE SCAB.”

BY M. S. M.

Who, when the morning light has come  
Finds himself mid-way his run,  
And can't make time—the “son-of-a  
gun?”

The “Scab.”

Who, when the road he's nearly learned,  
And by all good men is often spurned—  
Is discharged because his engine's  
burned?

The “Scab.”

Who, when you meet him on the street,  
Is always looking at his feet;  
Who all the boarding houses beat?

The “Scab.”

Who, when he gets his monthly pay,  
Takes it all and “skips” away,  
Who eyes the coal and thinks it's hay?

The “Scab.”

Who comes in the round-house, takes  
the “slate,”

And scratches hard his lousy pate,  
Who cannot write a “bloody hate?”

The “Scab.”

Who always was a drunken sot,  
Who lets his journals all ‘run hot,’  
Who oils around with the tallow-pot?

The “Scab.”

ALL ABOARD.

[As sung at the Railroad Branch of the  
Y. M. C. A., in Indianapolis,  
Ind. Tune. “Hold the Fort.”]

Railroad men, come take Christ with  
you,

Come and seek the Lord;  
Fear not then to meet the dangers—  
Dangers of the road.

Chorus—

All aboard, the cars are moving,  
Jesus signals still;

Come and take the train to Heaven  
“By thy grace we will.”

Ho, my comrades, see the red light  
Warning you, “beware:”

Do not rush on to destruction,  
Railroad men, take care.

Jump the train with Sin the engine,  
Satan engineer;

Don't you see the fearful chasm,  
Railroad men beware.

Our's the train, with Love for engine,  
God the engineer;

Jesus Christ our Great Conductor,  
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

Our train stops at every station,  
Now we've stopped for you;

Heaven is our destination,  
Get your ticket through.

## Correspondence.

### OUR INDIA LETTER.

#### Native Jugglers.

*[Continued from our last issue.]*

He then took the whole concern apart and showed it to us. It seemed like any other empty cocoanut, only it was not. He put it together again, tapped it with his wand, and water flowed from it as before. This finished the trick. It certainly seemed wonderful to us English visitors, and we asked each other "where the water could have come from?" but neither of us could account for it. As for our native servants, who are generally as smart as steel traps where there is any cheating going on, they seemed as mystified, and even more so, than us. They gazed with open eyes at this performance, gobbling to each other like so many parrots, in the Hindoostan language. Then he did another trick. He took two little boxes; these were common wooden ones, and were round in shape. He opened one of them and took out some curry powder. This powder is of a yellowish red color. He put some of it in his mouth; then holding his head over a bowl, he took a swallow of water, and then spit out discolored water, and at the same time blew dry curry powder out of his nostrils. This he did three times. It seemed a wonderful trick. The other little box had dry curry powder in it. He rapped the box with his wand, and the powder immediately became white like flour. He rapped the box again, and it was immediately filled with a small seed called millet. Then he rapped it

again, and the box was filled with curry powder; then he rapped it again, and the box was entirely empty. He handed it to us to examine. It was a common box, made of coarse slips of bamboo, and on holding it up to the light, you could see right through it; it seemed as though a powder would sift right through. I handed it back to him; he tapped it again, and immediately it was full of millet seed. This also seemed a wonderful performance. The juggler himself laughed at our looks of wonderment. I could hardly believe my own eyes. Then he did another trick. He blew fire out of his mouth, and his bearer or servant held a piece of ice to his mouth and it took fire. Then he took a pair of clogs, such as these natives wear out of doors, which are made of teal wood, and have a button or peg made of ebony. This peg goes between the big toe and the next, and is held on the foot in this way; the natives walk as fast with a pair of these clogs on as we do with our boots on. The clogs he used had no button on them. He put his feet on them and stood upon them; he blew his horn awhile, and then sprinkled some red powder over his feet, when he started and walked around the hall in a circle, his clogs sticking fast to his feet; then he walked on his heels, and still they held on; then he stood on one foot and swung the other about him in the air, and still the clog held on. He then tapped his feet with the wand, and then started to walk, and the clogs fell off at the first step.

He did another wonderful trick. He took a clean linen sheet which he borrowed of one of our bearers. He took four of our bearers and directed each of them to hold a corner of the

sheet, and to stretch it as hard as they could, so it would be perfectly level. When they did this he took his horn and blew on it, and his bearers played the tum-tum and both walked around the sheet in a circle. After awhile they stopped by one side of the sheet, and then then the juggler waved his arms over it, and almost immediately the middle of the sheet hung down, as if full of something heavy. Then the juggler put a large basket along side the sheet, and then he took a bamboo measure, which, I should judge, held a quart. This he dipped into the sheet and took it out filled even full of rice. He filled the basket with it. Taking another basket, he filled this one with paddy, or rice in the husk, just as it grows. This we examined, and found it the pure article. He then took this basket of paddy and put it back in the sheet, and lo and behold! it all disappeared and the sheet was empty. He did the same thing with the basket of rice, and that disappeared also. Then he dismissed the bearers; the trick was over, and he folded up the sheet and put it on the table. I then looked in my coat pocket to see if the grain I had filled it with was there, and it was all right. I must say I hardly expected to find it there, as rice and grain seemed so lively and had such a trick of disappearing that morning; but there it was, and it was honest looking grain also.

Let me explain here what a tum-tum is. It is a small drum, with a band fastened on either end of it, and this is put over the tum-tum wallah's or drummer's neck, and brings the tum-tum about even with his waist. He beats on the head of it with his hands, instead of drum-

sticks. These tum-tums are often profusely ornamented with gilt, tinsel, and gayly colored cards. The next trick he did was this: He took a round basket made of bamboo, which had a cover, and was quite a large basket. He showed it to us. It was an ordinary affair, coarse and roughly made, such as can be purchased for a few pice in any of the native bazars. One could see through it, or poke their fingers through any part of it. It stood about six inches high from the floor. The juggler took this coarse basket and put on the cover, which was about an inch deep. He covered it over with his cloth. Then he blew on his horn and the bearer beat on the tum-tum. In a minute or two he took off the cloth, opened the basket, and out hopped a large white ring-dove. Then he gave the basket a shake, and out flew two more; another shake, and out flew two more; then another shake, and some rice shook out for the doves to eat. They were very pretty and tame, and one of them hopped up on my knee, and then on my shoulder, and cuddled his head on my neck, and was as loving as could be.

T. S. ABBOTT.

(To be Continued.)

## A NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

BOSTON, MASS., August 6, 1878.

Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:

France is now all aglow in the pomp and bustle of the Exhibition, and the eulogistic praises with which newspaper and magazine letter-writers speak of the American exhibit, naturally enough puffs up our national conceit. Our unthinking self-love likes this sort of thing. So at every recurrence of a World's

Fair, no matter where, our national pride prompts a willing Congress to make large appropriations in investments which bring such returns.

This year \$400,000 is added to the national tax to keep up this humbug, although we had not hardly paid up our bills attendant on our Centennial show, and the millions thus expended had availed us practically nothing. The great impetus it was to give to business did not follow, as predicted. If anything, business depression is more marked now than in '76. As to our own exhibition, we do not find reason to quarrel with the expenditure. Occasionally we believe in bringing together the manufactures of the world, and developing the friendly intercourse of nations by affording opportunities for the representatives of the world's trades to meet and consult each other. But every nation must have its fair, and even now Italy is getting out her prospectus for '81, so we may expect Turkey—now restored through Jewish dispensation to the map of Europe—to announce a Grand World's Jubilee, and so on through every little principality of the continents, until every year or two appropriation after appropriation is voted by Congress for the expenses of a World's Fair. It is the frequency of the thing, and not the thing itself, which makes the evil.

The present exhibit of American manufactures is costing us a large amount of money, and what will it, or what does it all amount to. We can expect those who have the handling of the appropriations—commissioners, clerks, general managers, &c.,—to see a great gain to the material prosperity of the country. But can the small farmer, striving to keep his farm from the clutches of

the greedy banks, look at it with the same eyes? Can the mechanic, forced into idleness through the pernicious legislation of the Government, trying his best to keep the tax-collector from closing in on his homestead, see any sign of relief for him in appropriation? Those men of moderate means, out of whose pockets must come these hundreds of thousands of dollars in additional taxes, who find it impossible to live above board, because of just such burdens, are the men who are asking "what good?" And well they might, for it is these very men who are the artisans of those "splendid exhibits," and yet are at the street corners asking to be employed, or on the other hand, are producing duplicates of these "exhibits" at starvation wages.

What, then, is the object of showing these things, unless the producers of them are benefitted thereby? But business will be better, says one, and so the mechanics will find employment. May we ask, Did this result follow our great Exposition? Even if business is better, do we want to go on manufacturing these things at the same ratio of wages? We not only show what we can do, at these fairs, but how cheaply we can do, and America can not afford to exhibit cheap labor.

How much greater would be our admiration, and how much might our national pride be lifted, if our Government had devoted that four hundred thousand dollars to internal improvements, expended in day labor to the laborer, that he might be kept employed, putting aside all contractors and sub-contractors. That would have been an exhibition to take some stock in, as it would have helped some poor men to live and pay their bills for a season.

But if we are to expend the public's money to exhibit American products, it ought to be our aim to make a faithful exhibit. We ought not to keep back anything. Let us then show the inside workings of our governmental policy. Scour the land, and pick out a troop of honest mechanics, representing the average hard-working citizen, and along with this troop take the laws that have been enacted to burden and rob them. Along with this, take another troop, the bond-holding Shylocks, the thieving (not defaulting), the lying (not mistaken) bank presidents, treasurers and cashiers, Government officials and big railroad thieves, and the laws making them so and helping them to be so,—and then exhibit these two troops side by side and announce to the world "a representation of the civilization, morality, honesty and statesmanship of a free Government."

We might send along "Lo, the poor Indian," and in the same cage the "honest" Government agent that "Lo" lies about and scandalizes, when he says he gets sand for sugar, musty flour and maggotty bacon for rations, and so explain the necessity of extinction of the native race. Dennis Kearney and the "Heathen Chinese" might go yoked together, to show what a bad man Kearney is, to say "the Chinese must go out, because if they don't, all white men must."

Last, just to fill up some vacant space in the American Department, we might pick up a few railroad strikers, with their sleek and well-fed families, and make a kind of chain-gang of them, with Tom Scott and Vanderbilt and *their* poor, beggared families, to show the world the magnanimity, generosity and

self-sacrificing souls of our railroad potentates.

We may not exhibit these things at our "whitewashings," but after all the world sees them, and while the products of the skill of American mechanics are praised by foreigners, they, through the public prints, see also the rottenness and injustice of our society and Government. They see honesty submerged in poverty, but dishonesty riding the high horse of power and wealth. They see a country of sharpers, of blood-thirsty Shylocks, willing to lose their three thousand ducats for the pound of flesh they may cut from the breasts of the poor.

We have a national exhibit of crime and criminals in high life, unequalled.

MARSHALL.

### SHALL WE CONSOLIDATE?

CHICAGO, ILL., August 6, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

I want to say a few words on consolidation. I have been rather silent on the subject so far, for a reason that it is not necessary to explain, but I must say one thing for the benefit of all Subordinate Lodges of the B. of L. F., and I want to say it before the time of the coming Convention.

In the July number of the *MAGAZINE* is a letter from Columbus, signed by "A. R. Nold." His article sounds very well, and no doubt his intentions are very good, and meant for the benefit of the Brotherhood, but in one part of his article he alludes to the I. F. U., as something we don't know anything about, and that "consolidation is not desired, because there is no idea

of what and whom we are to consolidate with."

Now I think we all know that consolidation can only be effected by a meeting of representatives of both orders, either by means of a joint committee or in a general convention, and there is where it will be found out what the I. F. U. is. And when terms of consolidation are satisfactorily arranged, there will be no distinction between Brotherhood and Union. Now, I have met members of the Union often, and for the benefit of all, I must say that there are as fine a set of young men belonging to the two Unions in Chicago as will be found representing any organization in any city, and I shall be happy when the day comes that I can take them by the hand and call them Brothers.

We—Union and Brotherhood—are on the best of terms in Chicago, and both are anxious for consolidation, and I regret exceedingly that it could not be arranged so that both Conventions could have come off at the same time and place.

I was informed at an open meeting held Sunday, August 4th, that the officers and members of the I. F. U. had made arrangements for changing the time and place, but that the Brotherhood had not. We did all in our power to effect this, and sent communications to all Grand Lodge Deputies, requesting them to correspond with all sub-lodges on the subject, but we only heard from a few.

At the open meeting yesterday, it was decided that the only thing that could be done was to have their consolidation committee meet our Convention at Buffalo, and probably something could be done to bring about the desired end.

In conclusion, I will only say that

I wish all members of the B. of L. F. were as well acquainted with the members of the I. F. U. as we are in Chicago.

R. V. DODGE.

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### FROM WORCESTER

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WORCESTER, MASS., August 1, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

You will excuse me for not writing you sooner. In fact we are about tired out when our day's work is finished. Our Lodge, I believe, is one of the best, and I am proud to say we are indeed Brothers, and live up to our motto—"Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." Benevolence has been practiced by our little band to its full extent. We have recorded many kind acts never known to us previous to organizing a Lodge. One of our worthy Brothers lost his wife, leaving him with two little children to look after. We found there an opportunity to practice benevolence, which we accordingly did.

Again, I must say that sobriety is one of our first lessons to an apprentice, and we have not had a single charge to make against any member of our Lodge. The MAGAZINE advocates temperance, and I am glad to see it, and always welcome its arrival here. Our Lodge room is one of the finest in the New England States; the meetings are made pleasant and cheerful by smiling faces, and the decorations upon the walls give it an appearance of welcome to all.

Hoping that other Lodges are in as flourishing a condition, I am

Yours in B. S. and I.,  
G. C. H.

## FROM MOBERLY, MO.

MOBERLY, Mo., August 25, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Having noticed little items in our MAGAZINE from different Lodges, I thought I would say a word or two for No. 54. We have not got any poets or good writers among us here, as has some other Lodges. If we had, we would only be too glad to contribute every month; but I will tell you what we have got, and see if some sister Lodge can beat it. We have a Brother here, and a good member, who weighs 96 pounds; stands 4 feet 8½ inches in height, and fires one of the largest engines on the road. Again we have another Brother here who weighs 221½ pounds, stands 6 feet 2 inches in height, and fires one of our smallest engines, on what we call a rough run. So far, 54 can boast of the lightest and heaviest firemen in the country. If any Lodge can beat this, let them make it known through the MAGAZINE.

We also have some very good lady firemen here. On last Saturday a couple of ladies of this city (we will not give names) went to our round-house and got up on a freight engine and scoured and polished the engine, finding all material in the line of waste, emery, tripoli, lamp-black, etc. Also filling the oil cans and headlight. In fact they did a good job all around, and were only two hours and twenty minutes doing it, the engine having brass cylinders and chest, five bands, bell, and the hand-railing. How is that for the Western ladies?

Business is hardly good enough here to keep our members out of mischief, though better times are

expected, which it is to be hoped are not far distant. We would like to hear of a similar contrast in weight, and of more female scourers, if such there are.

Yours in B. S. and I.,  
TALLOW POT.

## FROM DENVER.

DENVER CITY, COL., August 21, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Not noticing in the MAGAZINE as many "Queries" and "Answers to Queries" as used to appear, I think it would be well for some of our Brothers to wake up and pay a little more attention to instructing each other on new points and discoveries that daily come under our observations. By this means we can greatly enlighten each other, as none are so far advanced but that they have capacity for a little more learning. If a Brother studies upon a question that is perplexing him, let him spread it before his Brothers, through the columns of the MAGAZINE, which are open at all times for this purpose, and he will, by asking, get the desired information. To be expert engineers we must be perfectly familiar with all the workings of the locomotive, and know just how to doctor their ills. Simply shoveling coal and scouring brass, with no higher ambition, will not bring forth a brilliant future. Look at the very best Master Mechanics of the day, and you will find that nine-tenths of them acquired their position by hard study, regular habits, and attention to business. Of course we can not all be Master Mechanics, but we can so instruct and prepare ourselves that we will be looked at as a master of our profession, and

such men are always in demand. They are appreciated by the officers of the road, and generally get the best runs. Brother Dodge, of Chicago, took quite an active interest in these "Queries," and we hope to hear from him again. Had we a "Dodge" of this kind in every Lodge, doubtless we would converse more with each other on matters of acquiring knowledge as to the running of the locomotive.

Our Lodge is prospering, and the *MAGAZINE* is welcomed every month. It is gradually gaining new subscribers, but there are a few who are still backward.

Fraternally, "HOSTLER."

### THE MORTGAGE.

BY LIZZIE HULL.

Ten years—and the hair on my temples  
Is turning and mixing with gray,  
And my face has grown aged and care-  
worn,

Its lines deepen day by day;  
My comrades are want and privation,  
They've clung to me close for years,  
And I've borne them with unflinching  
patience,  
Tho' laden with trouble and fears.

This eve, while the sun has been dip-  
ping

His rays down the fair, rosy west,  
I've been o'er the farm I once planted,  
With hope of serene age and rest;  
But to-morrow a white-covered wagon,  
On its long westward journey will  
start,  
And Mary will smile, tho' she's hiding  
A weary and desolate heart.

I've walked the last time through the  
orchard;

This autumn its first fruit will yield;  
The vineyard is laden with clusters,  
And yellow with corn is each field.  
When full of youth's hope and ambi-  
tion,

My wife and I left dear old Maine,  
With only the blood-boughten pittance  
I'd saved from a "private's" poor  
gain.

But Mary was happy and cheerful,  
And strong with vigorous health;  
With eighty good acres of prairie,  
We seemed on a short road to wealth.  
So first, for a home and a shelter,  
A poor little shanty was built;  
How poor, but one room, and unplas-  
tered,  
So meagre its poverty felt.

Then stables, and horses, and cattle,  
And harrows, and wagons, and seed,  
And hundreds etceteras unthought of,  
That ever a pioneer needs.  
And everything came at the highest,  
And called on my small stock of cash,  
Till I found, ere I'd half done with buy-  
ing,  
My dollars had gone like a flash.

For five dreary, desolate winters,  
With summers of labor between,  
We suffered, yet thankful if autumn  
Rewarded with measures of grain.  
And there, in that kitchen and parlor  
And chamber combined, one bright  
morn—  
With poverty everywhere 'round them,  
Our little twin children were born.

And later our Mabel, our idol,  
Came to us, yet soon fled away;  
And we felt there were griefs that are  
greater  
Than want—that sad burial day.  
But I built to the house an "addition,"  
And made things all cozy and warm;  
And bought forty acres of "timber,"  
And for it we mortgaged the farm.

Then "hard times" grew harder, and  
ever  
Misfortune has followed alway,  
With failure on failure of harvests  
That no mortal foresight could stay.  
The mortgage is closed, and our home-  
stead

Is gone for its half, and is sold;  
No help—for it's law, so it's justice—  
And avarice clutches his gold.

So out—heaven help us—we wander;  
Our youth and our labors are lost;  
Ah, little we dreamed when we signed it  
The anguish that mortgage would cost.  
Out over the prairie to-morrow  
A white covered wagon will roam,  
And eyes that are misty and blinded  
Shall take a last look at "the home."



# LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S Monthly Magazine.

DAYTON, O., SEPTEMBER, 1878.

## Four Grand Prizes.

To the four MAGAZINE Agents who will furnish the largest subscription list of Volume 2, of our MAGAZINE, will be given the following prizes:

*First.*—To the highest, a handsome silver watch, American works.

*Second.*—To the next highest, a fine sixteen-karrat gold chain.

*Third.*—To the third highest, a fine gold pin, with monogram of the Order and name of agent.

*Fourth.*—To the fourth highest, choice of a large family Bible, or a handsomely bound volume of the MAGAZINE.

## To Union Firemen.

OFFICE GRAND LODGE,  
BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE  
FIREMEN, December, 1877. }

*To all Subordinate Lodges, International Union of Locomotive Firemen:*

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—In view of a stronger bond of union, we do herewith offer to each Lodge of your Order, now in working order, a complete set of works and charter of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen *gratuitously*, to become of our Order. We will also institute and put all Lodges in thorough working order. Would be pleased to open communications on the subject with any of your officers; also will furnish copies of our monthly MAGAZINE *gratuitously* on receipt of address.

Fraternally yours,

W. N. SAYRE,  
Grand Secretary.

THERE are some bills standing out due the Grand Lodge Printer, Mr. J. W. Johnson, of Dayton, O. Subordinate Lodges would do well to consider the necessity of immediately paying the same.

Mr. Bennett, publisher of the MAGAZINE, has \$250 due him from some few agents on last year's subscriptions, which should be paid at once, thereby saving trouble, as Mr. Bennett can collect by presenting bill for the same to the companies in whose employ they are.

## To Delegates.

Lodges Nos. 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, 26, 28, 36, 39, 40, 43, 46, 47, 52, 54, 55, 56, 61, 63, 64, 70, 77, 80, 82, and 83, will have their credentials honored over the following lines: J. M. & I., Bee Line, A. & G. W., and I. B. & W. They will leave Indianapolis at 6 P. M., the 8th inst., and Galion at 4 A. M., 9th inst. I have one pass from Jamestown, N. Y., to Buffalo, over the B. & S. W. All will be prompt in leaving Indianapolis on time. Lodges from the North, Nos. 47, 61, 39, 82 and 83, will come over the C. & A. to Bloomington, Ill., and then over the I. B. & W. Lodges from the South will use Vandalia passes to Indianapolis.

W. T. Goundie will furnish Nos. 60, 72, 73, 75, 48, 37, 38 and 57 passes from Philadelphia to Buffalo.

Remember the time, and be on hand promptly. The Convention opens at 10 A. M., Tuesday, September 10th.

W. N. SAYRE,  
Grand Secretary.

**To the Members of the B. of L. F.**

I have done all in my power to assist in the matter of consolidation between the two societies of firemen. I informed Wm. Maroney, the Vice Grand Master of the I. F. U., that we would meet in Buffalo, N. Y., the second week in September, and suggested, for various reasons, that it would be cheaper for us to come together at that point, as there was but week's difference. Mr. Maroney agreed with me, and I have now our transportation circulars, hall, hotel, and annual and quarterly reports in readiness—taking for granted that it would suit, as the open meetings in Chicago suggested no change of time. Mr. Hoppman, the President of the Union, now wishes the Conventions to meet after the 20th of October, as he can not attend before that time. Now, it is a question if our own grand head will be present with us, yet we will not postpone the Convention, as thousands are interested to accommodate one man. We can only consolidate by coming together as one body, and as "A. R. Nold" said in No. 8, "We will then know what we are to do."

"R. V." misunderstands "A. R. N." The latter's idea is that both bodies must come together to perfect a question which involves such big expense, and not leave it to six men. There has been plenty of time to have made proper arrangements, and I for one, most heartily wish that a proper understanding may exist and consolidation fixed on, but to do it without hearing the outpourings of each Lodge's whys and wherefores, through their representatives, would be simply enacting the same scenes which caused the American Revolution. I am also told by

friend Hoppman that if the B. of L. F. don't postpone to the time he has set, that consolidation will fail; and it will all rest on me. God forbid. We have made every known and honorable inducement, printed and wrote five circulars on the question, have given space in the MAGAZINE for any one to write on the question, and now because friend Hoppman can not be there until after October 17th, the whole thing must fizzle out, or the Union will be left out because one man can not be on hand. This don't look just fair to me, especially after the big expense attached to the grand and sub-treasuries.

If the members of the B. of L. F. desire to put off the Convention until after October 17th, when the engineers meet, I am merely to be instructed, and I obey. I have not been ordered to make any changes in time by any committees or Lodges, or I would have taken as much interest in so doing as I have in accumulating the answers to circulars from our Lodges, numbering a file of 268 letters. I am in hopes that the Lodges of the Union will meet with us, and I for one will assure them, for the B. of L. F., that justice will be done.

WM. N. SAYRE.

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**Thanks.**  
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Our thanks are hereby tendered to Geo. Noble, General Superintendent of the Texas & Pacific Railway; also to A. W. Soper, General Superintendent of the St. Louis Iron Mountain & Southern, for favors during the month of August, the same having been obtained through our worthy Brother, M. W. Campbell, of No. 45.

**A Card.**

MIDLAND, CITY, July 27, 1878.

Allow me, through the columns of our MAGAZINE, to thank Brothers McGarrahan, Hunt and Gainey, of Lodge No. 13, for favors and kindness shown me while in their city.

F. B. CAYWOOD,  
Lodge No. 23, B. of L. F.

GEORGE HIRSHMAN, of Lodge No. 34, has taken away from Warren-town, Missouri, one of that city's fairest daughters—by name, Miss Mary Sullivan. We feel slighted that Brother George did not give us an invitation. We wish you much joy, and will remember you Christmas.

At Moberly, Mo., Brother Sayre met many of the Brothers of 54—all happy and contented. Brother Root, formerly of No. 5, was looking well. If you want to know what became of the little pig, ask Brother Mummet.

**A Good Showing.**

Brother Sayre has just returned from a tour of inspection of some of some of the Western Lodges, and reports from North Platte, Neb., that the Brothers in No. 28 are doing finely—in fact more than extraordinary. In July, 1875, Elkhorn Lodge, No. 28, was instituted by Brother Sayre, with just a full charter membership. To-day we find nine out of ten of all the firemen running into North Platte members of the B. of L. F., and the results are astonishing. Brother Sayre reports the promotion of Brothers J. J. Sullivan, Chas. Ells, Benj. Holten, J. E. Phillips, E. R. Fondy and John Campbell to the position of engineers, and Brothers O. R. Goodale

A. R. Bonner and G. Granaman as engine dispatchers; also, Brother C. G. Hall, as station engineer. We certainly can not find a parallel case where the proper inculcations of good has produced such fine and commendable results.

Brother Sayre wishes to return his sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Goodale and Mr. and Mrs. Ells and family, for courtesies and kind favors shown. We would be negligent were we to neglect mentioning Brothers Stuart, Harding and others for similar courtesies.

It has been the subject of considerable comment among the Brothers of Lodge No. 46, recently, as to the cause of the extra pleasant manner in which Brother Pat. Allen has conducted himself. But the cause soon came to light, and as it was being discussed in the round-house (as such important matters usually are), in came Pat., who had to own up that he had got tired of single blessedness and had taken unto himself a partner for life. Pat. is a good "B" man, and we wish his "hive" may swarm with little "B." All the Brothers of 46 wish them a pleasant and happy life.

BROTHER WM. A. HERRAL, of No. 14, was united in marriage to Mary A. Bryans, of Lockland, Ohio, on the evening of August 14th, at the residence of the bride's parents. Brother Herral has many friends on the C. H. & I. road, on which he has been a fireman for the last three years. Success to you, is the wish of your Brothers, and we hope your new home will be made pleasant by prosperity.

### Lodge Notes.

—Brother Charles Hope, of No. 72, is requested to communicate with his Lodge immediately.

—Brothers Kink and Walker, of No. 13, are wanted by the Recording Secretary of that Lodge. Please let him know your whereabouts and save trouble.

—James Shannon, of No. 51, will please correspond with his Lodge immediately.

—Brother Carmany, of No. 23, has lost his position as fireman on the L. & N. road by being promoted to the position of engineer. He merits the position, and is much respected by his officers and brother laborers. Watch your sand-box, William, and don't let her lay down with you.

—We should like to hear from Brother Debbs, of No. 16, occasionally through the MAGAZINE; also Brother Ebbage. We have about begun to think you had forsaken our columns.

—Could not Brother Cutler, of No. 25, favor our readers with a little Providence "spice?" The Brothers of the West, North and South like to hear what the Eastern Brothers are doing, and how they are prospering.

—Agents should not hesitate to send in all money due for the MAGAZINE to Brother Sayre immediately, as he must prepare his report for inspection by the coming Convention. We hope that no excuse will be offered, but that each Agent step boldly to the front, and start out after the Convention for an addition to your lists.

—Brother Frank Clark, of Detroit, Mich., reports his Lodge and the Brothers thereof in a state of prosperity.

—The St. Louis Brothers know just how to receive and care for a traveling Brother. Glad to hear it, Brothers, as it is a duty every Lodge should fulfill. We are organized to assist each other, especially when misfortune overtakes us, and such kindness is never forgotten by those on whom it is bestowed.

THE day fixed for holding our Convention for the selection of new officers and the transaction of business usual on these occasions, has almost arrived. When the meeting is called to order in Buffalo, on the 10th, we hope to see every Lodge represented. It should be remembered at the same time that each Lodge should instruct their delegate in matters they wish presented to the Grand Lodge. Each delegate should go not to act and vote for questions which best suit himself, but he must act as he thinks will best serve the Lodge he represents. Many delegates to conventions go, as they say, "for the fun of the thing," but such representatives do the body they represent more harm than good. Let every man go there prepared for business, and when a question is put see that he thoroughly understands what he is voting for. No delegate should be influenced by another—let each one vote as will best suit those he represents. If this policy is carried out, each delegate can go back home satisfied that he has done his duty, and his Lodge will feel as though they were represented and their interests looked to.

[For the B. of L. F. Magazine.]

## WE HAVE PARTED.

BY F. C., OF NO. 29.

[Respectfully Dedicated to J. S. Beach.]

Oh, Joe, we have parted, my happy  
dream is o'er;

You left me broken hearted, to meet per-  
chance no more.

The world is not so bright, Joe, as once  
it seemed to me,

'Tis shrouded now in night, Joe, yet I'll  
remember thee;

And yet your voice seems sweeter, your  
note is still as glad;

Oh! Joe, we have parted, and now my  
heart is sad.

I never can forget thee, though years  
may pass away,

The time when first I met thee, a lovely  
summer day,

The vows that once were spoken upon  
that summer's eve—

Shall they remain unbroken—can my  
poor heart believe?

But you say that we have parted, and  
my every thought is vain;

Oh! Joe, we have parted, and ne'er shall  
meet again.

The hopes that I would cherish, I'll  
banish from my heart;

I'll let each fond dream perish, since we  
forever part;

The hours once filled with gladness, are  
fraught with sorrow now;

My heart is sick with sadness, 'tis  
marked upon my brow;

I left thee in thy beauty, and yet 'twas  
with great pain—

Oh! Joe, we have parted, and ne'er shall  
meet again.

Oh! Joe, we have parted, and I again  
must find

Another more true-hearted, one gentle  
and more kind;

And when afar I ride, Joe, across the  
trackless sea,

Far from my native home, Joe, I will  
will remember thee,

And each fond thought will linger  
around my weary heart;

Oh! Joe, I have loved thee—'tis sad we  
had to part.

## LOW, FLAT LAND.

BY JONES.

There wuz a man, and his name was  
Brown,

And he lived about a mile and a half  
from town;

And this here feller he was awfully  
down

In the mouth, for his crap wuz liken  
for to drown,

Becuz his 80 wuz low, flat land.

His very midriff hit aaked and pained

As he notised how the weather rained  
and rained;

And his dratt d 80 couldn't be drained,

And his corn wuz yellor and the weeds  
they gained,

And the tadpoles threatened for to take  
that land.

The weather buro hit was all in a muss;  
And instid of gittin better, the weather  
got wus;

And Brown 'lowed he wouldn't raise  
nuthin but pus-

Ley, and he didn't do nuthin but cuss

And mope round the edge of the low,  
flat land.

But Missis Brown, she usen for to smile,  
And she sed she thought it wan't wuth  
while

For a human to let their temper smile,  
When Providence wanted to moisten  
the sile,

And drip a little water on that low, flat  
land.

And so, while Brown, he poked and  
slumped,

His wife she wan't a partikle stump;

And into the weeds that woman she  
jumped

And all summer long she fairly humped  
Herself to make a crap on that low, flat  
land.

And when the corn-gatherin time came  
round,  
Instead of crap all gettin drowned,  
Thar wuz 60 to the aker on that low,  
flat ground;  
And Brown sed he reckoned as how he  
found  
Hit wuz more in the woman than it  
wuz in the land.

### Resolutions.

WORCESTER, MASS., July 28, 1878.

At a regular meeting of Bay State Lodge, No. 73, B. of L. F., a very fine motto, with the encouraging words—

**"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE,"**

Was presented to us by our worthy Brother, Walter Cobleigh, from his sister, with her best wishes for our success in our work; be it therefore

*"Resolved,* That we extend our hearty thanks to Miss Cobleigh for her gift, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her, and the same be published in the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE.

**"GEORGE A. HEWITT,**

**"THOS. E. KELTON,**

**"JAMES W. MEAD,**

**"Committee."**

No. 73 has many such presents, its members taking a pride in beautifying their Lodge room, and the meetings are well attended. A pleasanter hall we have not seen anywhere in the country.

MOBERLY, Mo., July 31, 1878.

At a regular meeting of this Lodge at their hall on Reed street, after the regular order of business was disposed of, the members were agreeably surprised by being made the recipients of a very beautiful and neatly-worked motto, with frame, containing the words—

**"LOVE ONE ANOTHER,"**

Presented by an estimable young

lady of Moberly, Miss Katie Kelley, sister of Brother Mike Kelley; therefore we tender the following resolutions:

*"Resolved,* That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be returned to Miss Kelley, considering that the words are very appropriate, and hope we may all keep them in our minds and try to follow the same.

*"Resolved,* That we shall ever remember Miss Katie Kelley, for the kindness and esteem she bestowed upon us, and hope that such tokens of regard may encourage us to make friends, and cherish those that are friends to us.

*"Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Miss Kelley, and also be forwarded to the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE for publication.

**"JOHN MUMMET,**

**"GEORGE STACEY,**

**"JNO. H. SWINDLER,**

**"Committee."**

### Important Notice.

Brother Wm. N. Sayre, our Grand Secretary and Treasurer, having been laid up with a serious attack of muscular rheumatism from July 3d to August 22d, has consequently been delayed in many business transactions, and will be compelled to employ two extra office hands to push business through by September 6th, this being his busy season. Lodges will fulfill the requirements of each demand, as made by circular, at the earliest possible moment, thus assisting Brother Sayre, who is laboring under difficulties most painful.

**F. B. ALLEY,**  
Grand Master.

### Withdrawals.

From Topeka Lodge, No. 56, to join St. Joseph Lodge, No. 43—Ed. Langston.

From Topeka Lodge, No. 47, to join No. 77—George H. Scott.

## Grand Lodge Officers.

F. B. ALLEY.....	Grand Master,
286 Wenzel street, Louisville, Ky.	
W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Vice Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
JOHN SAVAGE.....	Grand Warden,
Boston, Mass.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
C. G. SWAN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Suspension Bridge, N. Y.	
WM. COWLES.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Camden, N. J.	
E. V. DEBS.....	Grand Marshal,
Terre Haute, Ind.	
MARION BARNHILL.....	Grand Chaplain,
Indianapolis, Ind.	

## Grievance Committee.

F. B. ALLEY, Chairman.....	Louisville, Ky.
W. T. GOUNDIE, Assistant Ch.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. N. SAYRE, Secretary.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
W. W. SMITH.....	Belleville, Ont.
O. W. CUTLER.....	Providence, R. I.
J. B. SWARTZ.....	Scranton, Pa.
A. JENKINSON.....	Galion, O.
D. O. SHANK.....	Albany, N. Y.
F. SNYDER.....	Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. W. PHILLIPSON.....	Marshall, Texas
S. F. BROWNE.....	Austin, Minn.
JOHN MIZE.....	Denver, Col.
JAMES MCNEAL.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. ACHEY.....	Nashville, Tenn.
GEO. MCGARRAHAN.....	East St. Louis, Ill.

## Grand Lodge Deputies.

F. CLARK.....	Jurisdiction No. 1,
	Detroit, Mich.
S. M. STEVENS.....	Jurisdiction No. 2,
	Lowell, Mass.
E. STURGES.....	Jurisdiction No. 3,
	Hoboken, N. J.
R. V. DODGE.....	Jurisdiction No. 5,
	Chicago, Ill.
J. R. GOHEEN.....	Jurisdiction No. 6,
	Topeka, Kansas.
WM. COYNE.....	Jurisdiction No. 7,
	Little Rock Arkansas.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jervis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.  
I. B. Fisher (Box 724).....Master  
Ed Salley.....Rec. Sec'y  
N. C. Marshall.....Magazine Agent

2. ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.  
C. Hobart.....Master  
H. W. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
John Broderick.....Magazine Agent
4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
W. H. Maxwell.....Master  
Geo. F. Dunbar (box 286).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. F. Williamson.....Magazine Agent
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 p. m.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
C. Bennett.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
7. SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa., meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.  
Geo. H. Carpenter.....Master  
Thos. Roach (Lockbox 37).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. D. Schooley.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
Thomas Ackley.....Master  
Frank Schooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.  
F. J. Kistler (14 West Fulton st.).....Master  
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. block.)  
Chas. Collier (Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, Ohio. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m., Miller's Hall, cor. Auburn st. and Scranton ave.  
Josh L. Clark, (8 Freeman st.).....Master  
D. T. Henderson (46 John st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
P. J. Culliton.....Magazine Agent  
(148 Rear Columbus st.)
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
L. D. Salisbury.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30; hall, 253 Michigan st.  
James Shufelt.....Master  
J. C. Bradley (470 Swan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent  
(527 South Division st., Buffalo.)
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. in brick bank hall.  
J. Hunt.....Master  
Geo. McGarrahan.....Rec. Sec'y  
Fred. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at No. 62½ East Washington street.  
C. A. Hawley (110 Span ave.).....Master  
C. P. Bond (456 E. Michigan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. P. Bond.....Magazine Agent  
(456 E. Michigan st.)

15. PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. meets 2d and 4th Sundays; hall, Chateau avenue, near Summit Avenue.  
J. J. Smith.....Master  
J. F. Clough (3612 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind., meets every Fridays at 7:30 p. m., cor. Main & 7th sts. James Smith (Postoffice box 1074).....Master  
E. V. Debbs (Box 1074).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Ebbage (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
18. FRIENDSHIP, at Fort Wayne, Ind. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.  
J. R. Anderson.....Master  
F. Snyder, 138 Force st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Ferd. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
19. HOPE, at Alliance, Ohio. meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
L. M. Holloway.....master  
J. Martin (Crestline, Ohio).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. S. McKee, Crestline, O. Magazine Agent
20. WESTERN STAR, at Galesburg, Ill. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
O. D. Pratt.....Master  
John McGee.....Rec. Sec'y
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. meets every Tuesday at 7:30 p. m., in Engineers' Hall.  
James Bucke.....Master  
H. Miller (cor. Ellwood & 2d st) Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
F. C. Beatty.....Master  
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Rec. Sec'y  
Isaac Littler (Box 598).....Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
J. H. Smith (252 Zane street).....Master  
F. B. Caywood (593 W. Chestnut) Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Smith.....Magazine Agent  
[252 Zane street.]
25. PROVIDENCE, at Providence, R. I. meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Saturday evenings in each month in E. of L. E. Hall.  
Geo. H. Bragg.....Master  
C. S. Newton.....Rec. Sec'y  
(14 Chestnut st., Hartford, Conn.)  
O. W. Cutler.....Magazine Agent  
(Ashland, Mass.)
26. J. W. THOMAS, at Nashville, Tennessee. meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at Knights of Honor Hall, W. Nashville.  
Geo. D. Smith (317 Church st.).....Master  
Will Achey.....Rec. Sec'y  
(cor. W. Gay and Hines sts.)  
Will Achey.....Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
F. A. Davis.....Master  
A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month  
W. J. Stuart.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. CHAMPION, at Detroit, Mich.  
John Munroe (239 Larned st).....Master  
Frank Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Magazine Agent
30. HARMONY, at Susquehanna, Dep.  
James Cass.....Master  
Frank Choate (Box 249).....Rec. Sec'y
31. FORT CLARK, at Peoria, Ill.  
A. F. Eaton.....Master  
D. B. Wright.....Rec. Sec'y
32. AMERICUS, at Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Charles Jewell, 82 Center st.....Master  
George H. Scott.....Rec. Sec'y
33. CECIL FLEMING, at Jackson, Tenn.  
J. Jones.....Master  
R. T. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Jones.....Magazine Agent
34. ORCHARD CITY, at Burlington, Iowa.  
Win. James.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
35. WASHINGTON, at Lafayette, N. J., meets 2d Monday and last Saturday evenings of each month at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
Horace Allen.....Master  
A. Zindle.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 Pine st., Jersey City, N. J.)  
J. Conklin.....Magazine Agent  
(183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. TIPPECANOE, at Lafayette, Ind. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, corner Sixth and Main sts., Curtis' Block.  
H. C. Ward.....Master  
P. Ronan (182 N. 6th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer (91 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
37. MOUNTAIN CITY, at Altoona, Pa. meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.  
John Gardner.....Master  
J. Miles Stonebraker, Box 343.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. McMurray, Box 343.....Magazine Agent
38. KEY STONE, at Pitsburgh, Pa. meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Beaver avenue.  
Gust Sold.....Master  
Thos. Vanvoy.....Rec. Sec'y  
(148 Bidwell st., Allegheny, Pa.)  
Burt E. Gove.....Magazine Agent  
(134 Juniata st., Allegheny, Pa.)
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. meets 2d and 4th Sundays.  
H. M. Baker.....Master  
Wm. Chambers.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Anderson (Box 56).....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. meets every Thursday night.  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss (1206 N. Lee st.).....Master  
T. O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y  
(910 W. Chestnut st.)  
C. M. Stone.....Magazine Agent  
(Corner Catherine and Locust sts.)
41. FOX RIVER, at Aurora, Ill. meets every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.  
C. Riddle.....Master  
C. E. Powell.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. L. Cummings.....Magazine Agent
42. MISSOURI VALLEY, at Sedalia, Mo. meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th Wednesday.  
R. C. Yopst.....Master  
C. Schernowkie.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. D. Palmer.....Magazine Agent



43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo., meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at Eng's Hall.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
DeWitt Pearce.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Fitzpatrick.....Magazine Agent
44. ....
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Man and Markham streets.  
Wm. Coyne.....Master  
M. W. Crimble (Lock Box 648).....Rec. Sec'y  
M. W. Campbell.....Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. meets every alternate Sunday at Eng. Hall.  
John Walsh (532 North Fifth st.).....Master  
G. D. Partington (Box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Henry.....Magazine Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
P. D. Furlong (692 State st.).....Master  
W. Woodin (544 S. Canal st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
John Glover.....Magazine Agent  
(661 State st.)
48. AMICITI, at Harrisburg, Pa. meets every Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, corner 3d and Broad streets.  
R. T. Shepherd (5th, near Riley).....Master  
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y  
937 Pennsylvania avenue  
C. W. Guyon.....Magazine Agent  
(642 Colder st.)
49. SPRINGFIELD, at Springfield, Mass.  
C. O. Mansus.....Master  
J. W. Hurlbert (Box 396).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. H. Porter (Box 396).....Magazine Agent
50. NEW YORK CITY, at New York. meets every 2d Sunday and 4th Saturday of each month, at 869 Second avenue.  
D. E. Elliott (107 E. 46th st.).....Master  
Henry J. Glover (231 E. 45th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.).....Magazine Agent
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N.Y., meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.  
A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st.....Master  
L. J. Boynton (112 W. Utica st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. McCarthy (49 W. Erie st.).....Magazine Agent
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Ind., meets every Friday at 8 p. m., corner Market and Canal streets.  
Chas. Schrier.....Master  
S. Bricker (box 626).....Rec. Sec'y  
Ambrose Ross.....Magazine Agent
53. FIDELITY, at Sunbury, Pa., meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
John Pittenger.....Master  
D. F. Vollmer (Box 276).....Rec. Sec'y
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo., meets every Monday night, at 43 Reed street.  
J. J. Murphy.....Master  
J. Mummet (Lookbox 580).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Bresson.....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis, Tenn. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at Engineers' Hall, Adams street.  
Wm. Bender, 206 Old Raleigh st.....Master  
O. B. Hanes.....Rec. Sec'y  
Alex. M. Cronin.....Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Emporia, Kan., meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
S. McGaffey.....Master  
Wm. Tangman (Topeka, Kan.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. R. Goheen.....Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 a. m., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
Francis Beadle.....Master  
(No. 31 Russell st., Bunker Hill District.)  
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
(123 Chelsea st., E. Boston, Mass.)  
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent  
(70 Cambridge st., E. Cambridge.)
58. STAR, at Hoboken, N. J. meets 2d Sundays and 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st.  
C. E. Herland.....Master  
O. Gillen (Box 41, Hoboken).....Rec. Sec'y  
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. ASHLEY, at Ashley, Pa. meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 p. m.  
J. M. Peck.....Master  
A. E. Detro.....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. meets 1st Wednesday night and 3d Sunday morning, corner Hancock and Diamond streets.  
G. C. Green (107 Haydock st.).....Master  
J. McNeal (427 Schneider ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. A. Falls.....Magazine Agent  
(2224 North Second st.)
61. MINNEHAWA, at St. Paul, Minn. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 p. m., cor. 7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall.  
S. J. Murphy (56 Goodrich ave.).....Master  
C. Sinks (58 Goodrich ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Peel (181 Exchange st.).....Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
O. E. Histed.....Master  
W. T. Bingham.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. W. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
J. A. Bain.....Master  
Chas. J. McGee (box 772).....Rec. Sec'y  
F. Rogers.....Magazine Agent
64. LOYAL, at Elba, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.  
W. H. Hamilton.....Master  
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 16, Brookville, Kan.)
65. ISLAND CITY, at Brockville, Ontario, (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, King street, over McClean's boot and shoe store.  
Wm. T. Simpson.....Master  
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. CHALLENGE, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Patrick Flannery.....Master  
James Cummins.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. C. McKnight.....Magazine Agent
67. DOMINION, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occidental Hall, Queen street.  
Wm. Newlove.....Master  
Wm. Prenter (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y  
George Shields (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. HUDSON, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday afternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.  
John McAuley.....Master  
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y  
(232 Union st., Elizabeth, N. J.)  
B. Hare (245 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent

69. **HURON**, at Port Huron, Mich. Meets every Sunday, over Postoffice.  
 J. Britnall.....Master  
 C. Macklow.....Rec. Sec'y  
 (Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)  
 T. French.....Magazine Agent  
 (Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets every Friday night in I. O. O. F. Hall.  
 James McDonough.....Master  
 L. W. Phillipson.....Rec. Sec'y  
 C. T. Smith (box 92).....Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 510 Broadway.  
 D. O. Shank (281 Green street).....Master  
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union street.....Rec. Sec'y  
 D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent  
 (281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.)
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
 Wm. Cows, 410 Hartman st.....Master  
 L. Elberston (417 Henry st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
 A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave.....Magazine Agent
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass., meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
 Geo. Hewitt (Union Depot).....Master  
 T. E. Kelton, 42 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. P. Danforth.....Magazine Agent  
 (9 Myrtle street.)
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 7st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic hall, West Kansas City.  
 B. B. McCrum.....Master  
 John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y  
 cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.  
 B. B. McCrum.....Magazine Agent  
 905 Penn street.
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
 C. E. Austin, 3800 Story st.....Master  
 W. T. Goundie.....Rec. Sec'y  
 3405 Elm st.  
 C. E. Austin.....Magazine Agent  
 (3800 Story street.)
76. **VALLEY CITY LODGE**, at East Saginaw, Michigan. Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.  
 F. C. Blanchett.....Master  
 J. Lennox, Box 860.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. Hannon, Box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
 S. B. Turman.....Master  
 W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. Pelham.....Magazine Agent
78. **BINGHAMTON**, at Binghamton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.  
 Thomas Milan, Box 725.....Master  
 Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. **MIAMI**, at Cincinnati, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M., corner 8th and Freeman sts.  
 J. T. Coakley.....Master  
 G. Horrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. H. Sperry.....Magazine Agent  
 432 George st.
80. **EARLY SUNRISE**, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st & 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. hall.  
 J. H. Morely.....Master  
 C. Reitch.....Recording Sec'y  
 A. P. Draper.....Magazine Agent
81. **READING**, at Reading Pa. meets every 2d and 4th Sunday, Bland's Hall, cor. Ninth and Penn st.  
 W. Hynes.....Master  
 C. J. Butler (28 Church st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jas. Goodman.....Magazine Agent
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn., meets in Druids Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet Avenue, between 1st and 2d streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday evenings of each month.  
 S. F. Brown.....Master  
 (1311 N. Washington avenue.)  
 John Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
 (M & St. L. freight office.)  
 J. W. Cole (1223 S. 7th st.).....Magazine Agent
83. **MISSISSIPPI**, at Winona, Minn.  
 John Herwick.....Master  
 Wm. Warren (box 686).....Rec. Sec'y  
 B. F. Weller (box 20).....Magazine Agent

# THE BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

Vol. 2.

OCTOBER, 1878.

No. 11.

## THE STONE-CUTTER'S STORY.

**H**E was whistling over his work, careless from long custom of the solemn significance of the letters he was cutting in the white marble. The June sun was nearly at the end of the day's journey, sinking slowly to rest upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic, whose waves washed the shores of the little seaport town of Monkton. A stranger, handsomely dressed in gray, with large, lustrous brown eyes, came to the fence that was around the yard where the stone cutter worked, and read the following lettering almost completed, upon the tombstone:

HIRAM GOLDBY,  
aged 35

LOST AT SEA, JANUARY, 1866.

The last six was nearly completed. A strange pallor gathered for a moment upon the stranger's face, then he drew a long deep breath, and said:

"Is not ten years a long time to be cutting the letters on a tombstone, friend?"

"Eh, sir?"

The stone cutter looked up, shading his eyes with his brown hand, as he turned his face to the setting sun.

"This is 1876," was the grave reply, "and Hiram Goldby must have been ten years under the waves."

"Well, sir, that's the question—is he there?"

"Is he there? Your stone tells us he is and has been for ten years."

"Yes, sir, so it does—so it does. And yet she as ordered it don't believe it. She came over a week or so back with a worried look upon her sweet face that I never seen any but patient in ten long years, and she says to me: 'You may cut a stone, Davy,' she says, 'and have it put up in the church yard, and I don't want to see it. I'll pay you whatever you choose to ask, Davy,' says she, 'but he's not dead, and don't want a tombstone.' 'Lor', mum, he'd a turned up in all these long years if he was not dead.' But she shook her pretty head, the prettiest I ever seen, sir, and says she: 'My heart never told me he was dead, Davy, and I'll never believe it till my heart tells me so.'"

"His sweetheart?" questioned the stranger.

"His wife, sir, his loving, faithful wife, that's had poverty, an' loneliness, an' misery, her full share, and 'might ha' bettered herself."

"How was that?"

"Mr. Miles, sir, the richest ship owner hereabouts, he waited patiently for seven years, trying to win her. Then he said she was free, even if Hiram came back.

"Enoch Arden," muttered the stranger.

"What did you say, sir?"

"Nothing, nothing. What answer did the widow make Mr. Miles?"

"If Hiram's dead," says she, "I'm his faithful widow while I live. If Hiram's living, I'm his faithful wife." Maybe you're from the city, sir, and have heard the story of our Pearl?"

"What story is that?"

"Well, sir, it's been told many times, more particularly in the last few years, but you're welcome to what I know of it. There, that six is done, and I'll leave the Scripture text till morning. If you'll come to the gateway, and take a seat on some of the stones, I'll tell you. That is, if you care to hear it."

"I do care," was the grave reply; "I want very much to hear the story."

"Maybe you're some kin to the Pearl of Monkton—that's what they call Mrs. Goldby hereabouts. It's a matter of thirty-three years back, sir, that there was a wreck off Monkton rocks, that you can see from here, sir, now tide is low. Cruel rocks they are, and many a wreck they've seen, the more the pity. You see them, sir?"

"I see them."

"Well, sir, of this one wreck, thirty-three years ago, there was nothing washed ashore but a bit of a girl baby, three or four years old, with a skin like a lilly leaf, and great black eyes; Hiram Goldby found her down in the rocks. He was a boy of twelve years, strong and tall, and he carried the child in his arms to his mother. You may see the cottage, sir, the second white one on the side of the hill."

"I see it."

"Well, Hiram took the baby there, an' Mrs. Goldby was the same as a mother to her—a good woman, the widow Goldby—God bless her soul!"

"Is she dead, then?"

"Aye, sir, six years ago. The baby I was telling you of sir, talked foreign lingo, and was dressed beautiful in rich clothes, that must have cost a power of money. But never would Hiram or the widow sell them, putting them up carefully in case the child was ever looked for. She was that pretty, sir, and that dainty that everybody called her Pearl, though she was not like our girls, but afraid, always deadly

afraid of the sea. I've seen her clench her mite of a hand and strike at it, for she had a bit of a temper in her, though nothing to harm"

"When Hiram made his first voyage, for they are all seafaring men hereabouts, and there was nothing for a lad to do but ship, the Pearl was just a little washed out lilly, a fretting until he came home again. And it was so whenever he went, for they were sweethearts from the time she nestled her baby face on his breast, when he picked her up from the wreck. She was sixteen when they were married, as near as we could guess, and Hiram was a man of twenty-four. She prayed him to stay home then, and he stayed a year, but he fretted for the sea, and went again, thinking, I s'pose, that his wife would get used to it, as all wives hereabouts must do. But she never did—never. It was just pitiful to see her going about, white as a corpse, when Hiram was away, never looking at the sea without a shudder like a death chill. All through the war it was just awful, for Hiram listed on board a man-o'-war, and Pearl was just a shadow when he came home the last time."

"After the war?"

"Yes, sir; but he made no money of any account, and so he went again, after staying home a long spell. He never came back. 'Twasn't no manner of use a telling Pearl he was lost; she'd just shake her pretty head and say: 'He'll come back.' Not a mite of mourning would she wear, even after his own mother gave him up and put on black; for sir, it stands to reason that he's dead years ago."

"It looks so."

"Of course it does. Nobody else doubts it excepting Mrs. Goldby. Old Mrs. Goldby's last words were: 'I'm going to meet Hiram,' and they say the dying knows. But even that didn't make Pearl think so. She wore mourning for her that had been the only mother she knewed of, but not weeds. Weeds was for widows, she said, and she wasn't a widow."

"But the stone?"

"Well, sir, I'm coming to that."

A year ago, sir, a fine gentleman from France came here hunting for a child lost on this coast. He'd heard of Pearl by a happenstance, if there is such, and came here. When he saw the clothes, he just fainted like a woman."

"She was related then?"

The strangers voice was husky, but the sea air was growing chill.

"Her father, sir."

"He took her away?"

"He tried to. He told her of a splendid home he had in New York, for he had followed his wife and child, sir, to the city they had never reached. He was rich, very rich and lonely. He begged his child to go, but she would not. 'Hiram will come here for me,' said she, 'and he must find me where he left me.'"

"On what had she lived?"

"Sewing, sir, mostly. The cottage was old Mrs. Goldby's and bless you, Pearl didn't eat much more than a bird, and her dresses cost next to nothing. But there's no denying she was very poor—very, and yet the grand home and big fortune never tempted her. So her father came off and on to see her until April. And he died, sir, and left our Pearl all his fortune and the grand house in New York. But she'll never go sir. She'll die here waiting for Hiram, who'll never come."

The stranger lifted his face that had been half hidden in his hand, and said:

"There was a shipwreck in the Pacific Ocean, Davy, years and years ago, and one man only was saved. Saved, Davy, by savages, who made him a slave, the worst of slaves! But one day this sailor saved the life of the chief's daughter, who was in the coils of a huge snake, and the chief released him. More than that, he gave him choice spices and woods and sent him aboard the first passing ship. So the sailor landed in a great city, sold his presents, and put the gold in safe keeping. Then he traveled till he reached the seaport town where he was born, and coming there at sunset, heard the story of his life from the lips of a man cutting his tombstone."

Not a word spoke Davy. Stand-

ing erect, he seized an immense sledge hammer, and with powerful blows from strong uplifted arms, dashed the marble into fragments. Then, panting with exertion, he held out his brawny hand to the stranger—a stranger no longer.

"I've done no better work in my life than I've done in the last five minutes, Hiram. Go home, man, and make Pearl's heart glad."

"You will prepare her, Davy!"

"She don't need it, Hiram—she don't need it. You asked me about the stone. The neighbors drove her to ordering it, twitting her that now she was rich, she grudged the stone to her husband's memory. So she told me to cut it, but says: 'Don't you put dead upon it, Davy; put lost at sea, for Hiram's lost but he will be found and come back to me.' She never looked at it, Hiram, never. And there's not an hour, nor hasn't been in ten years that she's not been looking for you to come back. Go to her, man, and the Lord's blessing be upon both of you."

So grasping the hard, brown hand, Hiram Goldby took the path to the little white cottage where he had been born, forty-five years before. The sun had set, and darkness was gathering, but a little gleam of light streamed from the window of his cottage. He drew near softly, and standing on the seat of the porch looked over the half curtain into the neat but poor sitting room.

It was not the grand house, Pearl's heritage in New York, but Pearl was there. A slender little woman, with a pale, sweet face, and black hair smoothly banded and gathered into rich braids at the back of her shapely head. Her dress was a plain dark one, with white ruffles, cuffs and aprons. She had been sewing, but her work was put aside, and presently she came to the open window and drew aside the curtain. She did not see the tall figure drawn closely against the wall in the narrow porch, but her dark eyes looked mournfully toward the sea, glimmering in the half light.

"My darling!" she whispered. "Are you dead, and has your spirit

come to take mine where we will part no more?"

Only the wash of the waves below answered her. Sighing softly, she said: "Is my darling coming! I feel him so near to me I could almost grasp him."

She stretched her arms over the low window sill, and a low voice answered her: "Pearl! Pearl!"

The arms that had so long grasped only empty air were filled then, as Hiram stood under the low window.

"Do not move, love," she whispered, pressing her soft lips to his; "I always wake when you move."

"But now," he said tenderly, "you are already awake. See Pearl, your trust was Heaven given. It is myself, your fond, true husband, little one, who will never leave you again."

"It is true. You have come!" she cried at last, bursting into a torrent of happy tears. "I knew you were not dead. You could not be dead and my heart not tell me."

It was long before they could think of anything but the happiness of reunion after the weary years of separation, but at last, drawing Pearl close, Hiram whispered, "I walked from J—, love, and I am enormously hungry."

And Pearl's merry laugh chased the last of the shadows from her happy face, and she bustled about the room preparing supper.

"Supper for two!" she cried gleefully.

The grand house in New York is tenanted by its owners, and Hiram goes to sea no more, but in the summer time two happy people come for a quiet month to the little white cottage at Monkton, and have always to listen to Davy's tale of the evening when he was cutting Hiram Goldby's tombstone, and ended by mashing it into atoms.

For, is the invariable ending of the tale, Pearl was right and we were wrong, all of us, for Hiram Goldby was "lost at sea," sure enough, but he was not dead, and he came to her faithful love as she always said he would.

## "OLD FLANDERS."

### Ten Minutes With a Commercial Traveler.

[From the Burlington Hawk-Eye.]

"Were you ever at McGregor, Iowa?" asked the commercial traveler.

"No," we said, we had never been there.

"Well," the citizen of the world replied, turning the seat in front of us that we might pile our feet upon it, "you want to go there just to meet one of the famous hotel keepers of Iowa—Old Flanders—all the boys know him; everybody stops with him. Most particular man about caring for his guests you ever saw. Give him an order and you can go to sleep without a tremor; he'll attend to it. Never had a man at his house miss a boat or a train. Attends to all the calls himself. Well, one day last summer there was a young fellow traveling out of Chicago for a notion house stopped with the old man and told him he wanted to go up the river that night on the boat.

"All right," says Flanders, "I'll call you."

The young chap went to bed and Flanders, careful as usual, sat up to wait for the boat and help his guest off. About half-past one o'clock the whistle blew. The old man waltzed up to the room and knocked,

"Turn out," says he; "boat's just whistled. Dress yourself and come down."

Well, the fellow sung out that he wasn't going.

"Yes you are," said Flanders, "you told me you were."

"Yes, I know," says the traveler, "but I've changed my mind and I won't go up till morning."

"By thunder," roared the old man, "you'll go up now!"

"No, I tell you," said the young chappy, "I'm going to wait till morning and go up by the train."

"By heaven," yelled the excited landlord, "you're going up to-night by boat! I've sat up half the night to call you and send you off, and off you go! You climb out of this room

now before I kick the door in on you!"

Well, there was no help for it. The young fellow grumbled and dressed and wondered what manner of man the landlord was. Got his traps together and came out and they hustled down to the landing just as the boat was ready to back out. Sure as fate, if it wasn't going down instead of up. The young fellow opened his mouth to protest, but before he could say a word, the old man had him by the collar.

"Not a word," he roared; "you said you wanted to go on the boat and by thunder, on the boat you go!"

And he waltzed him up the plank, chucked his grip and keyster after him, and down the river he went. But he's the best old man in the world, added the tourist meditatively.

The cigars smoked on in silence a moment or two, and then the traveler broke out again.

"Old man always wears a silk hat," he said. "That is he always keeps it standing on the office counter until he hears a boat whistle, then he grabs it up, claps it on his head, and shoots out of the office like mad. Well, one day he bought a new hat. Glossy as light itself, stylish shape, white satin lining, just the tone. He set it down on the counter as usual, and some of the boys nailed it right down to the counter, tight as wax. Pretty soon, whoo-oo-oo! boat whistled up the river, the old man grabbed his hat, yanked it off at the top and sailed away with the fringed edges of the lining fluttering out of the top of his tile, and he never knew a thing about it until he came back to the office and his eyes fell on the top of his new hat, nailed down to the counter with four ten-penny nails."

The traveler paused here and looked out of the window, we asked:

"Was he very mad?"

The traveler looked at us.

"Young man," he said, "I'll tell you what he said, word for word, if you'll promise solemnly to put it in your paper."

But we had some misgivings, and wouldn't promise, the traveler was obstinate, and so we never heard and

do not know what remarks the old man felt called upon to make. We can only guess at their general nature, and we are never very good at guessing.

### MERRY MOMENTS.

—When a loafer enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and the editor says, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean?

—Our so-called ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

—Dr. Holmes says that "crying widows marry first. There is nothing like weasher for transplanting." Crying wives are afraid to make a second experiment.

—"Ah," said the fly, as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, the flying age, and now I am in the musilage, and—" there it stuck.

—A Yankee in England, being annoyed by the constant boasting as to the superiority of English girls, finally silenced laudation by declaring that they had "a gal in Boston only eleven years old, who could chew gum in seven different languages, with her eyes shut."

—Singular, isn't it, that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hairpins, or a gum ring for the baby, it looks about seven times as big as when he plunks it down on the bar, for a little gin and bitters for the stomach's sake?

—"Who is the head man of this town?" asked a stranger down at the Union Depot. And when a boy promptly answered, "Sanford Gunnell, the barber!" the stranger looked puzzled, and said he wanted to know who was the Mayor.

—"Here, boy, hold my horse," said a gentleman who had driven a wretchedly lean animal 'up to the door of a village inn. "Hold him!" exclaimed the boy. "Hold him! Jes' lean him up against that young tree there, that'll hold him!"

—"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "What are you going to send it to the editor for?" "Cause he says if any one will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper." But Tommy dear what do you suppose he wants with a club?" "I don't know, replied the hopeful urchin, unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper."

—A woman just coming from market boarded a crowded street car yesterday morning, and had to stand up. She was chewing raspberries when the sneeze struck her like a streak of sunstroke, and she vociferated "cachoo! cachoo!" The worst part of the whole business was when she cachooed a tablespoonful of mashed raspberries on top of the scalp of a little baldheaded man who had taken off his hat to cool himself. He hastily wiped off the desert with a newspaper which he had, and got off the car looking as sad as a Nubian lion undergoing a tail twisting in a circus cage.

—An old apple woman offered her fruit to a vessel captain who was sighing over the good times of 1864. She wanted three cents apiece for her apples. He gave her a pleasant look and said: "Well, well. Why, you look as young as you did ten years ago. Same bright eyes and red cheeks—same white teeth." "Take an apple for two cents, captain," she replied. "I presume you are fifty years old," he continued, "but who'd know it. Lots of ladies at thirty look as old as you do." "Take an apple for two cents, captain," she answered smiling like a rose. "Some rich old fellow will come along some day searching for a buxom wife," said the captain, "and you won't have to peddle apples any more." "Here, captain, two for a cent; take two, the largest!" she exclaimed, and then ran after him and dropped two more into his overcoat pocket.

—"How came you to have such a short nose?" asked a city dandy of a country boy. "So that I would not be poking it into other people's business," was the reply.

### Facts About Alcohol.

1. Alcohol is a poison. When pure, it will produce death as certainly and almost as quickly as prussic acid.
2. Alcohol is a product of fermentation or decay. The Creator never made it. No plant produces it. No bubbling spring affords it.
3. Alcohol is an irritant. It will blister the skin and produce inflammation of the stomach.
4. Alcohol is a narcotic. It paralyzes the nerves and benumbs the sensibilities.
5. Alcohol destroys the blood. It dissolves the blood corpuscle, and thus impoverishes the vital fluid.
6. Alcohol causes heart disease by changing the heart tissue for fat.
7. Alcohol causes apoplexy, weakening the blood vessels and causing congestion of the brain. Alcohol weakens the muscles. It has been proven by experiment that a man can lift less after taking a glass of whisky than before.
8. Alcohol wastes vital force.
9. Alcohol causes consumption.
10. Alcohol lessens bodily heat.
11. Alcohol causes paralysis of the brain. A man who is dead drunk is temporarily paralyzed.
12. Alcohol hardens the brain.
13. Alcohol produces congestion of every organ of the body.
14. Alcohol hardens the liver and renders it useless.
15. Alcohol produces its worst effects when taken in small doses.
16. Alcohol produces all kinds of nervous disorders.
17. Alcohol occasions cancer, ulcer, dispepsia, and other diseases of the stomach.
18. Alcohol is the cause of more than two-thirds of the cases of disease found in the hospitals in large cities.
19. Alcohol is one of the greatest causes of pauperism.
20. Alcohol is one of the most active causes for crime. In Scotland it increased the frequency of crime 400 per cent.
21. Alcohol is a great cause of insanity.
22. Alcohol shortens life 500 per cent., according to the statistics of life insurance companies.
23. Alcohol annually kills 100,000.
24. Alcohol costs more than bread.
25. Alcohol serves no useful purpose.



**THOSE STRIPED STOCKINGS.**

[By the Detroit Free Press Fiend.]

A young man, whose age might have been twenty-three, and whose red cheeks, saffron-colored necktie and innocent look proved the innocence of his heart and good bringing up, yesterday made three different attempts to enter a Woodward avenue dry goods store before he got in to stay, although he had for a straight half hour been looking longingly at the array of striped and embroidered stockings in the window. When asked what he desired to look at he blushed like a girl and skulked away toward a pile of bed ticking. The clerk asked him what price he desired to pay, and was going on to say that the Governor of Michigan always bought his ticking there, when the young man asked:

"Do women wear them ere stockings in the winder?"

"Yes, of course."

"Put 'em on just the same as other stockings?"

"Of course. All the ladies have worn them for two or three years. Would you like to look at the styles?"

"Y-e-s!" whispered the stranger, as he glanced furtively around.

A dozen pairs were thrown down, and he reached out carefully, lifted each one, and carefully laid aside a pair of hose, with red stripes chasing each other over a brown ground work.

"Is them more'n five dollars?" he whispered, as he looked up.

"That pair of stockings will cost you only eighty cents, sir. They are the best bargain in Detroit."

"Eighty cents! Why, I'll take him in a second! I was afraid you'd say seven dollars. How many pairs can a feller's—feller's mother wear out in six months?"

"Oh, I'd take about four pairs," replied the clerk. "Here are four different colors of the same size."

"I'll take 'em. I hain't seen one on 'em in our town yet, and I'll bet they'll raise more excitement than a circus."

"Is there anything more?" asked the clerk, as he laid the stockings aside.

The young man suddenly grew red, then pale, and in an entreating voice he asked:

"Kin I trust you with a great secret?"

"Why, yes," replied the wondering clerk.

"You won't go back on me?"

"No."

"Honest Injun—hope to be struck dead if you do?"

"I hope."

"Well, them stockings are for my girl—out here in the country—engaged to be married—going to Canada to borrow some money. I want to send 'em to her by mail, and I want it done so she won't know it was me. Some fellers would get a harmonicon, or some jewelry, or a bunch of pink envelopes, but I know them stockings will scoot her right up to the head of society, and she'll have more bang-up invitations to call on the high-toned than she ever drempt of."

"Shall I send 'em by mail?"

"Yes; but wrap 'em up in about four papers, so the postoffice fellers can't spill ink on 'em."

"Shall I enclose any writing?"

"Well, you see I kinder want her to know I'm the person who sent 'em, and I kinder don't. I don't want her to think some of the other fellers in town is this sweet on her, and yet, it won't h-a-rdly do to send my name."

"How would it do to say they were from a friend?"

"That's kinder good, but it would leave her too much in doubt."

"You might sign your first name then."

"That would be too much," replied the young man, as he leaned over the bed-ticking, to reflect.

"I'll sign my plump full name—hanged if I don't. I've been thinking it over, and I don't believe no sensible girl will go back on a feller for presenting her with four pairs of striped stockings—do you?"

"I shouldn't think so."

"Then I'll write it out and sign it same as in my letters: 'Deth can't stop my luv, and I reached Detroit slick as grease.' Gimme that pencil."

He wrote as he said, the package was made ready for mailing, and after being thrice assured that it would go out by first mail he left the store, saying:

"I'd like to see her sailing into the meeting house Sunday morning with them stockings on. Whew! but won't she promenade right up the middle aisle to the very highest pew!"

## Editorial.

*CONTRIBUTIONS. — Readers of the Magazine will materially assist us in making our news accurate and complete, if they will send us early information of events that occur under their observation, relative to experiments in the construction of roads and machinery—especially the locomotive—suggestions as to improvements, &c.*

IN Volume 3 of the MAGAZINE we will publish a series of letters on machinery, from the pen of Mr. David Bell, one of the originators of iron steamships, revenue cutters, and lake and river freighters. Mr. Bell is well known in the commercial world as a manufacturer of steam engines, and more particularly steam vessels. We find he has built some of the first and best modeled ships sailing our waters, and has a widespread reputation among all classes directly connected with the business in which he is concerned. It is our desire to educate our members in this line of business, as it is not only an individual benefit, but a general benefit for all. The public recognize the license certificate as necessary for their safety when ploughing over the waters, their lives in the hands of the engineer. Yet we, as locomotive enginemen, have no such resource by which we can ask a recognition. The public should demand Congress to enact laws by which none but competent engineers would be permitted to handle a locomotive. Our friend Mr. Wilder, in his address, says: "The day for speedy promotion is gone. It is not a question of 'I am the oldest man, promote me,' but I am more competent. Consequently the public demand my services." We must not forget that to be successful as an engineman, that our motto must be hung upon the outer walls. Benevolence, Sobriety and

Industry is not for the sake of form, but for a guide to work by; not to create an impression, but to live up to. Wear it on your shirt while on the line, where every one can read it. Enact it in your lodge room, so the inculcations will cause you to show it. You will find each of your immediate superiors ready to say, "Good morning, sir, I am glad to see you and hope you are well," Why, the revolution of feeling would more than repay you all. Do not say that some of your Master Mechanics or Engine Dispatchers would not, for we are created equal, and believe that love is in harmony with that which begets love. It is far more easy to win by honest acts than by playing the hypocrit. We have shown our officers that we exist not only for our own welfare, but to work in unison with them. Let this be fully demonstrated in the coming year, and I assure you peace and harmony will prevail. We are now banded together for a purpose of self-protection against sickness and death. Thus far we have not failed. Widows and orphans have received a portion of our bounty, and have been made to see that we are what we claim to be—an order made up of enginemen for the protection of our fellow man; to give the father or mother, the sister or the wife that which is adequate to keep direct starvation from the door; to help the totally disabled, that they may not beg from door to door; to keep the sick from want; to nurse every desire, and to relieve the wife from daily toil. Look at the little ones whom we can bring up and start in life as honorable members of society. Our order stands to-day one of the first. All labor orders recognize and point to it with pride. So let us, with the words of cheer given us by Mr. Wilder, Master Mechanic; Mr. David Bell, ship-builder; Mr. Sacket, acting, Mayor of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Moses

Chief Engineer of the Marine Corps, live up to and learn to do that which elevates us in the minds of all.

### A Western Tour.

During the month of August Brother Sayre had occasion to visit the extreme Western lodges, including No. 54 at Moberly, Mo., No. 43 at St. Joseph, Mo., No. 28 at North Platte, Neb., No. 77 at Denver, Col., No. 64 at Ellis, Kan., and No. 56 at Topeka, Kan., a distance of 2,650 miles in twelve days. He reports each lodge in a flourishing condition, and particularly mentions his visit at Denver, at which point Brother Olmstead, of No. 54, with the Brothers of 77, through the courtesies of Mr. Nesmith, General Superintendent of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railway, visited the Platte Canyon, through which this line now passes. At present the line is being rapidly pushed forward toward South Park. The road, though new, has a good road-bed—in fact one which would cause many Eastern roads to blush. The gauge is three feet, and its cars have a capacity of ten tons. The coaches are of the Barney & Smith build, and are handsomely finished. Mr. Nesmith is giving his every attention to the interests of the road, and will have his line in as fine a shape as any narrow-gauge running over the mountains. At a distance of 7,000 feet above Denver, at Pine Grove, we reached the farm of Mr. A. C. Smith, where our party was hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family, who accompanied us on our first trouting expedition and taught us how “to do it,” by reeling them in five to our one. Along the line can be seen the tents of health-seekers and tourists generally. At Buffalo Creek is a large lumber mill, stores and a hotel for the accommodation of those who prefer to sleep under a wooden roof. We were highly amused to read

the following upon the side of the hotel: “Males Wanted Here. Ham, Butter and Kisses at a Discount.” Our party consisted of married men, so we moved on up the canyon.

We are under many obligations to Brother John Mize and lady, for specimens from the Rocky Mountains, and to Mr. W. W. Borst, Superintendent, and N. W. Sample, Master Mechanic, of the Denver & Rio Grand Railway, for an invitation to go over their line, which we were unable to accept, owing to the want of time. The Brothers of No. 77 will accept our sincere thanks for favors shown, and hope that we will again be able to avail ourselves of the opportunity of visiting them and the mountains.

### Another Addition—No. 85.

We are pleased to record the addition to our already big family of Fargo Lodge, No. 85, which was born September 15th, 1878, in Fargo, Dakota Territory. Brothers C. Sinks and J. Burke, of No. 61, infused the life into No. 85. We heartily thank them, and ask our Brothers to assist us in rendering thanks to those whom thanks are due. These Brothers have not only the welfare of the Brotherhood at heart, but desire to make it a world-wide institution. May success and prosperity ever crown the members of Fargo, and may they always have the mottoes of our order in their memory. Bear in mind that to end well you must start right.

Fourteen new Brothers have been added to the list since the closing of the Fifth Annual Convention, and four applications are being filled out at present. The good work moves on.

MANY thanks are extended to our Brothers at Buffalo by those attending the Convention, for their hospitality.

## Correspondence.

## OUR INDIA LETTER.

## Native Jugglers.

*[Continued from our last issue.]*

After awhile my bearers got them all a pan of water, and they stood about on the edge and drank and bathed in it. I was so pleased with the one I had that I offered the juggler a rupee for him, and although it was a large price for a dove, he refused to sell him, saying I could get plenty of the "Old Chinese Bazar." After the doves had had their bath and freedened their feathers to their own satisfaction, the juggler rapped on the basket and they all flew into it; he then put the cover on, placed it on the floor again, covered it with his cloth, said a few words over it in the Bengal language, took off the cloth, uncovered the basket and it was empty. Where had those five doves disappeared to? That was the mystery we could not account for. After this trick was over he took another empty basket, just like the one the doves were in, covered it with a cloth, said a few words over it, in Hindustan, took off the cloth and uncovered the basket, and it was full of rice. He then covered it again, tapped it with his wand, opened it, and it was full of corn. Then he put the cover on again, and gave it a few more taps, said more Hindustan words, waited a minute, then uncovered it, and it was empty. After he had done these tricks the juggler made a speech in his own language, and informed us he would make a mangoe bush grow. I will try and describe a mangoe. It is a fruit somewhat like a melon; about as large as a cantelope or citron melon. The outside is of a beautiful golden-yellow color, is oblong in shape, and is the most delicious fruit I ever tasted. It has all the fragrance of a pine apple. They only

grow in the hot season. They were brought on to the table in a large bowl of ice water, and always had them for breakfast. Ours were always put into a large bowl, of Chinese ware, and the golden yellow of the fruit, and the lovely bowl with the fruit, with large chunks of clear Wenhan Lake ice among it, made a handsome ornament for our table. We however did not stay to admire it long; the fruit is too delicious for that. Our Kitmitgar, or table servant, would take a mangoe, cut it in two, and give it to me with a teaspoon. It is of a bright golden color inside, in the middle is a large stone about three inches long, an inch wide and half an inch thick, and is also yellow like the fruit. I have eaten as many as six mangoes at once, but have known some of my gentlemen friends to eat a dozen at a time. The more one eats the more one wants. I have eat till I could not eat any more, and then not be satisfied. It is the most delightful fruit I ever saw, indeed the best that India affords. This fruit and a cup of tea were always breakfast enough for me in that hot climate. The natives are equally fond of it, and while the mangoe season lasts, eat nothing else. I will now return to my story.

The jugglers spoke to two of our bearers, they went out of doors into our compound or garden, (a garden or yard is called a compound in India) but soon came back, and then our two Mallays, or gardeners, came in, bringing a large stone flowerpot, as much as they could lug, as it was very heavy, although it was entirely empty. This was placed on the floor at the end of the hall, then the juggler took three bamboo poles, tied them together at the top like a tripod for a camp kettle. This tripod he put over the flower pot, covered it with a large piece of cotton cloth, and left it. Then after making a few passes over it with his hands, said to us: "It is time to plant the seed." This seed he produced from some unknown receptacle, and shew it to us. It was a real mangoe seed, perfectly dry and hard. After we had examined it, he said, "Now, I will plant it." He then removed

the cloth from the tripod, and the pot was even full of moist earth. Where that came from we could not tell. He planted the seed and covered the pot up again. "Now," said he, "while the plant is growing I will perform one or two more tricks." First he took a long leather strip, about six feet long, and said he would turn this into a snake. He took one of his baskets with a cover to it, he shew it to us, and as usual, it appeared to be a harmless basket enough; then he lifted up the skirts of his dress to show us he had nothing concealed under them, also pulled up his sleeves to show us he had nothing in them, and then shook himself. He took this leather strap, put it into the basket, put the cover on, and then covered it with the cloth, then blew his horn, and the bearer beat the tum tum, and both walked around the basket in a circle as usual, then he made a few remarks, uncovered the basket, and out popped a lively young cobra about six feet long. He squirmed about on the floor, put out his fangs and hissed at us. I confess I was rather afraid of him, and our servants exhibited signs of fear, for all natives are much afraid of a cobra, as their bite is deadly poison. The juggler seemed at his ease however, took the snake up, tied him in a knot, made him lie out full length on the floor, wound him about his neck, then around his waist, and again put him on the floor, blew his horn, and the snake went through a variety of contortions. At last he got the basket, tapped it with his wand, the snake went into it and coiled himself into a ring within it. The juggler covered the basket, put the cloth over it, blew his horn, and then took the cloth off, uncovered the basket, and it was empty. The snake had disappeared. I was glad of it. But where had he gone to? After this trick was over he said, "Now let us see how the mango seed is growing." He uncovered it, opened the cloth on the tripod, the seed had sprouted, and had four leaves upon it of a dark glossy green.

T. S. ABBOTT.

(To be Continued.)

## GENIUS VS. HARD WORK.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 14, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Genius is supposed to be the gift of Nature to its favorites—an endowment peculiarly fortunate to the individual. We are sometimes led to this view by contemplating the possessors of a so-called genius. Often they are deficient in some one or other of the common properties of man; sometimes they are unfortunate in bodily developments; sometimes are begotten, conceived and used in the obscurity of the most trying poverty and hardship. But when in the maturity of manhood or womanhood, some prominent trait of character rises conspicuously before men, the contrast thereby induced, makes the act of the individual so grand, so luminous, so remarkable, that we deem it an inherent property of the individual, possessed solely by him or her. In remarkable women especially, do we conclude that Nature has a way of equalizing her gifts. For it is a fact almost as surprising in contemplation as the product of genius itself, that few of our eminent women, if any, could be called good looking—certainly none were or are beautiful belles—on the contrary most of them are decidedly homely. But as if to make up for this, there is a beauty of the mind which is far more delectable and charming than the fair countenance. It makes the very atmosphere constantly attractive, and while the beaux of the earlier day could find no charm to feed upon in the society of the maiden, she neglected them, finds a recompense in the maturer years, when she receives the courteous homage of admiring and loving worshippers. But as we have seen deformed men without wisdom, so too, homely women abound throughout the land, yet in most we can discover an intellectual development only in common with the major part of humanity. Nature is either then unjust in the bestowal of its gifts or has

nothing or very little to do with it whatever, as a distinct dispensation.

We believe genius is toil, that it is hard work, and that no man or woman ever accomplished anything of value to themselves in this world without great and continuous labor.

The two most eminent phases of genius that continually attract our attention, are, first, a genius of the mind which finds utterance and is given to the world as we see it, upon the artists canvas, in the sculptured marble and the statesman's diplomacy and political structure; secondly, there is a genius which displays itself in the intricate and nice combinations by which an effect is produced, always surprising, sometimes leading us to doubt our judgment.

To the first species of genius we might accord the definition of "distinguishing mental superiority." The second may be characterized to be "a superior power of forming nice combinations." Either definition, however, is the true character of genius, whether taken generally or specifically.

With these definitions of genius we start with the proposition that genius is the result of labor. This not being an accepted axiom, we must treat it as a theorem and bring together a few proofs to establish its truth.

An eminent genius has said "that it is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the cause of anything extraordinary, to be astonished at the effect and to consider it as a kind of magic." Is not this one state of mind when we pronounce men and women geniuses? We are ignorant of the midnight toils of the statesman, weary and heart sick in his baffled attempts to work out the intricate problems of State. Untaught in the artist's school, we admire and wonder, forgetting the unnumbered days of slow progress and the unrequited labor. Unlettered in the muses art, we drink the wine in the offered chalice, heedless of the reams of discarded ware ere the world recognized the gift. So if we admire the beauties of nature and by man see them faithfully portrayed in the glowing canvas, we exclaim, "a genius;" if in the cold

marble the patience of a Michael Angelo brings forth the fire of the living soul, we cry out, "a genius;" if a Catham guides the destinies of England safely through long years full of revolutions in the world, we exclaim, "a genius." We say 'tis born in him. We admire and praise the product. The triumphant, not the toiling, artizan is seen and applauded.

That humanity is full of natural tendencies and proclivities is not to be disputed; in this respect all men are not born equal, some have more finely balanced brain organizations than others, and have a special aptitude for certain pursuits. Yet, to secure a healthy growth, cultivation of the one talent is essential, lopping off the imperfections, and trimming in the scraggly youth. "But this inherited bent of mind is the very essence of genius," says one. "It is the peculiarity born into the babe." This is virtually saying that the artist is a born artist, that the sculptor is begotten with the chisel in his hand, and the dictator brought forth with the edict of the ruler upon his lips. This is the theory of predestination in nature. We might with as much show of reason, say that the fisherman of the deep, the keeper of swine, or the horse jockey, had an irresistible twitching of the digits to draw the line, build a hog pen, or race a horse when baber, and excelling in this are therefore geniuses. The simple difference is, one is ideal, the other practical. We may be born to gifts, but neglected gifts are as though they were not; one bent of mind does not pronounce us geniuses, for how many to-day are pursuing callings which are inconsistent with their bent of mind; they would do different if they could, but circumstances prevent it. Let them overcome these circumstances and follow this born gift, working fourteen hours of the twenty-four and there would be a host of geniuses in the world.

To say that a man is a born genius, presents the argument that from the womb he was endowed with a pre-eminent power of mind, which no study of nature, no learning of man, can magnify or degrade. It is an

identity as absolute as the person himself, and to believe that such a person could be aided in any way from external sources, would be,

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the raindow, or with taper light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to  
garnish  
In wasteful and ridiculous excess."

If we accept the theory of inborn genius, we give to man the attribute of omniscience, and bar the beauty of progression. Genius, like the flower, is the product of the growth and character and qualities of the parent gem. Nature gives to the plant the necessary means of subsistence. Thus kind is nature to us, and we should work out our beat of intellect into the full flower of genius only when we labor to that end.

Follow the lives of all men termed "men of genius," and there cannot be found one who did not diligently apply himself to produce the peculiar phase of his genius. All men of genius have been hard workers. From youth the patient habit and persevering spirit was cultivated. Demosthenes, the father of all that is sublime and beautiful in oratory, was not born an orator. Men said when they heard him in the forum, or listened to his powerful invectives against Phillip, "he is a genius; he can sway us to his will by his mighty genius." Yet no man ever came into the world under more inauspicious circumstances as a genius in oratory. Of a stammering tongue, he could speak hardly two words without being confused; of a weak, effeminate voice, he lacked power; of an exceedingly awkward manner, he was more likely to excite laughter and ridicule than to engage the attention of his auditors. But with everything against him and nothing for him, he placed himself, by assiduous and grinding labor, upon the highest pinnacle of all that is noble, beautiful and charming in eloquence. He wrung the crown from Eschines, and notwithstanding the polished Roman of a later day, he, e'en in

his ashes holds it to-day.

Sheridan, one of the most brilliant of English orators, utterly broke down under the jeers of parliament in his maiden speech, but by laborious perseverance, another parliament and a later age, listened, enraptured by his electric eloquence, and the "Trial of Warrar. Hastings" comes to us in history with an added page of brilliancy and grandeur.

Cicero studied even to the day of his death, that he might perfect himself as a genius in rhetoric and oratory. What says Newton, he who curved his way to the mechanisms of the heavens, what says this man of genius was *his* distinguishing characteristic from other men? "Patient thinking," and patient thinking only—aye! thought, and thought is labor.

James Watt wastes away at his dimly burning candle, as he turns night into day, studying to perfect the steam engine. Neither was Benjamin Franklin born with a kite in his hand to draw the lightning from heaven. Labor of brain solved the mystery of the clouds.

Goethe was at his desk by seven every morning. Scott worked long hours and long years, unearthing the traditions of the past, that he might reproduce them in song. His power of application was the wonder of his friends.

Morse gave the best years of his life, that he might connect the thought of distant lands. Here was a most remarkable genius, but only his failings made him a genius. He triumphed over his difficulties and gave to an astonished world the electric telegraph, and he now sleeps with the trite epitaph to his memory, "A Genius." Had he failed in the struggle, the world would have said, a fool, mad-man or idiot.

Fulton cleaves the waves, not by a latent genius, but by an active persistency. By labor and study, without a ray of hope, as he sees combination after combination fail him, catching at any and all theories, analyzing their every part, at last he builds a monument to his memory, more lasting than stone and

durable as civilization itself.

The instances may accumulate indefinitely, but all must go to show that in the world there are no geniuses; there may be and are circumstances that uplift man, and all eyes will be cast on him as upon the golden serpent in the wilderness. But if he exhibits a power to control those circumstances, that power is the result of toil, long and patient.

"MARSHALL."

### FROM GALION.

GALION, O., August 21, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Our Lodges are deliberate assemblies, and the business they transact, I apprehend, is of more consequence than a great many of the members seem to imagine. The reception of members, disposition of the funds, and direct operations of the institution is the work of the Subordinate Lodges. The entire character, standing and success of the institution depends almost wholly upon the manner in which the business of the Subordinate Lodges is conducted.

If the meetings of the Lodge are neglected by the members the business will most likely be transacted in a careless, loose, injudicious and may be unlawful manner. In such an event negligence will be apt to mark all its operations, the inevitable consequence of which must be that from want of suitable attention to the qualifications of candidates, bad men obtain admittance, the funds will be squandered or applied to improper purposes, and the whole concern ultimately ruined and an injury inflicted upon the character and interests of the institution generally. We maintain, therefore, that it is the duty of every member to attend the meetings of his Lodge whenever his circumstances will admit. He should not neglect them for any light cause. The interests of the institution and his Lodge which it is his duty to watch over, and labor to support, promote and guard against abuses, demand it. But it is not merely to watch and guard the institution and Lodge from abuse that members should be punctual in attendance at their Lodge meetings; this is a mere negative purpose, but more especially that they may act affirmatively in promoting the welfare and interests of the Lodge and

the Order. By refusing your presence in the Lodge room you deprive the officers and brothers of your assistance, counsel and advice while in the discharge of their duties, and also in the administration of the laws, rules and regulations of the Order, adding all your own duties and responsibilities to the already overburdened "faithful few," and by so doing lessen the interest which is the vitality of all Lodges. For when the interest begins to subside, the number of members in attendance becomes more and more reduced, and the officers struggle on unsupported and unassisted in discharging their responsible and important duties, and finally being unable to transact any business for want of sufficient number to form a quorum, have become disheartened and discouraged, and in grief and despair have been compelled, reluctantly, to surrender the effects and charter into the custody of the Grand Lodge. Then perhaps you will awaken from your lethargy to the sad reflection of having unintentionally, yet heedlessly, violated your obligations, neglected your duties, and by so doing have inflicted a deadly and fatal wound upon your Lodge, injured your brethren, and brought reproach upon the entire Order.

I shall dismiss this dark and gloomy picture, and gladly turn my eyes towards those fearless and faithful brothers who have kept their eyes steadily and firmly fixed upon the glorious principles of the B. of L. F. and its much loved motto, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, following it with joy and gladness through good and evil report, and when weighed in the "scale of justice," have not been found wanting; they have remained unscathed while the winds of adversity have swept over them, separating the chaff from the wheat, and slothful from the faithful.

Then, brethren, let us "thank God and take courage" for we are at the dawn of a new era in the B. of L. F. history, the clouds of prejudice and bigotry which have for a time obscured the beauty and glory of our principles, are fast fleeing away, and the just and good are now beginning to flock around the standard of the B. of L. F., and are eagerly enlisting under the banner of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. Let us be up and doing for much is to be done. Already an immense "field is



white for the harvest, and the laborers are few." Never in the history of the B. of L. F. have the signs of promise been more bright and encouraging than now. Are you ready, then, to unite in our mighty effort which shall render us more than successful? Then let us commence at once, be true to the B. of L. F., faithful to its principles, and victory will be ours.

WOOLLEY, No. 5.

### THEN AND NOW.

Time was when men in Washington  
were honest and were true,  
And lived and labored daily for the good  
that they could do;  
They sought their country's welfare, self  
on the altar laid,  
And in her struggles struggled too, and  
toiled, and hoped, and prayed.

And when they met in council, no breast  
a scheme concealed,  
Which would stain the country's honor  
if by chance it was revealed;  
No member of the Cabinet then sold  
himself for gold,  
Defrauding needy soldiers for the wealth  
in which he rolled.

No member of the Cabinet could then  
have robbed the poor,  
And clasped the hand of fellowship  
within the White House door;  
For stern and staunch integrity was  
guardian of the place,  
And no one dared to enter there who  
lacked an honest face.

No leader of a Whisky Ring could have  
found protection there,  
For conscience bore a premium in the  
Presidential chair;  
The hero of the White House in those  
old-fashioned times,  
Never let a guilty man escape—all suf-  
fered for their crimes.

But that was many years ago, so distant  
does it seem;  
Now in the White House honest men  
are like a vanished dream;  
Self-seeking politicians, with greedy  
thirst for gain,  
Have climbed to many a post of trust,  
their purpose to attain;

And shielded by their station, these men  
with skillful hand

Reap harvests for their pockets, while  
they rob and spoil the land;

They scorn the country's statutes, that  
are safe beyond their reach,

And the law that's written on men's  
hearts they only learned in speech.

They know no God to guide them, love  
not their native soil;

They see no beauty in the right, no dig-  
nity in toil;

Imbruted by their selfishness, what  
think you that they care

For the welfare of the people who were  
led to place them there?

Oh! ye who love your native land, and  
fain would have it be

A heritage of glory for the children of  
the free,

Throw party spirit overboard, let fra-  
ternal love be seen,

And go to work at Washington and  
sweep that city clean.

Nor leave the work unfinished, but  
purge it to its core,

Determined that corruption shall cloud  
the land no more,

From North to South, from East to  
West, then speed your way,

And drag all hidden foulness to the un-  
dimmed light of day.

When this is done, if you can find no  
men like those of old,

Who love their country better than they  
love themselves or gold;

If you can find no Washington, no Jef-  
ferson, no Clay,

No Adams, Jackson, Webster, among  
our men to-day!

Then let a week of fasting be held in  
every State,

And the people plead with God to save  
before it be too late;

Plead that our Father raise up God-  
fearing men to guide,

Who in their ways acknowledged him,  
and have no God beside.

When these united prayers shall rise, as  
from a single voice,

Our God will hear us in our need, will  
help us in our choice,

And we'll prove to foreign nations who  
have seen us brought so low,

We learned to suffer and to live one hun-  
dred years ago.

## LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S

**Monthly Magazine.***DAYTON, O., OCTOBER, 1878.***Four Grand Prizes.**

To the four **MAGAZINE** Agents who will furnish the largest subscription list of Volume 2, of our **MAGAZINE**, will be given the following prizes:

*First.*—To the highest, a handsome silver watch, American works.

*Second.*—To the next highest, a fine sixteen-karrat gold chain.

*Third.*—To the third highest, a fine gold pin, with monogram of the Order and name of agent.

*Fourth.*—To the fourth highest, choice of a large family Bible, or a handsomely bound volume of the **MAGAZINE**.

**Important to Agents.**

Being short of Nos. 2 (January) and 5 (April) of the **MAGAZINE**, and not wishing to go to the expense of having them reprinted, we would like some of our Agents who have these numbers on hand to forward them to the office of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, who will pay them 10 cents for each copy.

**THE MAGAZINE** will appear with a new face, January 1st, 1879, commencing with No. 1 of Volume 3. We ask the support of every person connected with railroads, and solicit the patronage of our citizens.

**JAS. McCANN**, of No. 80, will save trouble by notifying his Lodge of his whereabouts.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

**H. M.**—We not only expected a representation of the I. F. U., but had all preparations made to give them a grand reception, including the complimentary ball given by No. 12, and the excursion to the Falls and Niagara River. We had a committee to wait on them at each Hotel for five days.

**R. G. N.**—Will see to your case immediately. Have been detained by the Convention. Yes, **J. M. Dodge**, with many others, worked hard to accomplish consolidation, which no doubt would have occurred had the I. F. U. accepted our invitation.

**PAT BURNS**, of No. 46, will correspond with his lodge immediately. Members of the Grievance Committee take notice.

**Must Pay.**

Those Agents who have collected subscriptions for 1877 and have failed to forward the money, must do so at once, or the matter will be laid before their lodge.

**To Subscribers and Agents of the Magazine.**

**THE MAGAZINE** will commence hereafter with January. Vol. '3, Number 1, will be published and delivered by January 1st, 1879, giving from November 1 to January 1 for all subscribers who commenced with Vol. 2, Number 1, to resubscribe. Such subscribers as commenced with Vol. 2, any number, will have their twelve numbers as usual. We ask the support of all our friends and trust we have merited the same.

**BRO. W. H. ACHEY** reports another member to the order. He has not fired a year, but weighs ten pounds, and desires to become a member.

**FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION**

'HELD AT  
BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

Addresses by Grand Master Alley, Mr.  
John B. Sackett and Mr. F. M.  
Wilder—Congratulatory  
Letters, &c.

The Convention was opened with  
prayer by Rev. Mr. Ward.

MR. JOHN B. SACKETT,  
President of the Common Council,  
was introduced to the convention  
and delivered the following address  
of welcome:

**WORTHY GRAND MASTER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN:** It affords me much pleasure to meet you here upon this occasion and to extend to you a most cordial and hearty welcome to the Queen City of the Lakes. You come to us from afar; from the several states of this Union and from the Dominion of Canada, to meet here in convention for the purpose of consulting together upon those subjects which so deeply interest you as firemen, and for the enacting of such laws and making such rules and regulations for the government of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen throughout our country as may conduce to the welfare, happiness and prosperity of all the members of this respectable body. Yours is an institution formed for the mutual protection and assistance of its members, and as such is worthy to be classed among the many charitable institutions of the day. It is your duty to visit the sick, bury the dead, to provide for the helpless widow, to nurture and protect the orphan, and thus alleviate and succor all those in adversity who come within the scope of your humane and charitable institutions. Yours is an honorable calling and each of you occupy a responsible position—one fraught many times with imminent danger. To you and the several locomotive engineers associated with you are daily entrusted the precious lives of tens of thousands of our citizens. Let me urge upon you the importance of never betraying the

trusts and responsibilities you have assumed, but be true, faithful, ever remembering that no man is worthy of promotion to a higher position who fails to discharge his duty with fidelity.

"You are now about to enter upon the business of this your annual meeting and I feel assured that your deliberations will be characterized by that good feeling which always predominates among railroad men, and that this gathering will redound to the permanent good of all with whom you are associated."

"During your stay among us I invite you to visit the several places of interest in and about our city, looking into our railroad shops, our manufacturing establishments, our commercial interests, visiting the beautiful park with which our city is surrounded, examining our City and County Hall and other public buildings. All these will be shown you by your Committee of Arrangements. And now, gentlemen, permit me once more to welcome you to Buffalo, and to the hospitalities of its citizens, and to extend to each of you a kindly and fraternal greeting."

MR. F. M. WILDER,

Master Mechanic of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad, made the following address:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN—I was pleasantly surprised last evening by your committee's invitation to be present this morning at the opening meeting of your Convention; pleased because it was an earnest of good will between you and your employers and the officers representing them; surprised because if present I should be expected to say something to you; and you know, at least those here who have worked under my direction how little used I am to talking, at least to more than one at a time. I can say but little to you, as the time was so short after knowing that I was expected to be present; but I will say that I understand the objects of your society to be: To elevate its members, to teach sobriety, truth, fidelity and attending virtues, without which men can expect very little real advancement in this life, and

upon which depends the happiness of ourselves, our families and our friends."

"We are all but the creatures of circumstances, but we can, to a great extent, contract and direct those circumstances. It depends upon ourselves if we take our talent and hide it or whether we improve the abilities given us; fitting ourselves to fill those positions of honor and trust which are within the reach of all."

"I cannot at this time enter into many questions which may interest you as a body, but I will speak to you as individuals who represent a large class of those with whom my daily business brings me largely in contact. Yours is in itself a business which does not simply consist in shoveling coal, but one in which you can employ much scientific knowledge, where some of the greater principles of chemistry are in constant use. Your work, though laborious, calls for much knowledge, and knowledge which in most cases cannot be obtained without constant and careful observation and study. To become an efficient fireman you must acquire (although many who have acquired it do not realize the fact) a great deal of mechanical and scientific information in order to obtain the best results. Although your daily calling is not strictly an apprenticeship still it is often the stepping stone to other positions of greater trust and responsibility.

You each are looking forward to the time when you may expect promotion. I will say that I hardly expect that we shall ever again see the time when the railway business will expand with that great rapidity which characterized it for the two or three years before the panic of 1873. New roads were constantly being built, new men as engineers and firemen were constantly being employed and a man who took to that business for three or four years could expect in a short time to reach what was to many the acme of their desire, to be promoted to the full charge of an engine. But those times are past, few new roads are being built, consequently promotions are few. Railway officers can

take more pains in selecting the proper man to promote, and I see in the near future that a higher standard of ability and attainments will be required before a fireman can become an engineer. Under the old way firemen were promoted according to their length of service. The argument being that, 'He ought to know enough, for he has been long enough at it.' But the time is coming when other things will be considered necessary, and the points which will weigh in a man's favor will be:

"First—Long, truthful and efficient service. And under that head comes commendable actions, freedom from reprimands, general attention to duties, such as saving the materials entrusted in your care, cleanliness of your engine, and particular attention to those minor duties which are so constantly coming to your attention."

"Second—Personal character. Under which head comes sobriety, integrity and honor."

"Third—Knowledge, ability and education."

"And in making the selection for promotion all of these points will be considered, and although a man may have many of the necessary qualifications, if he lacks the others, equally as essential, he will be passed by for one more fortunate. But happily for you all none need fail except through misfortune, for you all have the natural abilities, and the other requirements depends entirely upon yourselves. But in order to obtain the knowledge you must study and continue to study. School education in itself does not do, it only teaches you how to study to gain knowledge. Your characters can be built up by an upright and straightforward course in your daily life."

"Now to return to the immediate relations between your superior officers and yourselves. We are human, all liable to errors. A complaint often made, and some time a just one against the superior is partiality, but often there is an excuse for the seeming partiality. When a superior officer sees a man striving in every way to please by saving fuel, keeping the engine clean, always prompt-

ly on time, always willing, is it a wonder that that man may be promoted or granted favors before one who gets through his day as easily as possible and is always a just subject for reprimand. I close these rather longer remarks than I intended with the hope that your motto will be 'Be ready to go higher.'

At the conclusion of Mr. Wilder's remarks,

MR. F. B. ALLEY, G. M.,

delivered his annual address, which was as follows:

"OFFICERS AND BROTHERS—It is with pleasure and gratification that I am permitted to meet with you in this the fifth annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. I therefore cordially greet you as the representatives of our local or sub-lodges who have assembled here in a grand body to legislate and provide laws for the promotion and advancement of those directly associated with us as enginemen. At home we meet in our primary capacity as the Subordinate Lodge. Here we come greeting each other with words of welcome to the national jubilee of the representatives of all the States from the tepid waters of the Rio del Norte to the ice-bound banks of the St. Lawrence and from the shores of New England to Oregon and California."

"You are the pilots of the pioneers of settlement, commerce, letters and religion, and the forerunner of civilization. The mighty engine obeys the steam you raise, drawing the long train into the heart of the wilderness, into great cities, over prairies and over chasm and mountains, with rich loads of grain and merchandise, and invaluable loads of people. Then increase the pressure, brother firemen, replenish the waning fires! Never cease! Let your train speed on in the good work of civilizing and supplying the wants of this great nation. You are carrying the most precious jewels of the world, the school books and newspapers, the great teachers and educators of the people, the humanizers of the race. Knowledge is power—then let us be the first to raise our voices and our strong arms to assist in this great

work of diffusing knowledge to the hungry people. Keeping these great responsibilities in view, let us then lay aside all ill-feeling that may have existed in the past and apply ourselves to the mutual protection and aid of our distressed brothers in every locality. Let each one assist in this good work if it be only by a kind look and friendly word. The nation is still riding on the waves of a fearful storm, and I hope it may be enabled to ride safely into smooth seas and secure harbors. After the storm it requires time for the billows to subside. A smiling plenty and close union between all parts of the country, and the greatest kindness and sympathy for each other's sufferings, we hail as harbingers of a speedy return of harmony and prosperity among all classes and departments of enterprise and industry. And with 'Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry' for our motto, resting our faith in the justice and goodness of God, in all places and under all trials, we can proudly bid defiance to the withering storm. But as we know not the future, let us provide for our families by insuring our lives. If a man neglects to provide for his family by insurance, he must be content with poverty all his life, or else deny himself the luxuries, and save to lay the base of independence in the future. But if a man defies the future, and spends all he earns, (be it one or ten dollars per day) let him look for lean and want some future day for it will surely come, no matter what he thinks. To save is absolutely the way to get a solid fortune, there is no other certain mode. Those who shut their eyes and ears to these facts, will be forever poor, and in their obstinate rejection of truth mayhap will die in rags and filth. Let them so die and thank themselves. But no! They take a sort of recompense in cursing fortune. They might as well curse the mountains and the eternal hills for we can tell them fortune does not give away good and substantial goods. She sells them to the highest bidder, to the hardest and wisest worker for the boon. Men never make so fatal a mistake as when they think them-

selves creatures of fate. It is the sheerest folly in the world. Every man may make or mar himself as he may choose. Fortune is for those who by diligence, honesty and frugality place themselves in a position to grasp hold of fortune when it appears in view. The best evidence of frugality is a clean record on the Financial Secretary's books, and a few dollars laid by for future use. Those who cannot (and few of us can to-day) save sufficient to give them a footing of independence, can do the next best thing, and that is secure their families against future want, and themselves against immediate wants, by coming into this excellent order, where we take care of the sick and distressed, and assist in procuring another position. Among the many plans for life insurance we have the simplest and cheapest. We charge but fifty cents per month dues, and no assessments, and the dues can be found equal to the requirements of paying the expenses and benefits. Our mortality list has been light this year, calling for but six assessments on the sub-treasury. What greater benefit could the outlay of fifty cents a month bring a man. But he must be a true man. No man can be a true brother who is not grateful to his creator, faithful to his country, and fraternal to his fellowman. Our principles teach war against vice in all its forms. In this contest we use benevolence. Love with its hallowed influence arms us with the proper weapons. Sobriety and industry crown the effort and a glorious victory is gained.

"Brethren of this fraternal brotherhood let us take new courage and go to work in the vineyard of the order—Sobriety and Industry. Our order has sometimes been thought selfish because it first provides for its own, and does not provide for all of our needy associates. To such we would say, our brotherhood pursues no phantom, nor is it visionary or ideal in its objects. It knows its means and cannot extend the hand of relief to all the world. Nor could it if its means were thousands of times more abundant. Therefore it should not wander off in search of

destitution abroad, when there is ample scope for the employment of all its means upon objects no less needy at home. Mutual relief is a leading office in our affiliations and as far as can be we allow our charities to go to suffering humanity. Wherever found the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has been prominent in teaching liberality and charity. 'The tree is known by its fruits.' By deeds and not by words may we be judged. Let your actions to your erring brother be generous. We are all liable to err, and we all do err, and no man is bold enough to say that he is perfect. It is the misfortune of our lives to make mistakes and commit acts that are wrong which we ourselves are generally first to see. I know I have experienced such reflections. Therefore do not censure severely, when a milder form of treatment would be sufficient, for in many cases severity does harm and probably hastened serious results. I have never encouraged acting against an erring brother hastily or in any but the mildest manner. We can afford to plead with the unfortunate and inspire him to do his duty, point out in an affectionate manner his faults. How easily he may do better for himself and gratify his friends and brothers. I have tried this course many times with perfect success, thus aiding in the restoration of a brother and doing my duty to the order. We must now consider the vast extent of the system of what we are now a part. The railroad is but a modern invention. In 1830 there were in the United States but twenty-two miles of road; in 1877 there were 79,208 miles. Look at this wonderful increase in mileage and the corresponding increase in the population of the country. You will then observe what an important part the railroad takes in our national affairs. Let the wheels of commerce but stop for thirty days and the direst distress would ensue. We had an illustration of this during the great strike of 1877, and again at present in the plague-stricken cities of the South, where cities are quarantined and no trains are running. The great responsibility, as agents

of the company you share in this great work, should spur you on to renewed zeal and through the medium of this one great brotherhood bring together the better elements, who by the beneficial influences of your associations and discussions in the Lodge room, are educated to a higher standing in society and make them more skillful and better fitted to receive the greater responsibilities that are yearly thrown upon them. The firemen of to-day is but the engineer of to-morrow. Then let us work in harmony and pave the way to more useful and more profitable lives. 'Educate, diffuse knowledge. Then, and then only will the wide spread differences be brought under one directing or co-operating influence and the 'lion lay down with the lamb.' However not inside the lion. Avoid the conflict of labor and capital as one is dependent on the other. Rather let us go hand in hand and both put forth our energies to solve this great labor question so as to enable a profitable investment for capital, thereby providing a means of profit and relief to the million and a half of suffering laborers, as any rupture of good feeling causes distress on the one hand and cripples the resources of the other to assist in relieving them."

The following letters of congratulation were received and read; the whole body returning their sincere thanks to Mr. John T. Raymond and Mr. E. W. Trueworthy:

BOSTON, MASS., }  
Monday, Sept. 9, 1878. }

*William N. Sayre, Esq., Grand Secretary B. of L. F., Buffalo, N. Y.*

"MY DEAR SIR: To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in Convention assembled, I send greetings and words of cheer.

"Another twelve-month has gone, and through Divine Providence, you are again permitted to meet again in Council, that the errors of the past may be corrected, the safeguards found to be such by experience, strengthened, and the future usefulness of the order provided for and continued.

"Sincerely do I congratulate the members of the Brotherhood upon the high renown and respect which they have

won from all classes throughout our whole land. The kindly and united feelings that have continued since your last session between the railroad management of the country and its locomotive firemen, deserves the warmest commendation, inasmuch as fomenters of public discord and strife, mistaking your ends and purposes, heralded to the country a wilful repetition of the scenes of a year ago.

"The time has now come when all organizations for the elevation of humanity and the protection of the laborer have but to act honestly, decidedly and intelligently to secure, without force, those triple blessings of life, liberty and happiness, vouchsafed to all under the constitution. Upon the adequate remuneration of labor, hangs life and happiness to the toiling millions of the land, and to a wise aggregation of our forces against the possibility of oppression, we owe the tranquility of liberty and peace.

"Strive then, as the chosen members of a noble Brotherhood, to elevate and maintain the dignity and the worth of labor. Strike high above the individual preferences and prejudices; and far removed from passion and false design. So conduct your councils and direct with wisdom your every act, that when you each return to your constituencies, you may be received with that grandest of acclamations, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Then not only will you have acted to the honor and renown of your particular Brotherhood, but to that great Brotherhood of humanity, which is encircled by no less bounds than the confines of the continents themselves, will you have rendered a signal blessing.

"I congratulate you upon the continued growth and added strength of the order; upon its prosperity everywhere; upon the outlook for the future; upon the possibility of a near union of all firemen in heart, purpose and organization; upon the rich fields yet remaining unharvested, waiting for the reaper you shall send to gather them in; upon the rich blessings which come with your daily bread, in the knowledge that you are befriending the unfortunate and helping the needy brother, feeding the hungry orphans, clothing the naked forms and warming the chilled limbs, comforting the broken hearted and

bringing down, as it were, the sweet music of Heaven itself to the afflicted widow. God speed you, and prosper you in your noble charity. Most sincerely and fraternally yours,

MARSHALL."

LOWELL, MASS.,  
September 10, 1878. }

*To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen now in Convention at Buffalo, New York.:*

"Allow me to congratulate you upon the growth and prosperity of your order. An organization which has so noble an object as the elevation of its co-laborers, with such marked success in its results, should receive the support of all good men. If your future acts are as harmonious, and your deliberations as full of wisdom as in the past, you will elevate the standard of your labor to a high degree and consequently enhance the value of your services."

"Hoping that each and every one of you will live to realize the completion of the object of your association, I am your obedient servant,

E. W. TRUEWORTHY."

The Grand Officers were then elected for the coming year, the names of whom will be found in the back of the MAGAZINE. Appropriate speeches were made by the newly elected officers and pledges given as to their intentions for the future, after which the following resolutions were adopted by the Grand Lodge:

"Resolved, That this body tender their sincere thanks to the Rev. Dr. Ward, the Hon. John B. Sackett, President of the City Council, and Mr. F. M. Wilder, Master Mechanic of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, for prayer and able addresses delivered at the opening of the Convention."

"Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. David Bell for courtesy extended the Convention in tendering us the use of the steamer 'Arundel' for an excursion on Niagara River."

"Resolved, That this grand body tender their sincere thanks to Mr. T. S. Abbott, of Lowell, Mass., for able and interesting communications appearing in our Monthly MAGAZINE and also for the general interest manifested in the welfare of our order."

"Resolved, That this body tender a

vote of thanks to the following railroad companies for favors shown in granting free transportation to delegates to this Convention, viz.: Vandalia line, C. C. C. & I. R'y, J. M. & I. R'y, I. B. & W., A. & G. W., B. & S. W., Erie, C. & A., New York, Lake Erie and Western, Pennsylvania R'y, Canada Southern, Kansas Pacific, Chicago and Northwestern, West Wisconsin, and C. A. & St. L. R'y."

"WHEREAS, While this grand body has been in session the sad and doleful news has been received from the fever-stricken City of Memphis of the death of three of our brothers; therefore be it

"Resolved, That this body deeply deplores the sad affliction which has visited the homestead of our departed brothers, and tender our earnest and heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved widows and orphans, and all others whose homes have been made desolate throughout the land."

"WHEREAS, Various courtesies have been extended to us by the press of the city," therefore be it

"Resolved, That we extend a vote of thanks to the same, and more especially to the 'Express' and the 'Courier.'"

"Resolved, That this body tender a vote of thanks to Buffalo Lodge No. 12, B. of L. F., for the very pleasant entertainment tendered us, and especial mention be made of Brothers Swan, Stioms, Cresinan, Jowls, Tice, Breese and Shufelt, for the masterly and efficient manner in which the same was conducted, and other courtesies placing this body under everlasting obligations to the Brothers of No. 12."

"Resolved, That this grand body tender their thanks to the proprietors of the Continental Hotel for their kindness and courtesy extended to this body."

"Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to Mrs. Avery and Mrs. Sayre; also Brothers O'Keefe and Kolb for their extreme kindness in waiting upon our worthy Brother Stevens who has been stricken with sickness, assuring them that their kindness will never be forgotten."

"Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to Brother C. T. Smith of Lone Star Lodge No. 72 for favors shown the Grand Lodge."

"Resolved, That thanks are due and are hereby tendered to the Engineers' Division for the use of their hall."



✓ Following the adoption of these resolutions, Brother E. V. Debs, Associate Editor, delivered the following closing address:

BRO. DEBS'S ADDRESS.

“WORTHY GRAND MASTER AND BROTHERS—I desire to claim your attention a few moments, in order to speak to you briefly upon divers topics which are entitled to a calm consideration. Through the kind partiality of the people of Buffalo we have met with a welcome of which we have reason to be proud. Upon entering our hall for the purpose of calling the meeting to order, we find that we are greeted by a few of the most eminent citizens of the Queen City of the Lakes. The fervent prayer of the Rev. Mr. Ward in our behalf, the generous reception and cordial welcome of the acting Mayor, Mr. Sackett, and the judicious advice given by Mr. Wilder, Master Mechanic of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, were bestowed upon us; and I feel it to be a duty incumbent upon every member of the organization to acknowledge the kindness, and be grateful to those gentlemen, who on behalf of the people of Buffalo, tendered us a welcome which will never be blotted from the records of memory. For all these favors we are not ungrateful, and I venture the assertion that the time will never come when it can be said that we have proven ourselves unworthy to be the recipients of the same. The impression prevails to a great extent that we, representing a class of ordinary laborers are but the representatives of a rude and uncultivated portions of the inhabitants of this land. I deny this. Standing as we do beneath the frown of what society is pleased to call respectable, and we can give proof that the locomotive firemen of the United States and Canada are entitled to the same respect and consideration that is so lavishly bestowed upon many other classes of laborers. It is true we cannot appear in the gilded laces and gaudy garments necessary to put the polish upon the ‘gentleman’ of our day, yet ‘beneath many a ragged dress there beats a noble heart,’ and on the same policy, the locomotive fire-

men of our land are a class of laborers who are not entirely unworthy to receive the respect of society; nor are they destitute of the principles requisite to stamp them as moral and honest citizens. Five years ago the first rays of the Brotherhood were faintly discernable in the distance, but from that time until the present moment the sun of its existence has continued its ascendancy, until to-day its beams of light and intelligence have penetrated the most remote parts of the nation. As many of our people are somewhat prejudiced regarding the true merit of our brotherhood it might be well to pause and give those persons an insight into our objects and thereby demonstrate to the satisfaction of all that our institution is one of the most necessary and useful organizations that has ever been established. First of all I want to prove conclusively that the first object of the Association is to provide for the widows and orphans who are daily left penniless and at the mercy of public charity, by the death of a brother. ✓ Upon looking over our constitution and by-laws, and reading the laws contained therein, one-half of which have been established for the sole purpose of promoting our insurance system, it is obvious that the benevolent feature of our institution is the basis upon which it is founded. The widows and orphans of our deceased brothers must not suffer for the lack of attention or support. We know that mortality among railroad men is greater than among any other class of laborers, and in view of this fact it should be the duty of every one to recognize an institution that provides for those who are left bereaved and helpless. Benevolence then, is the principal object, and with this as a plea, we believe we are entitled to a degree of recognition. The idea prevails to a great extent that we are banded together for the purpose of conspiring against railway corporations, and of resorting to violent means in the event that we cannot exact our demands in a peaceable way. I brand this as an infamous lie. I challenge any one to show me a single instance where the Brotherhood of Locomo-

tive Firemen have been implicated in an act of violence toward railroad corporations. It is the sheerest folly to suppose that such would be the object of the order, when their interests are so closely allied with those of their employers. But I can tell you my friends of the only manner in which our brotherhood intends to take advantage over corporations. It is this. We intend to give them a class of honest and intelligent laborers, men upon whom they can depend, men who are equal in every way to the responsibility under which they are placed, and then I think that we are justified in asking for recompense in accordance with the kind of labor performed. This is our policy and we shall never deviate therefrom. I now want to speak a few moments upon the proposed consolidation of the two orders of locomotive firemen. For the past year the subject has been handled by both organizations, but it seems that it is impossible to effect a consolidation that would afford terms suitable to both parties. It is deemed expedient by all the members of our order to effect an annexation, as in unity there is strength, but it is apparent that the Independent Firemen's Union is less anxious to consolidate since they were to have a committee present at our Convention to hold a conference relative to the matter, but failed to present themselves. Arrangements had been made on our part to meet them with cordiality and courtesy, but they having failed to be present indicates that they are unwilling to meet us. We shall then continue to sail under the colors of the B. of L. F., and with our past record as a proof of our worth we can safely depend upon the future for a realization of our bright and glorious prospects. Look at the strength of our order to-day, and notwithstanding we have experienced panics and a distress in the labor interests of the nation, our organization has steadily increased in numbers. We can point to 84 Lodges, all of which are progressing finely, and this goes to show that our order is alive and prosperous. Now, my brothers, all that is necessary is that we conduct ourselves in

such a manner as to gain the respect of the people, to show them that we are worthy to stand beneath the beautiful motto 'Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry,' and then we will soon be recognized as a feature of universal admiration. I should like to be more elaborate in my remarks, but time at present bids me forbear. We are about to leave one another. Those beloved friends with whom we have become so fondly attached are soon to become separated, and perhaps forever. In leaving you my brethren I can only say, God bless and protect you all. My heart is with you in all your endeavors to establish more firmly the pillars of our brotherhood. Remember our mottoes, and be determined to be a credit to the order and then we will be happy and prosperous. Though certain classes may revile against us by calling us communists and stigmatizing us otherwise, the time will never come when it can be said that we have been unfaithful to what we believed to be good and true. In conclusion allow me to bid you all adieu with hopes that we may meet again in the interest of our order."

Following this address the delegates sang the "Sweet Bye and Bye," after which the Convention was ordered closed to meet in Indianapolis, Indiana, the second Monday in September, 1879.

#### At the Convention.

During the week the Convention was in session the Delegates received an invitation from Mr. R. G. Taylor, Superintendent of the Western Division of the Erie Railway, to visit Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls, which was accepted, after the closing of the session. Leaving Buffalo at 8:30 a. m., in a special car, with Frank W. Eastman at the throttle and Louis Fitz at the scoop, under the direction of E. E. Redans as conductor, and F. A. Manson and E. I. Chase at the brakes, we glided out of the depot.

The morning was beautiful, the atmosphere light, and nature was described in all her gorgeous splendor.

The scenery along the line between the terminal points of our excursion was magnificent. Large and massive forests, interspersed with miles of rolling prairie, make it one of the most luxuriant features that we have ever seen. The party consisting of the greater part of the Delegates present at the Convention were in splendid spirits, and a general appreciation of the kindness of the railway officials is manifest on the part of the visitors.

Mrs. Sayre, wife of our Grand Secretary and Treasurer, was also aboard and to all appearance enjoying the trip. As we came in sight of the bridge all were eager to catch the first glimpse of the wonderful Falls. Passing over the bridge we find ourselves in the Dominion. Bro. Swan, our guide, conducted us first to the Whirlpool Rapids Park, where for an hour we feasted upon the rolling waters and the grandest scenery on the Niagara River. The party next moved toward the Falls, some few crossing over to the American side by ferry, while others after a thorough inspection of the mighty Falls crossing the new wagon bridge into the United States; thence into the art gallery, down to Table Rock, Luna Island, Cave of the Winds, at the foot of the Biddle stairs. We obtained a full view of the "Horseshoe" at the foot of the main island; we stopped upon Terrapin Bridge facing Canada and directly over the horseshoe; here the rainbow could be seen from the American side. Next came the Sister Islands with bridges connecting the main island. At this point can be seen the most striking view of the great Rapids, the speed of the river under the connecting bridges being thirteen miles per hour. From here we wander back to the depot, discussing the wonders of Nature, well repaid for our nine hours walk, and truly grateful to Bros. Swan, Howell and Crossman for guiding us,

and to the various officers tendering us gratuitous tolls and rates. We can give but a passing account as space will not permit, yet at 8 p. m. we entered our hotel well pleased with the excursion and retired to dream over the day's sights and to prepare for the morrow's excursion.

#### NIAGARA RIVER—STEAMER ARUNDALL.

During the Convention the following invitation was extended the body:

BUFFALO, N. Y., }  
September 11, 1878. }

*W. N. Sayre, Esq., Secretary.*

DEAR SIR—Should the arrangements of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, now in session in this city, admit of an excursion on Niagara River, I take pleasure in offering the Steamer "Arundell" for the purpose on Friday, Saturday or Monday next, whichever of these days will suit their convenience, and I will be obliged by your communicating this to the proper quarter and let me know their determination.

Yours very respectfully,

DAVID BELL.

Tickets for the members of the Convention and their friends will be furnished at the boat which will leave her dock, foot of Main street, at 2 p. m., returning at 6 p. m.

Having accepted the kind invitation of David Bell, Esq., the proprietor of the "Arundell," the delegates availed themselves of the opportunity of first visiting the shops, drafting and model rooms of Mr. Bell, also through the courtesy of Mr. Moses, Chief Engineer of the Anchor Line, visited and examined the engines on one of the large freight boats on Lake Erie. We tender our thanks to Mr. Moses both for the act of kindness and personally for the photograph of his Patent Automatic Lubricating Pump, which we are informed by engineers is perfection in its work. At 2:40 p. m. the Brothers of No. 12 with

their wives, mothers and sisters, accompanied our delegation down the river to Grand Island under the leadership of Mr. David Bell, Esq., the steamer leaving the dock with the band playing appropriate music for the occasion. Our Captain, Mr. James Buyers, we are under many obligations to; he was willing to be questioned on all subjects, pointed out the various light-houses, points of interest, &c., and to his clerks and crew are we also indebted. Arriving at Grand Island the body separated, some for the groves, others to join in the dance, while a few availed themselves of pulling hard against the Niagara. We should do a wrong did we not mention the photograph groupe consisting of Mr. Bell, Captain Buyers, Mr. R. V. Dodge, sr., J. M. Dodge and Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, Bro. Sayre and Lady, with Bros. Cobb, Joles, O'Keefe, Quackenbush and Jacobs, taken under the shade of the trees. We will ever cherish the picture as a memento of value and pleasant recollections. At 6:10 p. m. Captain Buyers called out "All aboard" and the steamer left for the city, making the run up in an hour, the time being occupied by singing songs. Again we tender to the representative officers of the City of Buffalo and the railroads, to Mr. Bell and Captain Buyers, our warmest thanks and hope that we will all meet again at no distant day.

### CONVENTIONALITIES.

—The delegates on their excursion to Grand Island, on the beautiful steamer "Arundell," were accompanied by the Rev. R. V. Dodge, father of our worthy Brothers R. V. and J. M. Dodge; also Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Dodge.

—We are pleased to learn of the recovery of Brothers J. S. Cool and Wm.

Tangman, they having been ill during the stay at Buffalo.

—Don't fail to read the new Constitution and By-Laws, the production of thirty-five hours labor.

—Ask Brother Cronin about the way he secures transportation for the Brothers on their return. He is posted.

—Mrs. Avery, the wife of our amiable and accommodating host of the Continental Hotel, has now scores of friends among the members of our Order, and will long be remembered.

—The party that broke the photographers' camera will please settle, as it reflects very badly on the whole party. Who said Brother R. V. broke it?

—What have I done that I can't have any salre? Will the Brother from Kentucky please tell us as quickly as convenient for him so to do, if that is the name that they have applied for butter in his country. What name have they given for sugar? Perhaps sand.

—Did Brother A. R. Nold have his weapons with him the night of his return from the Convention? It's a long walk, Brother A., and we all know that none of us are safe after the hour of 12, midnight. How far is it to Columbus if Hu-go by way of the wash out?

—The delegates who did not witness the exhibition of one of the Buffalo steam engines, so kindly tendered for our benefit, lost the opportunity of seeing something very nice. Many thanks to the managers. All ready to leave the engine house in the short space of 11 seconds. How is that for quick time boys?

—The man with a striped coat and carried a cane is not called Jean. His name is—well you can guess. By the way, in order to correct a wrong impression I would state that Jean's name

proper is not Jean, but Eugene. Where is he?

—Will Brother A-lick D. Cronin tell us if there is anything he prefers to scrambled cabbage?

—What is the difference between leaving Buffalo on Sunday evening and Tuesday evening? Answer—Gain on time of about two hours. Loss on pleasure trip to the Falls, two good nights' rests. Excursion on river, visit to the City Hall, &c. Has Brother McClure anything to suggest?

—Brother Sayre deserves considerable credit for his action on the night of the 17th. When Brother S. makes up his mind to accomplish anything, he generally succeeds, no matter if it is contrary to the wishes of the Station Agent. We'll never freeze for the want of a fire when he is around. Rest assured on that. Ladies return thanks.

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The Buffalo *Courier* of the 14th inst., thus speaks of the Convention: "The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen were in session until nearly 12 o'clock last night, industriously engaged in an effort to close up the work before them. The delegates are an intelligent body of men and their deliberations have been conducted in a manner worthy of the brotherhood. At the several sessions held during this week they have, as the *Courier* has already suggested, considered the amendments to the constitution and by-laws, revising and making them more simple and effective, and have sought to make the Brotherhood a truly benevolent association, protecting the families of members better than heretofore, and as they believe, making an insurance that is unequaled by that of any similar organization. The disability clause has been remodeled, and various

changes have been made bettering the beneficiary. They have also devoted considerable time in the effort to bring about the consolidation with the International Firemen's Union, whose delegates are to meet with this Convention, and decide the question, which it is hoped will make the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen one of the most powerful and benevolent institutions in the country. Their whole work has been changed and revised to accommodate this new acquisition to the Order. They have also decided upon continuing the publication of a magazine, the proceeds of the publication of which will go towards charitable purposes. The office of Grand Instructor and Lecturer was created, and the duties of that officer will be to visit each Lodge of the United States and Canada at least twice a year, and to organize new Lodges. The financial accounts have been examined and found to be in an encouraging condition, a surplus being on hand which will be devoted to meet the current expenses."

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BROTHER JOHN TAMPLIN, of Columbus, is at present engaged on the Little Miami Railroad, (a division of the Pan-Handle) between Xenia and Richmond. John is never idle.

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SEVERAL of our Memphis Brothers have been stricken with yellow fever. They received due care from their Brothers, who are always on hand when sickness demands their attention.

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BROTHER BRADY, of Fargo Lodge, No. 85, has been selected as Magazine Agent. We hope the Brothers will not be backward in assisting him to raise a good list. The Lodge is composed of enterprising young men who we feel sure will take a pride in the welfare of our little book.

## ALICE CAREY'S SWEETEST POEM.

Among the beautiful pictures  
 That hang on memory's wall,  
 Is one of a dim old forest,  
 That seemeth the best of all;  
 Not for its gnarled Oaks o'den,  
 Dark with the mistletoe;  
 Not for the violets golden  
 That sprinkle the vale below;  
 Not for the milk-white lilies  
 That lean from the fragrant hedge,  
 Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,  
 And stealing their golden edge;  
 Not for the vines on the upland,  
 Where the bright red berries rest;  
 Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cow-  
 slips;  
 It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother  
 With eyes that were dark and deep;  
 In the lap of that oaken forest  
 He lieth in peace, asleep;  
 Light as the down of the thistle,  
 Free as the winds that blow,  
 We roved there the beautiful summers,  
 The summers of long ago;  
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,  
 And one of the autumn eves  
 I made for my little brother  
 A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded  
 My neck in sweet embrace,  
 As the light of immortal beauty  
 Silently covered his face;  
 And when the arrows of sunset  
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,  
 He fell in the saint-like beauty  
 Asleep by the gates of light.  
 Therefore, of all the pictures  
 That hang on memory's wall,  
 The one of the dim old forest  
 Seemeth the best of all.

BRO. JAMES SHANNON, of No. 51,  
 will please correspond with his Lodge  
 immediately.

It is to the interest of every Brother  
 to always have his dues paid up prompt-  
 ly, as he is not entitled to benefits when  
 in arrears. The amount will hardly be  
 missed if not allowed to accumulate.

WE should like to have more  
 "Queries" and "Answers to Queries"  
 from members of the Order. It gives  
 us new ideas.

## Resolutions.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 14, 1878.

*Resolved*, That the sincere thanks of  
 United Lodge, No. 60, be tendered to  
 Brother Goundie, V. G. M. of the B. of  
 L. F. for his kindness in assisting in in-  
 stallating our officers August 18.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these reso-  
 lutions be printed in the Firemen's  
 MAGAZINE.

A. B. COLLOM,  
 J. SHEPPARD,  
 J. FALLS,  
 Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 14, 1878.

We the members of United Lodge,  
 No. 60, do most sincerely tender our  
 thanks to our retiring officers for the  
 great interest they showed while filling  
 the different offices of the Lodge.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these reso-  
 lutions be printed in the Firemen's  
 MAGAZINE.

G. C. GREEN,  
 J. MCNEAL,  
 WM. ROBERTS,  
 Committee.

FT. GRATIOT, MICH., August 24, 1878-

At a meeting of Huron Lodge, No.  
 69, at their Hall, Sunday, August 18,  
 1878, it was

*Resolved*, That a vote of thanks be  
 tendered to Bro. Brintnall, the retiring  
 Master, for the very efficient manner in  
 which he performed his duties during  
 his term of office, and that a copy of the  
 same be forwarded to the MAGAZINE  
 for publication.

## Grand Lodge Officers.

W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Grand Master,
8405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
J. M. DODGE.....	Vice Grand Master,
No. 12 16th st., Chicago, Ill.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
J. O'KEEFE.....	Grand Warden,
North Platte, Neb.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
W. HUGO.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
T. DOYLE.....	Grand Outer Guard,
St. Louis.	
B. I. WELCH.....	Grand Chaplain,
Port Jervis.	
M. COOPER.....	Grand Marshal,
St. Paul, Minn.	

## Grievance Committee.

M. E. COBE.....	Worcester, Mass.
J. S. COOL.....	Logansport, Ind.
JOHN McCLURE.....	Columbus, O.
JOHN L. BODEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. R. WHITCOMB.....	Springfield, Ill.
P. J. ROBINSON.....	Little Rock, Ark.
A. M. CRONIN.....	Memphis, Tenn.
D. T. HENDERSON.....	Cleveland, O.
JOS. BRINTNALL.....	Fort Gratiot, Mich.
L. H. INGERSOLL.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
W. F. HYNES.....	Denver, Col.
J. POPE MYERS.....	Louisville, Ky.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges  
unless otherwise noted.*

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jervis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.  
I. B. Fisher (Box 724).....Master  
Ed Salley.....Rec. Sec'y  
N. C. Marshall.....Magazine Agent

2. ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.  
C. Hobart.....Master  
W. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
John Broderick.....Magazine Agent

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
W. H. Maxwell.....Master  
Geo. F. Dunbar (box 286).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. F. Williamson.....Magazine Agent

5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 p. m.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
C. Bennett.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent

7. SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa., meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.  
Geo. B. Carpenter.....Master  
Thos. Roach (Lockbox 37).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. D. Schooley.....Magazine Agent

8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
Thomas Ackley.....Master  
Frank Schooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent

9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.  
F. J. Kistler (14 West Fulton st.).....Master  
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. block.)  
Edward Ginnly.....Magazine Agent

10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, Ohio. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m., Miller's Hall, cor. Auburn st. and Scranton ave.  
Josh L. Clark, (8 Freeman st.).....Master  
D. T. Henderson (46 John st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
P. J. Culliton.....Magazine Agent  
(148 Rear Columbus st.)

11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
L. D. Salisbury.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent

12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30; hall, 253 Michigan st.  
James Shufelt.....Master  
J. C. Bradley (470 Swan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent  
(527 South Division st., Buffalo.)

13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. in brick bank hall.  
J. Hunt.....Master  
Geo. McGarrahan.....Rec. Sec'y  
Fred. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent

14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at No. 62½ East Washington street.  
C. A. Hawley (110 Span ave.).....Master  
C. P. Bond (456 E. Michigan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. P. Bond.....Magazine Agent  
(456 E. Michigan st.)

15. **PACIFIC**, at St. Louis, Mo. meets 2d and 4th Sundays; hall, Chateau avenue, near Summit Avenue.  
J. J. Smith.....Master  
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind., meets every Fridays at 7:30 p. m., cor. Main & 7th sts. James Smith (Postoffice box 1074).....Master  
E. V. Debbs (Box 1074).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Ebbage (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
18. **FRIENDSHIP**, at Fort Wayne, Ind. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.  
J. R. Anderson.....Master  
F. Snyder, 138 Force st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Ferd. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
19. **HOPE**, at Alliance, Ohio. meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
L. M. Holloway.....Master  
J. Martin (Crestline, Ohio).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. S. McKee, Crestline, O. Magazine Agent
20. **WESTERN STAR**, at Galesburg, Ill. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
O. D. Pratt.....Master  
John McGee.....Rec. Sec'y
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. meets every Tuesday at 7:30 p. m., in Engineers' Hall.  
James Bucke.....Master  
H. Miller (cor. Ellwood & 2d st) Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Master  
Geo. Bond.....Rec. Sec'y  
E. Carter.....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
J. H. Smith (252 Zane street).....Master  
F. B. Caywood (593 W. Chestnut) Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Smith.....Magazine Agent  
[252 Zane street.]
25. **PROVIDENCE**, at Providence, R. I. meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Saturday evenings in each month in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Geo. H. Bragg.....Master  
C. S. Newton.....Rec. Sec'y  
(14 Chestnut st., Hartford, Conn.)  
O. W. Cutler.....Magazine Agent  
(Ashland, Mass.)
26. **J. W. THOMAS**, at Nashville, Tennessee. meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at Knights of Honor Hall, W. Nashville.  
Geo. D. Smith (317 Church st.).....Master  
Will Achey.....Rec. Sec'y  
(cor. W. Gay and Hines sts.)  
Will Achey.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
F. A. Davis.....Master  
A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month  
W. J. Stuart.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. C. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. **CHAMPION**, at Detroit, Mich  
John Munroe (239 Larned st).....Master  
Frank Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Magazine Agent
30. **HARMONY**, at Susquehanna, Dep.  
James Cass.....Master  
Frank Choate (Box 269).....Rec. Sec'y
31. **FORT CLARK**, at Peora, Ill.  
A. F. Eaton.....Master  
D. B. Wright.....Rec. Sec'y
32. **AMERICUS**, at Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Charles Jewell, 82 Center st.....Master  
George H. Scott.....Rec. Sec'y
33. **CECIL FLEMING**, at Jackson, Tenn.  
J. Jones.....Master  
R. T. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Jones.....Magazine Agent
34. **ORCHARD CITY**, at Burlington, Iowa.  
Win. James.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
35. **WASHINGTON**, at Lafayette, N. J., meets 2d Monday and last Saturday evenings of each month at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
Horace Allen.....Master  
A. Zindle.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 Pine st., Jersey City, N. J.)  
J. Conklin.....Magazine Agent  
(183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at Lafayette, Ind. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, corner Sixth and Main sts., Curtis' Block.  
H. C. Ward.....Master  
P. Ronan (182 N. 6th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer (91 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
37. **MOUNTAIN CITY**, at Altoona, Pa. meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th avenue; between 12th and 13th streets.  
John Gardner.....Master  
J. Miles Stonebraker, Box 343.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. McMurray, Box 343.....Magazine Agent
38. **KEY STONE**, at Pittsburg, Pa. meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Beaver avenue.  
Gust Sold.....Master  
Thos. Vanvoy.....Rec. Sec'y  
(148 Bidwell st., Allegheny, Pa.)  
Burt E. Gove.....Magazine Agent  
(134 Juniata st., Allegheny, Pa.)
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. meets 2d and 4th Sundays.  
H. M. Baker.....Master  
Wm. Chambers.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Anderson (Box 56).....Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. meets every Thursday night.  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss (1206 N. Lee st).....Master  
T. O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y  
(910 W. Chestnut st.)  
C. M. Stone.....Magazine Agent  
(Corner Catherine and Locust sts.)
41. **FOX RIVER**, at Aurora, Ill. meets every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.  
C. Riddle.....Master  
E. E. Powell.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. L. Cummings.....Magazine Agent
42. **MISSOURI VALLEY**, at Sedalia, Mo. meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th Wednesday.  
R. C. Yopst.....Master  
C. Schernowkie.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. D. Palmer.....Magazine Agent



43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo., meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at Eng'rs Hall. L. Mooney.....Master  
DeWitt Pearce.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Fitzpatrick.....Magazine Agent
44. ....
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Warkham streets. Wm. Coyne.....Master  
M. W. Campbell (Lock Box 648).....Rec. Sec'y  
M. W. Campbell.....Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. meets every alternate Sunday at Eng. Hall. John Walsh (532 North Fifth st.).....Master  
G. D. Partington (Box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Henry.....Magazine Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel. P. D. Furlong (692 State st.).....Master  
W. Woodin (544 S. Canal st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
John Glover.....Magazine Agent  
(661 State st.)
48. AMICITI, at Harrisburg, Pa. meets every Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, corner 3d and Broad streets. R. T. Shepherd (5th, near Riley).....Master  
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y  
937 Pennsylvania avenue  
C. W. Guyon.....Magazine Agent  
(642 Colder st.)
49. SPRINGFIELD, at Springfield, Mass. C. O. Mansus.....Master  
J. W. Hurlbert (Box 396).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. H. Porter (Box 396).....Magazine Agent
50. NEW YORK CITY, at New York. meets every 2d Sunday and 4th Saturday of each month, at 869 Second avenue. D. E. Elliott (107 E. 46th st.).....Master  
Henry J. Glover (231 E. 45th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.).....Magazine Agent
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y., meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall. A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st.....Master  
L. J. Boynton (112 W. Utica st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. McCarthy (49 W. Erie st.).....Magazine Agent
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Ind., meets every Friday at 8 p. m., corner Market and Canal streets. Chas. Schrier.....Master  
S. Bricker (box 626).....Rec. Sec'y  
Ambrose Ross.....Magazine Agent
53. FIDELITY, at Sunbury, Pa., meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall. John Pittenger.....Master  
D. F. Vollmer (Box 276).....Rec. Sec'y
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo., meets every Monday night, at 43 Reed street. J. J. Murphy.....Master  
J. Mummet (Lockbox 580).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Bresson.....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis, Tenn. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at Engineers' Hall, Adams street. Wm. Bender, 206 Old Raleigh st.....Master  
O. B. Hanes.....Rec. Sec'y  
Alex. M. Cronin.....Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Emporia, Kan., meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall. S. McGaffey.....Master  
Wm. Tangman (Topeka, Kan.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. R. Goheen.....Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 a. m., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street. Francis Beadle.....Master  
(No. 31 Russell st., Bunker Hill District.)  
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
(123 Chelsea st., E. Boston, Mass.)  
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent  
(70 Cambridge st., E. Cambridge.)
58. STAR, at Hoboken, N. J. meets 2d Sundays and 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st. C. E. Berland.....Master  
O. Gillen (Box 41, Hoboken).....Rec. Sec'y  
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. ASHLEY, at Ashley, Pa. meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 p. m. J. M. Peck.....Master  
A. E. Detro.....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. meets 1st Wednesday night and 3d Sunday morning, corner Hancock and Diamond streets. G. C. Green (107 Haydock st.).....Master  
J. McNeal (427 Schneider ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. A. Falls.....Magazine Agent  
(2224 North Second st.)
61. MINNEHAHA, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 p. m., cor. 7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall. S. J. Murphy (56 Goodrich ave.).....Master  
C. Sinks (58 Goodrich ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Peel (183 Exchange st.).....Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall. O. E. Histed.....Master  
W. T. Bingham.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. W. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday. J. A. Bain.....Master  
Chas. J. McGee (box 772).....Rec. Sec'y  
F. Rogers.....Magazine Agent
64. LOYAL, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday. W. H. Hamilton.....Master  
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 16, Brookville, Kan.)
65. ISLAND CITY, at Brockville, Ontario, (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, King street, over McClean's boot and shoe store. Wm. T. Simpson.....Master  
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. CHALLENGE, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in B. of L. E. Hall. Patrick Flannery.....Master  
James Cummins.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. C. McKnight.....Magazine Agent
67. DOMINION, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occidental Hall, Queen street. Wm. Newlove.....Master  
Wm. Prenter (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y  
George Shields (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. HUDSON, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday afternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts. John McAuley.....Master  
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y  
(232 Union st., Elizabeth, N. J.)  
B. Hare (245 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent

69. HURON, at Port Huron, Mich. Meets every Sunday, over Postoffice.  
J. Britnall.....Master  
C. Macklow.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)  
T. French.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)
70. LONESTAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets every Friday night in I. O. O. F. Hall.  
James McDonough.....Master  
L. W. Phillipson.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. T. Smith (box 92).....Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 540 Broadway.  
D. O. Shank (281 Green street).....Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union street.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent  
(281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.)
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
Wm. Cows, 410 Hartman st.....Master  
L. Elberston (417 Henry st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave.....Magazine Agent
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass., meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
Geo. A. Hewitt (Union Depot).....Master  
Marshall E. Cobb (86 Park st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. E. Cobleigh.....Magazine Agent
74. KANSAS CITY, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 7st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic hall, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Master  
John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y  
cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Magazine Agent  
905 Penn street,
75. ENTERPRISE, at West Philadelphia Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
C. E. Austin, 3800 Story st.....Master  
W. T. Goundie.....Rec. Sec'y  
3405 Elm st.  
C. E. Austin.....Magazine Agent  
(3800 Story street.)
76. VALLEY CITY LODGE, at East Saginaw, Michigan Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.  
F. C. Blanchett.....Master  
J. Lennox, Box 830.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Hannon, Box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col.; Meets every Thursday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
S. B. Turman.....Master  
W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Pelham.....Magazine Agent
78. BINGHAMTON, at Binghamton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.  
Thomas Milan, Box 725.....Master  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. MIAMI, at Cincinnati, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M., corner 8th and Freeman sts.  
J. T. Coakley.....Master  
G. Horrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Sperry.....Magazine Agent  
432 George st.
80. EARLY SUNRISE, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st & 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. hall.  
J. H. Morely.....Master  
C. Reich.....Recording Sec'y  
A. P. Draper.....magazine Agent
81. READING, at Reading Pa. meets every 2d and 4th Sunday, Bland's Hall, cor. Ninth and Penn st.  
W. Hynes.....Master  
C. J. Butler (28 Church st).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Goodman.....Magazine Agent
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn., meets in Druids Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet Avenue, between 1st and 2d streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday evenings of each month.  
S. F. Brown.....master  
(1311 N. Washington avenue.)  
John Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
(M & St. L. freight office.)  
J. W. Cole (1223 S. 7th st.).....Magazine Agent
83. MISSISSIPPI, at Winona, Minn.  
John Herwick.....Master  
Wm. Warren (box 186).....Rec. Sec'y  
B. F. Weller (box 21).....Magazine Agent
84. ....
85. FARGO LODGE, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
Jas. Burke.....Master  
John Burns.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. C. Brady .....Magazine Agent

# THE BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

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## THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.



THE conductor and I were recently conversing during a trip over the road about the many adventures in the life of railway men. When he said, in reply to a remark from me: "Yes, sir, it is quite true what you say; we

do have many a strange tidings happen to us on the road; though for that matter, sir, there's strange things enough in every walk of life. People needn't read books if they want to find romance. It's all around us, sir, everywhere."

And he took up the lantern and swung himself out on the platform with that peculiar oscillating motion that railway officials seem to acquire, crying out "Baltus Station!" in a voice as unlike the soft, pleasant tenor in which he had been conversing with me as possible.

Presently he came back, deposited his lantern in the corner, and sat down in the vacant seat beside me.

"Talking of strange things," said he, "the strangest thing that ever befell me was in passing through this very patch of woods. Should you like to hear it, sir? There was a newspaper gentleman wrote it

down once, and sent me a copy of his paper, but to my thinking the printed words never came up to the reality of the thing. Well, sir, it was ten years ago and I had not been married long. We lived in a little wood-colored cottage a mile or so down the road, close to the Wyantsville station so as to be handy for the trains, and Nelly—that was my wife sir—always said that the shrieking of the engines and the blowing off of steam was company for her. And if I was to try, sir, I never could describe to you how cosy and homelike our little sitting room used to look of a dreary autumn twilight, when I would come in and see the firelight, and the Turkey red curtains and the striped Venitian carpeting on the floor, and Nelly flitting around the little supper table like a child playing at housekeeping. I tell you, sir, if you want to make a man appreciate his home you must give him a sort of dreary life outside of it.

"We had been married just a year, and it was a stormy October night, with the wind wrestling in the tree-tops and the dead leaves drifting down upon our roof in showers. Nelly looked wistfully after me as I took up my hat after supper and glanced at the new silver watch that the company had presented me that time I saved the train from the mob of strikers by switching it off on the Alburg line, five miles short of the depot."

"Couldn't you stay with me just

this one evening, George?" said she. "It's our wedding night, you know."

"I know, darling," said I; for she was one of those frail, slender little creatures that one always treats like a child. "Do you think I would forget *that*? But work is work, and I must not forget my train."

"So I kissed her and went off. I was running the night express then between Hereford and Waltham from twelve till twelve, and a hard-working business it was. But we carried the mail and I knew it was a respectable place, and as for complaining, why, bless you, *that* never was my style. I had my bread to earn and I was glad of the chance to earn it. I took the way train to Hereford and there I stayed until the express came along, and Conductor Burton went off duty."

"Well, it came on to blow heavily that night and I could not but think of little Nelly, all alone, as we steamed through the solitary woods and fields. All alone, I say, for the maid-of-all-work we kept went home at nine o'clock to sleep. I could fancy just how Nell looked sitting at her needlework, with the grave, intent look on her face that was always there when she was not talking or laughing, and the candle light shining on her yellow hair and long eyelashes. And then I could picture her closing up the house, and drawing all the curtains, moving about like a little serious shadow in the lonely silence, and then kneeling at her bedside—for Nelly had had a pious bringing up and it was one of her worst troubles, poor dear, that I had not joined the church as yet."

"It must have been high one o'clock when we rushed into these woods—one o'clock; with the wind howling like a tempest, and the rain pouring down in perfect sheets, when all at once we began to slack up."

"I sprang from my seat at once; I could always detect in an instant the slightest variation in our speed."

"What's the matter?" says I, swinging myself into the engineer's box.

"Danger ahead!" says he.

"How do you know?" says I.

"Signal!" says he.

"And there, sure enough, I could see through the waving of the trees and the rush of the train, the shine of a red light on the track. We shut off steam at once, and I jumped off and ran along the rails as fast as I could."

"And if you'll believe me, sir, it was my Nelly, all wet and drenched with her yellow hair hanging down her back, and a black shawl wrapped around her—my Nelly, with the old red lantern in her hand."

"Nell!" I cried out, in sheer amazement, "How do you come here at this time of night, and what is the matter?"

"She looked at me with blank, wide open eyes that seemed to see nothing, and in an instant I comprehended it all."

"She had been sleep-walking; she often did so when she was over tired or not over well—and here she was a mile from home in all the rain and tempest, swinging a red lantern across the track as she had once seen them swing it when there was a land slide, and the rocks and sand thundered down on the track five minutes before the express was due at the Cross Roads."

"Jermyn," said I to one of the brakemen, a fine, straightforward young fellow, who was above his station, "you must take the train on to Waltham to-night, I must see my wife safely home."

"All right," said he, "I'll do it."

"And all the time Nelly stood looking at me with the same sightless, wide open eyes."

"We were just about to put on steam again when a man came speeding down the track, waving a bull's-eye lantern around and around his head until it looked like a little circle of white fire."

"Hold on!" shouted he. "Hold on! There's a telegraph pole fallen straight across the track an eighth of a mile from here, and your train would have dashed into kingdom come if you hadn't stopped just where you are. How did you know it?" he added, stopping to pant for breath as he came up to us.

"*Know* it!" said I. "We didn't know it."

"Then how came you to stop?" he

asked.

"God knows!" said I, and a strange creeping sensation began to thrill through all my veins as I looked at Nelly and thought from what she had saved us.

"Well, sir, I took her home through the woods and she never came to herself until we were both standing beside the fire in our own little house, and then, all in an instant, the light of reason seemed to flash into her eyes, and she cried out in a great terror:

"George—oh, George, how came you here?"

"So I told her all. She could recall nothing of it, but only burst into hysterical sobs as she listened to my tale. But one thing was certain—she had saved all our lives.

"Nell," said I, "dear little Nell, you have been our guardian angel to-night."

"And to this day, sir, I never pass through this solitary patch of woods without seeing Nelly, with her floating yellow hair and the red light shining like a spark of fire, without feeling the chills of horror that crept over me when the man came rushing down the track, crying out that the telegraph pole had fallen directly in our path. There are times, sir, in which Providence itself seems to interpose in our behalf, and this was one of them. You stop at Willett's, sir, don't you?" with the odd, inscrutable change in his voice. "We shall be there in half a minute."

And so ended the Conductor's story."

### 'Bijah's Queer Customer

[Detroit Free Press.]

A funny old man—a pedler of notions—popped out as 'Bijah opened the corridor door.

"You acknowledge that you got drunk do you?" asked the Court.

"Yes; I own right up."

"You fell in the mud, lost your stock in trade and hit the policeman who arrested you?"

"That's just what I did, Your Honor, and I believe I ought to be sent up for three months. I believe I've got down to a mean point, and it needs something to bring me up standing. Send me up

and it will prove a great moral lesson to me."

"Why don't you go to Florida and plant an orange grove?" asked His Honor, as he looked down benignly on the old pioneer.

"Florida—orange grove! Why, I couldn't plant string-beans, Your Honor! I can't tear up the soil and root around like a young man with muscle and backbone. I'm over seventy years old, all shrunk up, ugly-tempered, and I want a check put upon my mad career."

"I don't want to send an old man like you to the bars," observed the Court.

"Why can't you emulate the example of Socrates, and behave yourself?"

"I don't care for Socrates, and I'm liable to go out of here and kill a man!" exclaimed the pedler.

"Well, you'll have to kill somebody, then," sighed His Honor. "If I send you up you'd eat twice as much as you could earn, and I also believe that you are a real nice old man when you are sober."

"No I ain't—I'm a regular old cocoanut, with all the peeling left on! Won't you send me up, and give me to understand that I've got to behave myself or suffer the consequences?"

"No—can't do it; one old man makes more fuss up there than forty young men. You'll have to go on snuffing the pure air of liberty and dodging April showers."

"Now do I thirst for blood!" whispered the old man as he went out. He saw a sailor across the street, and he rushed over to wallop him and thus prove his desperate character in the very eyes of the Court.

"Who's this sailing across my bows?" growled the Jack Tar, as the peddler bumped against him, and he dropped the old man in a melting snow-bank as easily as a boy gets away with a jaw-breaker.

### How She Fooled Him.

John Sanscript's wife went to bed Saturday night with her mind made up to fool the old man next day or die in the attempt. In previous years she had found John impervious to jokes of all kinds, and she realized the Augan task before her on the morrow. With her mind full of her self-imposed task she went to sleep. At daylight she awoke

and at once began to operate. Her victim was lying with his back towards her, apparently in a sound sleep. She poked him vigorously in the ribs with her sharp elbow and clawed his shins with her toe-nails, preparatory to startling him with a half-whispered warning.

"John—oh, John—there's some one ringing the door-bell."

"Lem 'im ring," was the sleepy response.

"But, John, maybe it's the man on the next square who owes you that \$100 come to pay you."

"No 'taint, neither," said John, with a yawn.

"But you don't know, and it may be that very man."

"I guess not, for he's buried; died last week. Besides, old woman, your ears deceive you. I took the bell-knob off last night to fool April-foolers."

Heavens, what a mess she made of it to begin with! But when the old man rolled out of bed, yawned and picked up his pants she rammed the sheet in her mouth to plug up her laughter.

"Oh, jiminy, wont he tumble when he puts his foot in them pants and finds the legs sewed up!" she said to herself.

Judge of her rage when the provoking brute innocently carried the blockaded breeches to the wardrobe and inquired:

"Nancy, where's them chocolate-colored pants I had on last week?"

"Out on the ones you have in your hands John, what's the matter with them?"

"I burst a button off yesterday, and they need mending."

At breakfast she poured out a nice cup of coffee for him and sweetened it with two spoonfuls of salt.

"You needn't give me any coffee," he said; "keep that yourself."

"Why John, what's the matter? This is the first time since we were married you refused coffee."

"The blamed stuff has made me nervous lately; and as this is the first of the month I thought I'd break off and only drink it for supper. You keep that yourself."

When he came home to dinner she had prepared him a neatly-directed envelope with a sheet of blank paper inclosed within. He eyed it suspiciously, and throwing it into the fire, said:

"I know that handwriting. It's from

that crazy lunatic who wants me to vote for him to-morrow. So much for his letter."

In the evening she disguised herself in one of her husband's old suits and came to the door to beg for charity.

"Please give me a nickel to buy some bread."

"Get out, or I'll give you a nickel with my boot."

"But, sir, consider. I'm starving."

"The devil you are! Now, I'll bet you \$50 against the suit of clothes you wear that you are an impostor."

"But, sir"——

"If I were to search you now I should not be surprised to find you loaded with wealth. For two cents I would see."

"For heaven's sake"——

"Now, none of your soft-soap on me. I don't believe in beggars. Here, you policeman, take this infernal impostor to the station-house."

"John! John! you wouldn't send your wife to the station-house, would you?"

"The h—l I wouldn't!" was the cool response. "Anybody who lies to me about my door-bell, sews up my trousers, puts salt in my coffee, writes me anonymous notes and steals my clothes ought to go to the penitentiary for life."

"But how did you know ——"

"If you women wouldn't talk in your sleep you might keep a secret once in awhile."

Mrs. Sanscript says that hereafter when she attempts an April-fool joke she intends to sit up all the previous night.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

### Fishing for Fun.

[From the Burlington Hawk-Eye.]

I landed my first pickerel the first evening we were on Lake Minnetonka. I am not a skillful fisherman. I told the boys that I could do a little plain fishing, but I didn't want to be set down for anything with any kind of fluting, embroidery, knife-plaiting, or anything of that kind about it. I fished from the shore by the side of a veteran fisher, Mr. A. K. Dunlap, of Titusville. He knows every fish in the lake by name. He can tell by the movement of the line what kind of fish is at your hook. Something ran away with my line.

"It's a pickerel!" shouted Mr.

Dunlap, in intense excitement. "A big fellow! Take out your lines!" he yelled to the rest of them. "Give him plenty of room! Play him!" he shrieked at me. "Let him run! Keep your line taut! Don't give him an inch of slack! Look out! Don't let him do that again! Let him run! Now, bring him in this — Look out! Don't let him do that again!"

By this time I was so excited I was on the point of throwing down the pole and rushing out in the lake, intending to run the fish down and kick it to death. I screamed to Mr. Dunlap:

"You take the pole and land him, I never can."

He refused; he turned and hurled his own pole, lance fashion, into the woods.

"Here!" he shouted, rushing down the bank about twenty feet below me stooping down and spreading out his arms. "Here! Now! Bring him in here through the shoal water! I'll get him! Careful, now! Careful! Steady! Ah——"

And flip, flap, I had him on the shore. He was a beauty. A little sunfish about three and a half inches long.

It was a long time before we said anything. Mr. Dunlap climbed a big birch tree in the top of which his pole had lodged, and we resumed our fishing. Presently Charley Armknecht coughed, and I said:

"How funny the frogs sound over in the marsh."

And then we laughed a long time at the frogs. A long, long time, and very heartily. They were very funny frogs.

But Mr. Dunlap fished on very silently, and by and by he said the fish wouldn't bite when there was much noise. So we held our hush and the fish bit. But they didn't bite any of us very badly.

The fishing is excellent most anywhere in the lake. That evening on the upper lake one of the boys caught nine large pickerel. When we came to count the fish, however, it appeared that he had caught one pickerel nine times. It was a very large fish and they are going to have its skin dried whole for a spectacle-case. I caught more fish than any one else

in the party, but they were all, with one exception, catfish, and I learned to my amazement, that I had disgraced myself and the lake. Why isn't a fish a fish, I'd like to know?

### The Magical Miracle Compound.

When I was a small boy I was compelled to take pills every time I pleaded sickness as an excuse for not splitting enough wood on wash-days.

This was an awful torture to me, inasmuch as I sometime had to hold the pills under my tongue for fifteen long minutes before I could get a chance to spit them out unseen.

It was this that induced me to take up the study of medicine as I grew older.

My object was to discover a remedy for suffering humanity that would not cause more misery than the affliction it was designed to cure.

The result was the Magical Miracle Compound.

It took like wildfire.

I warranted it to cure neuralgia, old-ralgia, influenza, out-fluenza, hydrophobia, low-drophobia, scarlatina, concertina, bunions, onions, chilblain, Jim Blaine, and everything that human flesh is heir to.

The following are specimens of the numerous letters I received from persons who gave the Compound a trial:

"DEAR SIR:—I was suffering from a very aggravated case of mother-in-law in the hair; one bottle of your Magical Miracle Compound removed the cause, and my hair is being rapidly restored. JASON JINSLING."

"DEAR DOC:—I would rather get drunk on your Compound than on the best of whisky, because it is cheaper and my wife don't object to my drinking it so long as I make her believe I have a gum-boil under my arm. JERRY CRABTREE."

"BOLIVAR B:—This is to certify that I have used eighteen bottles of your Magical Miracle Compound and find it very good—for exterminating rats. It will kill rats and mice quicker and deadlier than any other poison I ever used. I also find the bottles very useful to fling at cats when they make a racket under my

window; it saves soap-dishes, boot-jacks, &c. P. Q."

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—I cheerfully recommend Bluebottle's Magical Miracle Compound to any and all persons who are troubled with a superfluity of flesh and health. The inventor of this great remedy is destined to be somebody, or somebody else, and is very apt to make his mark—on everything he touches, especially if his fingers are dirty.

"DR. PICKEMOFF."

"MY DEAR SIR:—I saw your advertisement, and am a well man.

"W. CRINKLEPIN."

"DEAR OLD FLY:—I applied a gallon of your Compound to a smoke-house full of hams. They were cured

"CHRISTOPHER CLOD."

"DEAR DOCTAH:—I find your compound a very handy article to have about the house—it takes up such a small amount of room.

"HELEN BLAZES."

"B. B.:—I was troubled with a running sore on my heel; it would run so fast sometimes that I could hardly keep up with it. One day I accidentally struck it against your Magical Compound in front of a drug store, and my heel was healed.

"HILO JACK."

"MR. BLUEBOTTLE:—My wife was afflicted with neuralgia on the starboard side of her countenance, which caused her to growl at me from morning till night. I hit her in the head with a bottle of your excellent Compound, and she was cured. The pain was removed and so was she.

"B. LEEVME."

"DOCTOR B.:—The boiler of the mill in which my brother works exploded some time ago, and my brother was blown to atoms. One bottle of your wonderful remedy restored him to his former health.

"U. B. BLODE."

"SIR:—As your advertisement claims that the Magical Miracle Compound is good for worms, I bought a bottle to try it. I gave a dose to a sick worm and it relieved it instantly. As I have a lot of valuable silkworms I am glad I have found some-

thing that is good for their health. "SIMON SLOWBOY."

"MY MEDICAL FRIEND:—I was troubled with a peculiar vacancy in my chest, and also in my stomach. I filled the chest (which is a large iron-bound concern) with empty bottles of your Magical Miracle Compound, and beat the landlord out of four weeks board before he discovered that my personal effects were of no particular value. I am very grateful to you. GENTLEMAN GEORGE."

"MISTER MAN:—My daughter Matilda fell from the top of a lumberpile the other day and run a knot-hole in her eye. It was extracted without pain by the use of your great remedy. About the same time my little son fell through his trousers and hung himself, and would doubtless have died had it not been for your Miracle Comical Maggound—for he lay like a dead child till we threatened to give him some of the medicine, and then he jumped up and darted out of the house.

"HANNAH MARIA JAYBIRD."

You see by the above testimonials that nothing succeeds like success.

The Magical Miracle Compound is only twenty-five cents a bottle, and is therefore within the reach of all—that is, all who have twenty-five cents to spare.

If you haven't got that much, you can't reach it to save your neck.

Agents wanted—to stay away from our office.

A good live agent can make from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a day selling my Compound—provided he sells enough of it.

Yours professionally,

BOLIVAR BLUEBOTTLE, M. D.

### A Pithy Reply.

Some forty or fifty years ago, a Venetian squadron, commanded by Emo, a captain of reputation, anchored in a bay near the village of Calouri, in Corfu—one of the most secluded spots in the world, inhabited by a race of most primitive people, whose only produce was pitch, which they obtained of very excellent quality from the pines that covered their soil. Emo had heard of this famous pitch, and sent, by a



special messenger, a letter conceived in the usual magniloquent style of Venetian official documents, requiring and entreating "the syndicks, primates or governors, as they might style themselves, of the loyal village of Calouri, as faithful and illustrious friends and allies, in the name of the most illustrious republick to consign to his trusty messenger twelve barrels of the solid commodity called pitch, in lieu whereof, he, in the name of the republick promised, agreed and offered to give any remuneration that might be required, provided always that the same should be within the bounds of moderation. And praying that all prosperity, etc. etc." The old men of the village who had never heard of Emo or of Venice, assembled under the trees, where debates were always held; they turned the letter over and over, wondering why Emo or any other mortal should send such a string of compliments to a handful of poor peasants—and at last, (to come to the end of the story,) an answer was written and sent, in these words: "We of Calouri, to Emo, the admiral; send us your money, and you shall have our pitch."

#### No Harm Done.

Among the passengers on the noon car up Grand River avenue yesterday, was an oldish woman who had a basket of grapes on her lap. She couldn't see any reason why she shouldn't devour a few as she rode homeward, and she wasn't the kind of a woman to swallow the skins. On the contrary she blew them from her mouth with a clear and distinct "swoosh!" taking aim at no particular object, but hitting a boy in the eye at the first shot. At about the fifth 'swoosh!' a half-smashed grape struck a gentleman passenger in the centre of his snow-white shirt bosom, making a stain half as large as a No. 3 government envelope. He sprang up and sat down in his sudden embarrassment, and was getting ready to mash the old lady with one fierce look of indignation, when she pulled out a dilapidated old wallet, shook out six cents, and extending her hand across the car, she said:

"Them as is car'less must have

cash backing. Here's yer six cents—go'n git ter frothed over agin!"

He waved her hand away, and she replaced the money, bit off three or four grapes at once, and continued:

"You can git clean shirts the year 'round, but grapes don't last no time 'tall. Sorry, very sorry, but I can't swaller grape-skins to save me!"

#### The Chinese in California.

The San Francisco Morning Call, which previous to the recent workingmen's victory, had little to say on the very important subject of Chinese immigration, publishes the following:

"We notice an advertisement in the Alta California, because it indicates a new departure with the Chinese of this city. We refer to a notice of an insurance company called the 'On Tai.' The company, it seems, belongs to the Chinese, the president being Lee Sing and the secretary Ho Amei. The agents in San Francisco are Wing, Tie, Jan & Co. This company hails from Hong Kong. The Chinese have a right to do all the business in this city they can secure. Our laws give them this right. They come here and work for less wages than an American who has a family to support can live upon. Labor is therefore seriously affected. Next, our laborers who have been thrown out of employment have but little means to purchase merchandise. This cuts short our merchants. At first the Chinese purchased certain supplies from our merchants, but that time is fast passing away for the Chinese companies can obtain material from first hands, such as leather, tobacco and cotton and woolen goods which they manufacture. Our merchants have ceased even to sell the Chinese the most ordinary articles. The difficulty was not at first considered serious, but it now takes labor and traders, and is every day assuming new proportions. To-day we learn through the Alta California that our insurance companies can transact no more business with the Chinese. All of this the Chinese have a right to do, and even more if they please. Immigrants who came from the East a few years ago to obtain homes in

California brought us large sums of money. The State was enriched by them and their wealth went into general circulation. These immigrants were in a fair way to build up towns throughout the interior. The passenger trade on our railroads has almost ceased, and yet we have 75,000 Chinese in San Francisco. What will be the condition here when this population shall be doubled, as it surely will unless a change comes over the feelings of what are termed our best citizens. Let us see: Seventy-five thousand Chinese, the number now in San Francisco, will earn say \$1 per day each. Suppose all of this money is taken out of circulation and sent to China. Can a community stand such a drain? This would be over \$2,000,000 per month—\$27,000,000 annually. This is why the inhabitants of San Francisco groan, and we see no prospect of improvement unless the people shall decide to give no more money to the Chinese to be shut up in the great Asiatic vortex, from which it never returns. New York city, the commercial emporium of the country, could not stand such a financial drain as now stares San Francisco in the face. Draw \$27,000,000 out of New York annually and the finances of the city would be shocked. San Francisco does not yet fully realize the perils which threaten her, but as business droops, as the price of real estate declines, laborers falling by the wayside, and then merchants losing their trade, capitalists will understand that the Chinese question is one over which they cannot afford to sleep any longer."

A terrible death from phosphorus is reported. A young man left Paris a few days back to visit his friends at Lyons, and as soon as he got into the carriage he lit a match by scratching it with his thumb nail, and a piece of the incandescent phosphorus penetrated under the nail and made a slight burn to which he paid no attention. But after an hour the pain became very great, the thumb swelled, then the hand and next the forearm. He was obliged to alight at the first station and send for a medical man, who declared that instant

amputation of the arm was necessary. The patient insisted on postponing the operation for a few hours until the arrival of his father, for whom he had telegraphed. But before the latter could reach the spot, it was too late; the poisonous matter had gained the arm, then the shoulder, and any operation was henceforth impossible. The young man died twenty-seven hours after the burn in horrible suffering.

### A Stranger's Liberality.

[Oil City Derrick.]

A red-nosed stranger shuffled into a saloon yesterday where a crowd of loungers were discussing the political situation and waiting for a candidate to drop in and "say something."

Making a low obeisance to the man behind the bar, the stranger turned to the loungers and said:

"Glad you're on deck, gents; was afraid I would be obliged to drink alone and if there's anything I despise it's to play a game of solitaire at a public drinking fountain. Come up and join me."

The boys rallied to the call, and half a dozen glasses were filled and emptied with, "my regards, stranger."

"In the words of the Latin poet," said the strange man, whirling his empty glass across the counter, "*Fil lim up again!*"

The order was obeyed and the beverage drank to the health of the genial stranger.

"What's the penalty?" he asked, wiping his lips on the back of his hand.

"Dollar-forty."

"Only a dollar-forty!" he exclaimed; "it's worth twice that if it's worth a cent. Why, my dearsir," he continued, unearthing a greasy pocket-book, "I've traveled from Maine to California, from Terre Haute to Kalamazoo, and dog my cats if I ever heard tell of such cheap entertainment."

"We try to do the fair thing by our customers," said the bar-keeper, visibly touched by the compliment.

"I have slaked my thirst at the Fifth Avenue, at the Palmer, at the Southern, at the Grand, at the Gibson, at the Galt, and I can truthfully assert that never have my lips touched juice of the corn that could hold a candle to that with which you have just regaled us. Dollar-forty, indeed!"

"I won't have any but the best," said the barman, blushing slightly.

"As I go up and down through life," continued the stranger with enthusiasm, "I will take it a pleasure to call every man's attention to the fact that at your place—and I will note the street and number as I go out—that at your place, sir, sign of Gam'rinus sitting on a beer keg, is dispensed a balm in Gilead at ten cents a glass, that can be had no where else on the foot stool for less than twenty-five."

"I will be much obliged to you."

"Don't mention it. I will go miles out of my way to call a traveler's attention to the fact that beneath your counter is a black bottle with a corn-cob stopper, which contains the identical nectar that Jupiter sips. In addition to this full-page advertisement, embellished with original cuts, I would gladly hand you the dollar and forty cents," and he unclasped the pocketbook and helped himself to a chew of fine-cut therefrom, "but the fact is, sir, the failure of the bank of the City of Glasgow has left me without a cent in the world; ta—ta; come and see us often," and he was gone.

### A Mythical Bear Story.

[Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.]

Hugh Dougherty was introduced all round Carson the other day as a State Senator from California. This reminds one of a little joke practiced by that jolly San Francisco Bohemian, Dan. O'Connell, who gave readings here last week. Dan was on the train going to Eureka, when he fell in with a crowd of English tourists. If there is one thing in particular that Dan likes to manipulate, for practical jokes, it is a British tourist. He opened the ball by paying the porter of the train four-bits to come along occasionally and address him as "Governor." The porter earned his money and was earnestly rushing up to Dan with:

"Governor, did you want anything, sah?"

Presently one of the tourists remarked:

"Mr. O'Connell, I see you are called Governor; 'ave you the 'onor

hindeed to be han hincumbent hoffer the hofferce?"

"Yes," replied Dan; "I have had the honor of occupying the gubernatorial chair of this State for five years, and expect to be re-elected in the Fall."

"Hy! hindeed; quite hextraordinary for one—a—ha—so young."

"Yes, I do look young, and I am proud of the fact that for a man of fifty there are few better preserved specimens of physical humanity in this State. I came to this coast in '49 almost dead with consumption, but the glorious climate of California and the still more bracing atmosphere of Nevada and the delightful effect of rejuvenating my entire system. I now hunt the grizzlies in my bear park with as much ardor —"

"Hi beg pardon," interrupted one of the tourists, "did hi hunderstand you to say a bear park?"

"Yes," continued Dan, without moving a muscle, "I have a range of fourteen hundred acres, well stocked with grizzlies, black bear and the different Rocky Mountain varieties. It is but a small park, but amply sufficient for what little recreation I need. It is but twenty miles from here, and if you can spare a couple of weeks, my horses, dogs, guns and bowie-knives are at your disposal."

"Really, though, your kind offer is appreciated. But his there no danger, you know?"

"Oh, yes, of course; an inexperienced hand gets a little nervous when closing in on the monsters with the bowie-knife, but if you do not care to take risks, you can shoot them with the rifle. My boy was killed last week, but he was too impetuous by half, and it was partly his fault. I mig t have interfered in time to save his life, but the fight was a fair one, and I hadn't the heart to fire at the brave beast from behind. A true Nevadian and '49er never takes so noble an animal as the grizzly at a disadvantage, even though his own flesh and blood be at stake. But, to change a subject, the recollections of which are painful (here Dan wiped away a tear), let me invite you to my deer park at Elko, where a thousand bucks roam

at large, and my hounds are the best in the State."

The tourists promised to come and spend a month, and are now doubtless looking for the O'Connell preserves.

### The Victory of a Hardware Clerk.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

A sprightly-looking man with sandy whiskers and buff-colored sachel entered a hardware store yesterday, where he encountered the head clerk, whose humor frequently takes a practical turn.

"Good morning, sir," said the sprightly-looking man, as he began to open his sachel. "Bad day out."

"Don't want any cutlery," responded the clerk.

"But I assure you sir,"—

"Don't want any chisels, hammers nor carpet tacks."

"But, my dear sir,"—

"Don't want any hand saws, stoves, cradle-blades, axes, nor anything else. Don't want even a tin horn."

By this time the sprightly-looking man had unbuckled the straps of his valise, dipped down into it and brought to light a small, curiously-shaped machine, which he held up to view with a proud smile.

"This, sir," said he, "is a model of Slimpson's celebrated cooking-stove and wash-pot combined. You will see that the movement is rendered reciprocal by this simple"—

"My friend," interrupted the head clerk, "do you know that you are liable to be counted out at any moment? The returning board is in session right here."

"But just do me the kindness to examine this beautiful piece of mechanism. It"—

"See here, stranger," responded the clerk, "did you ever know a crippled man to become President?"

"No sir, I believe not."

"Well, if you've got any ambition that way you better leave this store, because in a general scuffle between you and me you might get your leg broken over some of these ovens and things."

The sprightly man took the hint,

repacked his model, and left in a hurry, while the clerk went to the drawer, selected the cleanest looking \$10 bill, and put it in his pocket as a token of victory.

### Napoleon's Destiny.

During the campaign of 1809, Napoleon arrived at Brun, in Moravia. He had to pass the Old Gate; a steep ascent leads to this gate, contiguous to which are several houses; one of these was occupied by a mechanic, as a dwelling and workshop. Among his journeymen was a native of Tyrol an industrious and worthy fellow, but, like all his countrymen, a furious enemy to Napoleon and the French. On the morning when the Emperor rode to the Spielberg, the Tyrolese was missing. His comrades were just talking of him, when the apprentice entered the shop, and mentioned that he had seen the Tyrolese at the window of the loft. This awakened curiosity, and the master went up to the loft to see what he was doing; he found him kneeling at the window, with a gun ready cocked lying before him, and his eyes fixed on the road by which Napoleon was to pass. As the house stood on the declivity of the hill, consequently lower than the gate, the emperor on horseback, at the moment when he came up to the gate, would have been nearly on a line with the window where his humble foe had posted himself; and the distance would have been so small that scarcely any marksman, and least of all a Tyrolese, could have missed his aim. A few moments after the master had disarmed his workman, Napoleon passed the gate and rode down the hill. His destiny was not yet accomplished.

### A Very Strange Story.

A South London (England) journal reports a story which reminds us very much of the Gaffer Hexams and Rogue Riderhoods of the Thames. A drowning man from the Princess Alice offered a boatman £5 to save him. The latter called out that he "could not do it for the price."

"I'll give you £10!" screamed the half-drowned man.

"It's worth more than that, Governor," composedly returned the waiter.

"Fifteen pounds, then," pantingly replied the drowner, almost with his last breath.

"No, but I'll tell you wot, I'll save you for £20."

There was no other alternative, for the boatmen evidently meant what he said, and the victim consented. He was hauled into the boat and rowed ashore, and directly they got to the land the boatman demanded the money. Said the late victim:

"I would have given you £5 willingly, but since you have shown yourself such a black-hearted scoundrel, you shall have nothing."

The boatman swore and stormed, but without avail, and all he could get was the name and address of the man, who said he might, if he liked, "take the law out of him." The boatman means to go to law, and he has commenced an action against the man for breach of contract. A well-known South London solicitor has the case in hand.

### MERRY MOMENTS.

—"I don't like the cat, it's got splinters in its feet," was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

—Said he: "Matilda, you are my dearest duck." Said she: "Augustus, you are trying to stuff me." She was too sage for him.

—"Bedad, look at the baste, with his two toothpicks stickin' out'er his mout!" was how the first sight of an elephant affected Bridget Muldoon.

—A barkeeper at a social party being asked to concoct a glass of punch replied, "This was one of those occasions when he did not mix in society."

—A German writing home concluded his letter thus: "If I lifts till I dies, tell my friends at home that I shall visit my faterland before I leave here."

—Tom Moore compared first love to a potato—because it shoots from

the eyes. "Or rather because it becomes all the less by paring," exclaimed Byron.

—"How is it, Miss, you gave your age to the census-taker as only twenty-five, when you were born the same year I was, and I am thirty-nine?" "Ah! you have lived much faster than I, sir."

—The other day an Irishman was passing the graveyard, where he saw two men, friends of a countryman who had just died. They were seeking for a burial lot. "Who's dead?" he asked. "John Leary," was the reply. "When did he die?" "Yesterday." "Well, bedad, he had a foine day for it."

—"Water," said Professor Pierce, waggishly, "is not a vegetable, although it leaves in the Summer." "No," added the new smart boy, who came in this term, "and rum is not a vegetable, although rum blossoms." And then the professor said the class would confine its remarks to the text book.

—A man being asked about the trustworthiness of a certain person who was in search of a situation, said, "There are doubtless vocations in which he could be trusted; there's real estate for example, if that were put in his care I think the owner would find his property where he left it. I shouldn't care to speak as to any other kind of property."

—It was proposed to erect a monument in the village square to the Father of his Country, and Squire Higgins was called upon for a liberal donation. "I can't give anything this time," he said; "but you may know that I always carry Washington in my heart." "Well," answered the man with the subscription paper, "all I can say is that you've got the Father of his Country in a very tight spot."

—One night a child set up later than usual, and when she went to bed she did not feel inclined to say her prayers. Her mother said, "does my little girl want to go to bed without asking God to take care of her through the night." She replied, with a great deal of emphasis, "Well, mamma, I did that the other night, and I lasted till morning."

**The Black Death—The Terrible Scourge of the Fourteenth Century 80 000 People Die in One City in Six Months.**

Appalling as has been the scourge of yellow fever in the southern portion of our country, its visitation to us has in reality been light when considered by contrast with the terrible ravages of the "Black Death" in Asia and Europe from time to time in the fourteenth century. Of all the plagues that have swept the earth none ever were so horrible as that. It desolated the lands it touched; it left an inheritance of terror in the minds of generations of descendants from the few who survived it; it merited no other appellation so well as the frightful one by which it was then known, and is still remembered. China is said to have been its birth-place, and in that vast Empire thirteen millions of the inhabitants were destroyed by it the first time that its blight fell upon the land; thence it journeyed through Central Asia, and in 1346 reached the vicinity of the Caspian Sea and the Bosphorus. Armenia, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt and Greece were swept swiftly by the all-devouring pestilence. Fleeing fugitives carried on shipboard, in themselves and in their goods, to Italy, Germany, France and England, the seeds of the dreadful infection. Death was everywhere in the air. Cities were depopulated. In London 50,000 plague-stricken corpses are said to have been buried in a single spot. An ancient chronicler, narrating its frightful ravages there, presents the following thrilling picture:

"In its malignancy it engrossed the ill of all other maladies, and made doctors despicable. Of a potency equal to death it possessed itself of all his armories, and was itself the death of every other mortal distemper. The touch—yea, the very sight of the infected—was deadly; and its signs were so sudden that families seated in happiness at their meals have seen the plague-spot begin to redden, and have wildly scattered themselves forever.

"The cement of society was dissolved by its mothers, who, when they saw the sign of the infection on the babes at their bosoms, cast them from them in abhorrence. Wild places were sought for shelter; some went into ships and anchored themselves afar off on the waters. But the angel that was pouring

the vial had a foot on the sea as well as on the dry land. No place was so wild that the plague did not visit—none so secret that the quick-sighted pestilence did not discover—none could fly that it did not overtake. It was as if heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was shoveling them all into the sepulcher.

"Justice was forgotten and her courts deserted. The terrified jailers fled from the felons that were in fetters; the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prisons for safety; the grass grew in the market places; the cattle went moaning up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers; the rooks and the ravens came into the towns and built their nests in the mute belfries; silence was universal, save when some infected wretch was seen clamoring at a window.

"For a time all commerce was in coffins and shrouds; but even that ended. Shrift there was none; churches and chapels were open, but neither priest nor penitent entered, all went to the charnel house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave, the testator and his heirs and executors were hurled from the same cart into the same hole together. Fires became extinguished, as if its element, too, had expired. The seams of the sailorless ships yawned to the sun.

"Though doors were open and coffers unwatched, there was no theft; all offenses ceased, and no crime but the universal woe of the pestilence was heard of among men. The wells overflowed and the conduits ran to waste; the dogs banded together, having lost their masters, and ran howling over all the land; horses perished of famine in their stalls, old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof; creditors claimed no debts, and courtiers performed their promises, little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague so raged, it traveled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse."

But, awful as were the ravages of the black death in England, they were infinitely worse in Russia, for there it reached a ready harvest of victims

already prepared for it by the predisposing aids of ignorance, superstition, bad food, filth, and blind, unreasoning terror. In 1349 this slow-moving destroyer made its way to Scandinavia, and either thence or from Germany, where it was raging, penetrated into Russia in the spring of 1352, and according to Karamsin, Russia's historian, broke out first in the city of Pskow. So terribly did it rage there that ere winter came again over two-thirds of the inhabitants were in their graves. The condition of that doomed city during that dreadful summer is thus related by an historian of the period:

"Youths and old men, parents and children, were laid together in the same graves, numerous families entirely disappeared from among the living in a single day. Every priest found in the morning thirty or more corpses lying in his church, and Mass was read over the whole at once. But the churchyards soon lacked space for new graves, and holes were dug in the woods outside of the cities.

"At first covetous individuals were found to wait upon those attacked, in hopes of becoming possessors of their wealth, but as soon as it became evident that the disease was communicated by the touch, or in other words that the property of the victims contained the sting of death, even the rich looked in vain for help, for even the son fled from his father. There were, however, some individuals who showed the most extraordinary magnanimity and self-devotion. They carried to the church not only their immediate friends, but even strangers, assisted at their funerals, and prayed for their souls with generous fervor in the midst of the pestilential tombs.

"Numbers fled from the world, shutting themselves up in convents and bequeathing their property to the church, or by feeding and clothing the poor they prepared themselves by good works for their passage to eternity. In short, it was believed that the end of the world was come, and that no one would survive."

In that beautifully simple record of heroic self-sacrifice, devotion and atonement we find a parallel for some of the most touching incidents of the progress of our present scourge in the South. There, too, are noble souls who offer

themselves freely for the sake of others; sin-stained ones whose charity and "good works" makes white their page in the book of the recording angel.

Though the black death in none of its symptoms resembled the yellow fever, except in its malignity, yet being like that terrible malady of Orient origin, it fled before the frost of the Northland. Winter brought relief. But ere that time Pskow and Novogorod had buried two-thirds of their inhabitants. Not one was left in Gluchow and Rjeosersk, and many smaller towns and cities were entirely depopulated. Moscow suffered frightfully, and among her dead were the Metropolitan, the Czar, and two of the sons and a brother of the Czar. Strange, sudden and terrible was this all-destroying plague, like unto no other disease previously known. "A pain like the stab of a knife, ran suddenly through the heart, shoulder blades or between the shoulders, the veins became burning, blood flowed from the throat, attended by a strong perspiration and shivering. In other persons tumors appeared about the neck or hips, under the cheek bones or breast or between the shoulders. The result was the same, unavoidable, swift and agonizing death."

In 1364 the same plague revisited Russia, carried by travelers from Bedesh to Nishuynovogorod, Kolamna, Perestawl and Pskow, and in all these cities the chroniclers relate:

"There was no time to bury the dead; there remained scarcely ten healthy individuals to a hundred that were sick; the unfortunate victims breathed their last without any one attending them in their dying hour; seven, eight or more corpses were buried in one trench, many houses became quite deserted, while in others one baby, perhaps, was left."

Again the winter's cold checked the appalling work of death, but the pestilence, instead of being driven away, was only forced to lie dormant until the return of warm weather in the succeeding spring reawakened it in all its ferocity. Then it spread to Rostow, Twer, Torsok and other places, devastating them most terribly. Another winter stayed its course, but, as before it retired not from the seemingly doomed land upon which it had fastened; it only waited until the sun should ripen its deadly seeds, and in 1366 it again desolated Moscow.

Fancifully and inexplicably it would

seem to desert a city for a time, only to return at the moment when the wretched inhabitants remaining were thanking God for their deliverance. Not deliverance, but only respite, had been accorded them, for in that hour the black death would spring upon them once more with tenfold fury. Thus it raged four times in Pskow and Novogorod alone, and twice in the districts of Moscow, Twer, Smolensk and Rjasan. In Novogorod alone, according to the German historian, Kranz, 80,000 individuals were swept from the face of the earth in the short space of six months. "The people," he relates, "fell down in the streets and expired in a moment; persons in health, engaged in burying the dead, died suddenly, and were interred in the graves they had just dug."

Smolensk was visited three times, until at last, in 1387, five individuals only were left alive of the whole population, and they, according to the historical record of that awful time, "went forth from the city of death, locking its gates behind them."

Not until 1427 did the black death really leave Russia. During seventy-five years it had in every one ravished some portion of the land, and there were many horrible summers in which, as an epidemic of most fearful malignity, it spread over and blighted nearly every city in the Czar's domains. Hundreds of thousands of dead marked its pathway in every direction. As an able commentator of high medical authority has written upon the subject:

"The excessive virulence of this disease in Russia may be entirely attributed to the circumstance that the people took no effective means for its cure wherever the malady raged, or against its recurrence where it had once disappeared. Superstition was then at its height—prayers, fastings, processions, charities, &c, were resorted to as means to appease the anger of the Almighty, while the remedies which God had placed in their hands were disregarded. But, unfortunately, it was not only in the acts of piety that the superstition of a benighted people displayed itself; in those times fanaticism, the close ally of superstition, led them also to the commission of atrocities. The populace of Pskow actually devoted twelve unfortu-

nate females to the stake, and burned them as reputed witches, in order, as they said, to propitiate a God of mercy!"

### Parson Beecher and Queen Victoria.

Brother Beecher, it is known, is fond of the ladies, and the ladies, it is said, are fond of soldiers; so Brother Beecher, who is ever studious to attract the sex, has doffed the parson's gown for the time being and arrayed himself in martial cloak, spurred boots, and nodding plume of a "bold soldier boy." He is now Chaplain to the Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn. Straddled on his prancing steed the obese and quasi-militant parson, in his endeavors to hold his seat, cuts as ludicrous a picture as did the fabulous miller on his much abused donkey. As captain of the awkward squad he would be the right man in the right place.

"Go it, old man!" cried a newsboy, with a smile of derision on his dirty little face, which made the twinkle in his bright eyes flash the more brilliantly. "Go it, old man! Galang! Hi yah!" And he slapped his ragged breeches and smacked his lips to make the horse go faster.

"Hold on to your hat!" said another urchin.

"Mister," asked another, "going to the war in the East?"

The amusement afforded the bystanders, the ladies included, was keenly relished; but the gallant thirteenth, which came into existence for amusement, and not for any serious work, didn't seem to perceive anything strange or ludicrous in the be-ring of their chaplain.

Beecher, with his regiment, proposes to visit Canada on Queen Victoria's birthday. He conceived this right royal idea a year ago, and last Sunday he asked the congregation to contribute toward defraying the expenses of the trip. He paid a high compliment to the Thirteenth, and added that "a good regiment ought to have a good chaplain," a remark that set them all laughing.

There is something significant about this item, which is published in a local daily:

"The uniform is almost a copy of



the English army uniform. The uniform was chosen by the board of officers, by a majority vote of one, and the English colors were adopted as a sort of compliment to the British regiments whom it is expected the Thirteenth will meet on their visit to Canada on the Queen's birthday."

With all this we have no special fault to find. Every one should at all times appear in his true colors, and the Anglicised element by birth or education, on this side of the Atlantic only do the fitting thing when they flaunt the English colors.—*Irish World*.

### Indian Killing.

But very slow and unsatisfactory work has been done in the business of killing Indians for the past one hundred years. A good authority on the subject estimates that in a period of eighty-nine years last past the United States troops have only succeeded in killing about eight thousand, even counting all made way with in frontier skirmishes with the hardy settlers. In the Seminole war, which lasted seven years, less than four hundred of the dusky denizens of the Everglades of Florida were slaughtered at an average cost of \$75,000 per head, or in the aggregate, \$30,000,000, and the Florida business was at least as inexpensive as the average cost of killing the whole eight thousand, if we are to take the results of careful examinations into the history of our Indian wars. On that basis over six hundred million dollars have been invested in this national amusement, and yet it is now said that the most war-like tribes the Comanches, Crows, Sioux and Ojibeways, have steadily increased in numbers, while the tame and spiritless and peaceful Omahas, Poncos, Pawnees, &c., are fast becoming extinct under the vigorous and economical policy adopted by our Government towards the original owners of the American soil.

A happy mother of male twins enthusiastically refers to her treasures as her "sweet boy and boy."

### Beavers Beat a Smart Man.

Beavers are good engineers; they build dams which resist mountain torrents. They are also practical woodchoppers; they choose the best tree for their purpose, and fell it to the exact spot required. They are also smart in outwitting smart men, as the following anecdote, told by an army officer who vouches for it from his personal knowledge, shows:

"A party of miners dug a ditch five miles long to a pool pre-empted by beavers. The use of the water for gold washing lowered by several inches the surface of the pool. This the beavers did not like, and therefore so dammed the ditch so as to stop the flowing of the water into it. The miners opened it again, but the next night the beavers redammed it. A guard was placed at the pool, but as a man's time was valuable, a smart miner undertook to outwit the beavers.

"Out of a pair of overalls, an old red shirt, a condemned hat and a flour sack, the smart man made a dummy-man. Two heavy stones served for its feet, and propped by a stake, it stood bestride the ditch, brandishing a club and threatening any beaver who might approach.

"But the next day the water again stopped. The smart man started for the pool. He found that the dummy had been pulled over, floated down the ditch a little way, and stuffed into its narrowest part, and all crevices stopped with mud. He returned crestfallen, and was afterward known as the man outsmarted by the beavers."

He was inclined to be facetious, after the manner of the Yale freshmen. "What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins; nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she responded, with sweet gravity.

A fellow who had been hooked by an unruly cow, limped in his gait. A lady remarked that the man appeared to be intoxicated. "Yes," replied her beau, "the fellow has been taking a couple of horns."

## Editorial.

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*CONTRIBUTIONS.* — *Readers of the Magazine will materially assist us in making our news accurate and complete, if they will send us early information of events that occur under their observation, relative to experiments in the construction of roads and machinery—especially the locomotive—suggestions as to improvements, &c.*

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WE are now closing the second year of our MAGAZINE, and opening the sixth year of the B. of L. F. Our organ has done much to establish the standing of the Order in the eyes of railway officers, and the public generally. To it we ascribe many good results, and from the revenues we should be able to purchase all supplies necessary to the running of the Grand Lodge; also material for Subordinate Lodges in the United States and Canadas, by each member taking hold in earnest—independent of his agent—and in so doing secure one, two or more subscribers. We can build our Order up faster, make our wants known and have a better guarantee for the future. Our Order in itself we find is rapidly gaining strength among those whom were once disposed to call us conspirators, rioters, law-breakers, &c. The leading newspapers now herald our actions, objects and good intentions broadcast over the country. Friends to our Order have made it known through the press, and likewise sent us their approval and good wishes for our prosperity. By perseverance we have lived down all stigmas, and since our last annual meeting we find an increase of thirteen Lodges, and more working up. We have now to our ranks the members of

twelve Lodges of the I. F. U. This addition to our numbers is not only an exemplification of unity, but of strength, and plainly shows to all that our teachings and objects have not been cast away. Brothers, you have gained more points in the past five years through the channel in which the Brotherhood has been taken than you are fully aware of. In fact from your standpoint you cannot see the advantage as your officers do, and we assure you that their every act is in accordance with the laws which promote your prosperity. We ask only your support to overcome such obstacles as may lay in our way, provided there are any. Do not let the actions of one person control the important events which occur from day to day in your Lodges, and by acting as your lessons teach you we will be honored by all.

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### Consolidation.

On the 15th of October Brother Sayre received a telegram from delegates of the I. F. U., assembled in convention at Chicago, to come to that point immediately. In pursuance to the motion made by Brother W. F. Hynes, of 77, Brother Sayre repaired to Chicago, and was met by our Vice Grand Master, officers and members of Lodge No. 47, who proceeded to the Commercial Hotel, and was there met by the delegates of the Union. After a pleasant chat of twenty minutes, a special committee of five on consolidation, escorted the representation of the B. of L. F. to the parlors, where the Chairman on Consolidation stated the object of sending for the Grand Officers of the B. of L. F., and desired to know on what terms they might become of the Brotherhood as a body. Brothers Sayre and Dodge made lengthy responses—both occupy-

ing about three hours—giving the objects of the B. of L. F., its history and its prospects; also the terms upon which the Union could come in. At the conclusion of which the entire party adjourned for dinner.

After partaking of a hearty repast, the committee reported to the delegates the result of the meeting, which having been approved, the entire body adjourned to the Lodge room of No. 47. Here, with the assistance of Bros. R. V. Dodge, M. Gepper, F. Parke, J. Glover, F. Veghte, Vic Berna, R. Newbert, P. Kane and J. Laingor, of No. 47, with Bro. John Walsh of No. 46, and Bros. Burke and Miller of No. 40, Bros. Dodge and Sayre unveiled the mysteries of the Brotherhood to the following delegates representing Union Lodges as follows:

- No. 56—Wm. Maroney, Chicago, Ill.
- No. 54—N. Z. Wood, Laramie, W. T.
- No. 62—J. F. F. Hale.
- No. 57—C. R. Campbell, Omaha, Neb.
- No. 42—L. V. Tipton, Baltimore, Md.
- No. 40—H. F. Cline.
- No. 33—W. H. Bennett, Keokuk, Ia.
- No. 39—E. F. Ingles, West Oakland, California.
- No. 38—J. S. Bush, Staunton, Va.
- No. 61—C. H. Bogart, Evanston, Wyoming Territory.
- No. 81—C. H. Bogart, Rawlins, W. T.
- No. 70—Jas. Crawley, Marshalltown, Iowa.

After eight hours' work and instructions, and distribution of Lodge matter, followed by appropriate speeches and advice from Brothers of Nos 40, 46 and 47, the Lodge closed with the ceremonies of the B. of L. F., and Bro. Gepper in the chair; the delegates to return to their homes full of brotherly love for the start out as members of the Brotherhood, and full of bright expectations for the future.

### Serious Illness of Grand Instructor Stevens.

Bro. S. M. Stevens, our newly-elected Grand Instructor, has we are sorry to learn, laid very low since his return home. At the hour of going to press, we receive word of his having a relapse—the typhoid fever setting in. All Lodges should make liberal excuses for the non-appearance of Brother Stevens, and with us wish for his recovery, that he may be able to be among us soon, that we can receive from his own lips those words of cheer he so commands. Communications should be directed to Lowell, Mass., care of engine house.

### Testimonial.

On the morning of October 18th, after ten hours work conferring the degrees of the B. of L. F. upon the twelve delegates to the I. F. U. Convention in Chicago, the body was invited, through the Master of No. 47, B. of L. F., on behalf of the Lodge, to partake of an oyster supper. The invitation was accepted, and the officers and members received the thanks of the newly-made Brothers by an appropriate speech from Bro. N. Z. Wood, of Laramie, W. T. Ample justice was done to the oysters, and from appearances all were quite happy. May no shadow ever mar the occasion.

READERS of the MAGAZINE will notice that the twelve Lodges advertised in the back of book have been instituted through delegates to the I. F. U. Convention. As time was short we cannot give officers names and addresses in this number.

SUBSCRIBERS to Volume 2 whom may be short any number in the volume, can receive the same, free of charge, by making application to the editor.

## Correspondence.

### OUR INDIA LETTER.

#### Native Jugglers.

[Continued from our last issue.]

This shoot was about four inches high. The juggler pulled it up and the seed was covered with little white rootlets. He pulled the shoot off the seed and passed it to us, there was no sham about it, it was a fresh green plant. We passed it back after looking at it, and then the juggler pulled all the leaves off, tore them all to pieces and flung them out of doors. He then took the seed, pulled the roots off, replanted it in the earth in the pot, covered the pot up again, and then did another trick.

He made his bearer sit down on the floor, and completely enveloped him in rugs, then put a sheet outside of all, and the fellow was invisible, only leaving the top of his head bare. Then he took a small furnace, such as the natives use—it was made of clay—this he held up to us, and it was a cylinder without top or bottom. This he put on top of the bearers head, right on to his hair, then he took some rags, twisted them up into balls and saturated them in castor oil, put them into the furnace, and one of our bearers went out to the kitchen, brought in a shovelful of live coals, and the juggler immediately put them into the furnace, kindled his fire, set a small copper stew-pan on top of the furnace and put into it some oil, broke two eggs into it; these he fried brown and took them out into an earthen pan. Then he poured some cold water into the pan, and of course the hot fat flamed away up to the ceiling. He also fried bananas. Then he removed the stew pan, put the fire out, took the furnace off the bearers head with a pair of tongs, took off the sheet and rugs, and out came the man unharmed, and his hair looked as glossy as ever. This was a wonderful performance.

Then he did a trick with balls and cups, making the balls come and go

under different cups. This was an old trick we often see here in America, and he also did tricks with rings, making chains of them and pulling them all apart. Here he said "I guess the mangoe plant has grown." He blew his horn and the bearer beat the tum tum, and they walked about the tripod in a circle, then said a few words in Bengali; moved his arms over it, then began to uncover it, and when the last covering was off and the tripod removed, there stood a large mangoe bush. It was four feet high, and covered with fine glossy leaves, buds and blossoms. This seemed wonderful. Where did that plant come from, and how did he get it into that pot when we were all looking at him? Our servants gazed in wonder, and seemed awe struck. This plant was dripping wet, and as it had been raining hard during these performances, my brother declared the plant had been brought in from our own compound, but how and where, we could not any of us tell. My brother is an old resident of India, and has seen many of these jugglers' tricks before, but he never could account for this trick of making a mangoe bush grow.

Then the juggler said he was tired and would only do one more trick. We were all tired ourselves, as the weather in this rainy season is hot and muggy like our days in America in August, and it is very debilitating, and we all wondered how this juggler held out as he did, as these natives never work much and are fond of their ease, and sleep most of the time during the rains. This last trick was as follows:

He made his bearer sit down on the floor, he then threw a cloth over him, then we heard a gasp, and the bearer fell back on the floor, and was to all appearances dead. The cloth being removed the fellow had a long knife stuck through his neck. It was amusing to see the looks of wonder on the native servants' faces. Then the juggler rolled his bearer all about the floor, and he appeared to be lifeless—he didn't move a muscle. Then he took a knife out of his own mouth and plunged it into the fellow's stomach, and it made a noise

as though it were cutting through solid flesh. He plunged knives into his arms, leg and head. The fellow appeared to be full of them, and the juggler kicked him about, rolled him around in a very rough manner, still the bearer exhibited not a sign of life. Finally the juggler pulled the knives out and the fellow jumped up as good as ever, and this ended the performances. They are certainly wonderful when one sees the simple tools these jugglers use: A few baskets, boxes, clay cups, pots and knives, and they will sit down in your hall, garden, or anywhere you happen to be and go through all of these curious tricks.

We asked them their price, they said "two rupees"—about one dollar in American money—a small sum for three hours constant work in a hot climate in sultry weather—at least we all thought so. We gave them six rupees, and they seemed overjoyed at this, packed up and went away delighted, and made us the most profound bow as they passed out the door.

We all said we had had a good time, and passed a pleasant hour talking over their various tricks and wondering how they were done.

In my next letter I will give you an account of my trip from Bombay to Calcutta on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, and also the East Indian Railway. It is a long journey across the Peninsula. I hope this letter will be of interest to my various friends at home.

I remain yours truly,

T. S. ABBOTT,  
No. 13, Elysium Row, Calcutta.

[CONCLUDED.]

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### FROM BUFFALO.

BUFFALO, Oct. 4, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

Since the closing of the last Convention in this city I have heard more about the B. of L. F. from those not belonging to it than at any other time heretofore, and it does my heart good to hear it spoken of in such high terms and of the good we are doing in the way of providing for our sick, and our Brothers',

widows and orphans. In speaking of taking care of sick Brothers, I will tell you a little circumstance that happened under my own observation. One year ago one of No. twelve's brothers, (firing a switch engine at the time,) while out on front of his engine oiling the valves, had the misfortune to be thrown from his engine, the front pair of trucks passing over him, breaking his left hip bone. This accident was the cause of his being laid up ever since, and in that time the Brotherhood has been the means of his and his family's support; this family consisting of a wife and three children. He has in that time contracted not one cent of debt in any shape. Now, readers, does this not go to show that the B. of L. F. is purely a benevolent society and one banded together to promote the welfare of each, as well as providing for the widows and orphans of our deceased brothers, and not a society banded together to create strikes and overthrow capitalists. "I say no," and I would like one instance to be shown me where the B. of L. F. has been the cause of any such disgraceful deed. Now, Brothers, of the B. of L. F. let each and every one of us strive hard to build up a noble order, that in some future time its name may be a star of light in every member's home.

Yours forever, in B. S. & I.

"SANDY."

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### MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

HAMILTON, O., Oct. 17, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

A few weeks ago a trip was made from Cincinnati to Dayton over the C. H. & D. Railway to ascertain by scientific tests the best work that an engine could do. To make the experiment a success as good an engine as could be picked was taken and put in perfect order. Men skilled in the working of machinery were on the engine, each having his own department to look after, with instructions to note on paper every two minutes his observations. The engine was fitted with a Thompson steam-engine indicator, in which

was used for the test sixty pound springs. Before the test each spring was subjected to 100,000 maximum compressions, to insure its accuracy during the run. The ends of each cylinder were piped over the steam chest, and indicators set near the forward end of the cylinders. The pipes to the indicators were provided with open way-cocks in order that steam might be admitted to the indicator from either end of the cylinder. Diagrams from both ends of cylinder were taken every two minutes during the run.

From Cincinnati to North Hamilton eighty diagrams were taken from each engine; from North Hamilton to Twin Creek 40 diagrams were taken, and from Twin Creek to Dayton 42 diagrams, making 324 diagrams from Cincinnati to Dayton—an average of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  cards for every mile of road passed over. The manipulations of the indicators, and the taking of the diagrams were by Mr. Hill, assisted by Lewis Dieter of the Niles Tool Works.

Previous to the run a schedule of curves, straight track, grades and levels, with the values of each curve and grade, and the lineal measurement in feet of each curve and straight track, was prepared by Mr. George Huntington, the Civil Engineer of the road. During the run these gentlemen occupied seats at the cab window and noted the time to seconds of entering on each portion of the track from Cincinnati to Dayton, 93 observations were made, thus covering the plans and profiles of the track from Cincinnati to the Union Depot at Dayton. Before the run the tender was partitioned at middle length and a glass gauge, 34 inches long, placed in each side of the tank, the bottom of the gauge communicated with the water in the tank, and a carefully graduated scale was lashed to each tub, the initial and final levels of the water were read from both gauges, and every two minutes during the run both gauges were read to arrive at the rate of consumption of the water. George F. Reiss, of the Niles Works, was the observer at this point. Forward of the partition in the tender the coal for the run was stored—it

was Pittsburg No. 2, broken and screened. Mr. Golay had charge of the coal, and entered in the log the number of charges to the furnace, the time to seconds of making the charge and the quantity. A calorimeter, to determine the primeage of the boiler, was set on the fireman's side of the cab, and connected with the after dome with a small steam pipe. In the steam pipe was placed an open way-cock with an orifice .0469 in diameter, through which passed a steady flow of steam. This steam entered a worm, condensed and collected in a small tank below. The condensing water for the calorimeter was carried on the boiler forward of the steam dome, and a rubber hose conveyed the water into the cab; the overflow was carried out the cab window. Major L. M. Hosea was the observer at the calorimeter.

A carefully tested Blake steam gauge, furnished for these experiments, was used in reading the boiler pressure. On the after end of the cab a lever block was screwed, from which the working time was taken. George Helvey was the time keeper, and also read the pressure by the steam gauge. These were noted regularly every two minutes, and he also noted the temperature of the feed water, which was taken from a standard thermometer suspended in the tank. A siphon water gauge was attached to the stack, and the effect of blast noted.

The speed counter was erected on the after end of the cab, and took its motions from the oscillating lever—furnishing the movement to the left indicator, and was read by Robert Griffiths.

The signals were given by the whistle: Two short blasts make ready, and fifteen seconds later a single short blast to take the observation. All the observations, except those relating to the track and coal, were made simultaneously.

The locomotive was fitted up for the experiment by Mr. James Eckford, Master Mechanic of the road.

It will be some time before all the experts have their notes together, but I will send you the result as soon as possible.

JOHN T. COAKLEY.

## THE STRENGTH OF THE IRON HORSE.

WORCESTER, MASS., Sept. 22, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. E. Magazine:*

Few persons have any conception of the vast amount of power represented by our railway locomotives. The strength of many millions of horses is stored up in these iron steeds, which feed on wood and coal as their living analogues do on hay and oats. The two kinds of food are not so different as at first they seem. The wood is obviously a vegetable diet, and so also is the coal, which is the petrified vegetation of a former geological period. The process by which the food is converted into motive power is also much the same in the two cases, being in the animal a burning or combustion as truly as in the engine. A paper was read not long ago before the Boston Society of Civil Engineers by Mr. Edward Appleton, which gives some interesting calculations bearing upon this subject. He cited authorities by which a comparative estimate of locomotive and horse power can be made. A nominal horse power is that necessary to raise 33,000 pounds one foot high per minute—an estimate first made by Bolton and Watt in selling their steam engines. Trautwine says that this assumption can really be carried out by a strong horse day after day for eight or ten hours, but as an engine can work day and night without stopping, while a horse cannot, a one-horse power engine can do much more work than any one horse. Bolton and Watt meant that their one-horse engine could at any moment perform the work of a very strong horse. Trautwine estimates that a good, average trained horse, weighing about half a ton, well fed and treated, can walk ten hours per day

at the rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour on a good level road, and exert a continuous pull or tractive force of 100 pounds.\* On a level piece of good road he estimates the traction at 60 pounds per ton of load and carriage, so that the 100 pounds of tractive force exerted by the average horse enables him to pull a load of  $1\frac{2}{3}$  tons at the rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour for ten hours a day. He also gives the weight of a train, exclusive of engine and tender, which a good locomotive, weighing 27 tons or 60,480 pounds, can haul on a level railroad at a moderate speed, say eight to twelve miles an hour, as 14.58 tons, an estimate corresponding very nearly with the amount of work which the Baldwin Company guarantee their locomotives of similar size to perform. This locomotive then will haul a load as heavy as 875 horses could pull at the rate of speed assumed for them on good roads, but as it hauls this load at an average speed of four times that of horses, it is doing the work of 35.12 horses, and is capable of doing it, not merely for ten hours but for nearly the whole twenty-four hours. If the horses, however, were hauling upon a level railroad, instead of a common road it would not require so many of them to do the same work.

Haswell gives a table of the comparative useful effect of the power of an average horse on a turnpike, a railroad and a canal. He rates the tractive force of the horse at 83.3 pounds, and says that a horse traveling at the rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour for  $11\frac{1}{2}$  hours, will exert a useful effect equal to 14 tons drawn one mile on a turnpike, 115 tons on a railroad, and 510 tons on a canal. Making the hours of work and the tractive force agree with those of Trautwine, the average horse would draw 110 tons one mile on the railroad, or for his whole distance of 25 miles in 10 hours he would draw 4.4 tons. The locomotive above described then draws as many tons as  $331\frac{1}{3}$  horses could pull on the same railroad, and as it draws them at four times the speed of the horses, it does as much work in the same time as 1,325 horses.

## FROM DENVER.

DENVER CITY, COL., Sept. 28, 1878.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:*

I do not know as I, in the role of an invalid, can send you anything which will prove of interest to your many readers, as so much is constantly being written of this section by those so much better qualified, that it seems a mere waste of your time to trouble you with a communication. We often see the term or expression used, viz: "The sick man of the East," but never the sick man of the West, while it is here he abounds in all his glory. It is here in Denver, that sorry place of sickness and suffering humanity in a multiplicity of forms is daily to be seen, all drawn here to this renowned "world's Lamitarium," as it has been aptly called, in the hope of renewing for awhile the vital spark, while it is true many are benefitted by a sojourn here, there are upon the other hand many who come only to hasten the end, and all through a misapprehension of the condition of the climate and its effect upon the system. While, as I have stated, we have here the sick man of the West, so have we the man sick of the West, which may or may not apply to your correspondent. You can't always sometimes generally tell, you know. There is one thing though about this country here, and that is the scenery, which is beyond a doubt indescribably grand. It affects all alike, and if there be a spark of the love for the beautiful, the grand and the sublime, smouldering or lying dormant in the beholder, it will be brought forth and given expression in some manner, as the following actual in-

cident will aptly illustrate: A short time since I made a flying trip to Colorado Springs and Manitou, "the Garden of the Gods," and a few other places of note in the vicinity. Manitou, the "Saratoga of the West," was crowded with guests made up of tourists and invalids, and there just out for a little recreation and to see the country, I casually happened to fall into conversation with a gentleman of the latter class, who had the day previous made the ascent of Pikes Peak. In a rich celtic brogue he related to me his experience, his efforts to get his breath at the altitude of 14,400 feet, and of the grandeur of the sight which met his gaze upon every hand, and by this time having wrought himself up to a high state of scenic enthusiasm he wound himself up with "Well, they may say what they like, but this country has the 'dog goneest' finest scenery of any place I ever struck." The expressions of all on their arrival to this health-giving country is "Eureka," and well they may if they come in time, but if not they had better, like the Arabs, fold their tents and as silently steal away. The railroads out here are all making money this year, their receipts being greater than ever before. The A. T. & S. F. Road are pushing forward their new extension through to New Mexico and to California with all the energy and vigor that enterprising men, backed by a full treasury, can bring to bear. Likewise with the Denver and Rio Grande, which we call the "boss" road of Colorado, which could not be otherwise under the efficient management of W. W. Borst, the General Superintendent, he being a staunch friend and advocate of the B. of L. F.

As all the roads centering here have from time to time been written up, I will not go into details. But for Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, and all its members, I cannot speak too high. It has never been my lot to meet with a more gentlemanly Lodge of friends and Brothers.

Hoping I have not crowded your space, or imposed upon your good nature, I am in B. S. and I.

Your Brother,

"INVALID."



**BINLEY AND "46."**

BY BRET HARTE.

Upon Wasatch's peaks of snow  
 Night holds illimitable sway,  
 Where, but a single hour ago,  
 The crags and chasms, high and low,  
 Resplendent shone with day.  
 From out the sky no star ray shines  
 Upon the awful solitude;  
 While moaning through the tossing  
     pines,  
 Like some unquiet spirits brood,  
 The winds sweep to and fro,  
 And seem in saddened mood  
 To breathe a wail of woe.  
 At first they only sighed,  
 But now they moan and sob;  
 And since the eventide  
 Their maddened pulses throb  
 In quicker, faster flow,  
 As their fleeting footsteps glide  
 O'er the cold expanse of snow.  
 And all the upper air  
 Is filled with drifting clouds,  
 While fiends that revel there  
 Are weaving shifting shrouds;  
 Tossing in endless whirl,  
 They reel in goblin mirth,  
 And then the shrouds they hurl  
 On tempest's wings to earth.  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

'Twas 'leven o'clock near Bridger's Gap,  
 In a station that swayed in the tem-  
     pest's sweep.  
 Where a lightning-jerker enjoyed his  
     nap.  
 When a call from the Canon broke his  
     sleep,  
 And he caught the words from the sub-  
     tle clicks,  
 "Send Binley down here with 46."  
 Soon Binley had mounted his iron steed,  
 And the fires of the furnace glowed  
     again,  
 As the ponderous monster devoured its  
     feed,  
 And rolled from the side track on to  
     the main.  
 Out on the night where the snow-flakes  
     fell,  
 Out where the blasts of the tempests  
     roar,  
 Binley shouted his friend farewell,  
 As he opened the throttle-valve one  
     notch more.  
 Then over the winding track he sped,  
 Where the pathway with chasms and  
     crags was lined;

The glare of his great light gleamed  
     ahead,  
 And the snow like a bride's veil gleam-  
     ed behind,  
 And soon the sound of the clanking steel  
 Was drowned in the echoes from hill  
     to hill;  
 He felt the engine sway and reel,  
 But the throttle-valve went one notch  
     further still.  
 And down the grade like a courser fleet,  
 Plunging through mountains of drift-  
     ed snow,  
 The engine ploughs through the crusts  
     of sleet,  
 And hurls a thousand feet below  
 The ponderous masses that block its way;  
 Throws them far to the left and right,  
 Into the black oblivious night,  
 To reach the Canon by break of day.  
 And now old Binley feels the thrill  
 That the soldier feels when he meets  
     his foe;  
 He opens the throttle-valve wider still,  
 And his furnace burns with a fiercer  
     glow  
 As the piston flashes in faster stroke;  
 But firm as a rock stands the en-  
     gineer,  
 And in his honest old heart of oak  
 There beats not the slightest pulse of  
     fear.  
 But soon the engine is running slower,  
 Though its pathway lies on a level  
     grade;  
 And then a tremor comes stealing o'er  
 Binley's hand on the throttle laid.  
 There's a slacking up of the driving-  
     wheel,  
 While the engine struggles with hu-  
     man will:  
 Then slowly ceases the clank of steel,  
 And the panting monster is standing  
     still.  
 Thicker and faster the drifting snow  
 Throws round its victim its winding  
     sheet  
 And quenches the glare of the head-  
     light glow,  
 As Binley mutters, "I give up beat."  
 Next morning a snow plow forced its way  
 To the spot where the buried engine lay;  
 They hewed a path through the frozen  
     crust,  
 And then was the ghastly story told:  
 There sat Binley beside his trust,  
 With his hand on the throttle-valve,  
     stiff and cold.

## LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S

**Monthly Magazine.**

DAYTON, O., NOVEMBER, 1878.

**Prizes.**

The following named persons have been awarded the four grand prizes for their labors during the past year:

*Prize First.*—To the highest, a handsome silver watch, American works. Bro. J. H. Smith, of Louisville Lodge No. 23, having 147 paid subscribers.

*Prize Second.*—To the next highest, a fine sixteen-karrat gold chain. Richard Peel, of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, having 98 paid subscribers.

*Prize Third.*—To the third highest, a fine gold pin, with monogram of the Order and name of agent. Wm. J. Stuart, of Elkhorn Lodge No. 28, having 75 paid subscribers.

*Prize Fourth.*—To the fourth highest, choice of a large family Bible or a handsomely bound volume of the MAGAZINE. C. T. Smith, of Lone Star Lodge, No. 70, having 67 paid subscribers.

LODGES will notify the Grand Secretary and Treasurer if the news works have been received, else we can not determine how many Lodges will report names for register.

W. T. GOUNDIE, G. M.

WITH this number we close Vol. 2 of our MAGAZINE. The past year has not been as promising, financially, as was expected, owing principally to a want of energy on the part of the members. We are under many obligations to contributors for their endeavors to make our book one of the best. We repeat we are thankful, and trust they will give us a few moments of their spare time occasionally.

**Important Notices.**

Recording Secretareis will send in their Lodge lists for MAGAZINE just as they desire them to appear in the book.

MAGAZINE agents: As there are quite a large amount standing out on subscriptions for the past Volume, and our contracts expire with the present number, it is necessary that you remit the same immediately; remembering you have received 12 numbers, for which, according to the way all publications are sold, should have been paid for in advance. Having given long time we desire an immediate payment in order to fulfill our contracts.

W. T. GOUNDIE, G. M.

All Lodges will forward the names of such members as have not paid the \$1.00 Grand dues to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer by the prescribed time. (See Constitution and By-Laws.) The register is open and ready for names. Traveling Brothers please notice.

W. T. GOUNDIE, G. M.

**Lodge Notes**

—Bro. E. V. Debs, of No. 16, with Bro. Smith, will please accept our thanks for favors.

—Ask Bro. Cline, of No. 91, if he ever heard the telephone story while in Chicago; also ask John Walsh.

—Bro. D. T. Henderson, of No. 10, and John F. Hoffman, of No. 4, are doing well, but are unusually quiet at present. Like to hear a word occasionally.

—Bro. Hugo desires to know if Bro. Arnold has made any more hasty retreats from his room lately; the one at Buffalo representing the flying Dutchman. Three steps at a time, no boots, no hat and hair erect. Oh, Arnold! that was a poor dodge.

—Bro. Alex. M. Cronin, of No. 55, who has been lying very ill with malarial fever for two weeks at the house of Bro. Sayre, started for Memphis on the 24th to resume his duties. We wish him well.

—Letters from Bro. Tangman gives us the charming news of success: Bro. Glenn is running on the Kansas Pacific, Bro. Tobias is switching in the Topeka yard, and most of the Brothers of No. 56 are at work.

—All persons desiring to know of the Rules and Regulations of the Western Mining Co., can get the desired information or initiation from J. M. Dodge. William Hugo, agent.

—We are in receipt of a complimentary ticket to the Fifth Annual Ball of Deer Park Lodge, No. 1, and regret we could not attend. We are informed it was a success as usual, financially and otherwise. Bro. Walsh will no doubt give us more particulars.

—Minnehaha Lodge is becoming stronger each year. We find that Bro. Clint Ellsworth "has gone and done it." He was married to a Miss Luty Manning, of St. James. Also Bro. James Wagner of the same Lodge, to a Miss Fanny Herrick of the same place. Two of St. James' daughters lost to their friends, and two more advocates of the Order and workers for the MAGAZINE. Bro. Peel should take notice and secure agents immediately. Ladies can do much.

—We are pleased to hear of Bro. Collier's promotion, and trust that he will hold tight to his well-merited position. Again Bro. Hynes writes us of the promotion of Bros. Hockenberger, Black, Hunt and Ebirt, of No. 77, and Bro. George Matthews, of No. 22. It is a pleasure to make such announcements as these. We learn of Bro. Hynes as having been ill for two weeks or more, but is rapidly recovering, and reports big work in Denver for the Brotherhood.

—No. 54 desires to hear from Bro. Joseph Richey at the earliest moment.

—T. H. McGinnes of No. 46, will confer a favor by corresponding with his Lodge.

—Bro. George H. Bragg, of No. 25, was married in Mansfield, Mass., Oct. 16, 1878, to Miss Clara White. After the marriage they started for New Haven, Conn., where they will stop for a short time, returning in time to let Geo. take care of the New Bedford express, which he is on when not running. Well, we say in chorus "Long live the Braggs." Please accept our thanks for kind invitation, but distance, &c., would not permit.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

J. M. D.—Vest and duster washed.

R. N. G. —The new constitution reads \$6.00 a year in advance. Your Lodge can divide that into twelve payments, of fifty cents each, payable each month.

J. McF.—We desire to get 25 numbers of the April MAGAZINE and 20 of the January number, as we have none. Will pay any agent ten cents apiece for them. Agents are requested to look up the same, and by so doing save us at least \$50.00.

BRO. SWAN, of Buffalo No. 12, writes of the cause in flouring terms and winds up by asking if he can obtain a dispensation to admit a twelve pound "Swan" into the Order. He says he has not fired a year, but from the healthy appearance of said twelve-pounder he is good for it. Have him wait awhile, Charley. He is doing well, but cannot quite toe the mark.

BRO. CHRIS. SWEETMAN, of No. 79, has taken a partner in life. We wish you prosperity, Chris.

## WHICH SHALL IT BE?

[A rich man who had no children proposed to his poor neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.]

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?  
I looked at John, John looked at me,  
And when I found that I must speak  
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:

"Tell me again what Robert said;"  
And then I, listening, bent my head—  
This is the letter.

"I will give  
A house and land while you shall live,  
If, in return, from out your seven,  
One child to me for aye is given."  
I looked at John's old garments worn;  
I thought of all that he had borne  
Of poverty, and work, and care,  
Which I, though willing, could not share;  
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,  
Of seven little children's need,  
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,  
"We'll choose among them as they lie  
Asleep." So walking hand in hand,  
Dear John and I surveyed our band;  
First to the cradle lightly stepped  
Where Lillian, the baby slept.  
Softly the father stooped to lay  
His rough hand down in a loving way,  
When dream or whisper made her stir,  
And huskily he said: "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle bed,  
And one long ray of lamplight shed  
Athwart the boyish faces there,  
In sleep so beautiful and fair.  
I saw on James' rough, red cheek  
A tear undried. Ere John could speak  
"He's but a baby, too," says I,  
And kissed him as we hurried by.  
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face  
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,  
"No, for a thousand crowns not him!"  
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! Bad Dick! our wayward  
son—  
Turbulent, restless, idle one—  
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave

Bade us befriend him to the grave;  
Only a mother's heart could be  
Patient enough for such as he;  
"And so," said John, "I would not dare  
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,  
And knelt by Mary, child of love.  
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"  
I said to John. Quite silently  
He lifted a curl that lay  
Across her cheek in a willful way,  
And shook his head: "Nay love, not  
thee,"

The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,  
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,  
So like his father. "No, John, no!  
I can not, will not, let him go."  
And as we write in a courteous way,  
We could not give one child away;  
And afterward toil lighter seemed,  
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,  
Happy in truth that not one face  
Was missed from its accustomed place;  
Thankful to work for all the seven,  
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

## THE JUSTIFIABLE SUICIDE.

I met him on the boiler-deck as we sailed  
out of port,  
He seemed to be a gentleman—one of  
the better sort;  
But he had a most ferocious look, a maniacal stare—  
Such as hunters find in tigers when they  
rouse them from their lair.

We met again at even, when the cabin  
lamps were lit;  
He did by an ancient female in the ladies' cabin sit,  
Then he wore a look of sorrow—such a  
fearful look of woe  
As Niobe with her children on the painted  
canvas show.

And we met again at midnight, as we  
glided down the stream,  
And all around was stillness, save the  
'scaping of the steam;  
Then he had a look of wildness—of misery  
and despair,  
As he gazed into the waters, as if something  
drew him there.

I sought a conversation, and asked him  
if he knew  
That we were on a dangerous boat and  
had a desperate crew?

I told him that the engineers were carrying the steam too high,  
That any minute we might be meandering to'rds the sky.

And that the pilots both were drunk, or so I understood.  
That they might sink us on the rocks.  
"I wish to heaven they would!"  
The stranger cried, "but no such luck will e'er be mine, I trow,  
For death in any shape would be a pleasure to me now.

"I've sought it at the cannon's mouth and on the raging seas,  
And on the Northwestern railroad, and places such as these.  
Why will it flee? The young and gay are called away too soon,  
While I am left, who many years have craved it as a boon."

I tried to cheer this gloomy man and draw his thoughts away  
From dwelling on such dismal things.  
"Sit down my friend, I pray;  
Have you no living wife nor child, no cherished kindred dear?  
Is there no one you love on earth, no ties to keep you here?"

"Who is that dear lady who is travelling with you now?  
Can she not clear away the gloom that settles on your brow?  
Ah, there she comes; I'll ask her aid; most surely you'll repent."  
But up he jumped, threw off his hat, and overboard he went.

I turned to where the lady stood, and spoke to this effect:  
"Madam, you're his mother-in-law."  
She calmly said, "Correct!"

### SHELLING PEAS.

A PASTORAL BY C. P. CRANCH.

No, Tom, you may banter as much as you please,  
But it's all the result of the shellin' those peas;  
Why, I hadn't the slightest idea, do you know,  
So serious a matter would out of it grow.  
I tell you what, Tom, I do feel kind o' scared;  
I dreamed it, I hoped it, but never once dared

To breathe it to her. And, beside, I must say,  
I always half fancied *she* fancied Jim Wray.

So I felt kind o' stuffy and proud and took care  
To be out o' the way when that feller was there  
A danglin' around; for, thinks I, if it's him  
That Katy likes best, what's the use lookin' grim  
At Katy or Jim; for it's all up with me.  
And I'd better let 'em alone, do you see?  
But you wouldn't have thought it! I don't think she keered  
The snap of a pea-pod for Jim's bushy beard.

Well, here's how it was: I was takin' some berries  
Across near her garden to leave at Aunt Mary's,  
When jest as I come to the old ellum tree,  
All alone in the shade, that June mornin', was she  
Shellin' peas, setting there on a garden settee.

I swan, she's handsomer'n ever I seen—  
Like a rose all alone in a moss-work o' green,  
Well, there wasn't no use; so, says I, I'll jest linger  
And gaze at her, hid behind a syringa,  
But she heard me a movin' and looked a bit frightened;  
So I come and stood near her, I fancied she brightened  
And seemed sort o' pleased. So I hoped she was well,  
And would she allow me to help her to shell?

For she sat with a monstrous big dish full o' peas  
Jest fresh from the vines, which she held on her knees.

"May I help you, Miss Katy?" says I.  
"As you please,  
Mr. Baxter," says she "But you're busy, I guess"—

Glancin' down at my berries and then at her dress.

"Not the least. There's no hurry. It ain't very late,  
And I'd rather be here, and Aunt Mary can wait."

So I sot down beside her, an' 's nobody seen us,  
I jest took the dish and held between us;

And pop went the pods, and I couldn't help thinkin'  
Of popping the question; a kind of sinkin'  
Come over my sperrets, till at last I got out:

"Mr. Wray's an admirer of yours, I've no doubt

You see him quite often." "Well, sometimes, but why?

And what if I did?" "O, nothin', says I. 'Some folks say you're goin' to marry him, though.'"

"Who says so?" says she, and she flared up like tow

When you throw in a match. "Well, folks that I know."

"Tain't true, sir," says she, and she snapped a big pod

Till the peas, right and left, flew all over the sod.

Then I looked in her eyes, but she only looked down

With a blush that she tried to chase off with a frown.

"Then it's somebody else you like better," says I.

"No it ain't, though," says she, and I thought she would cry.

I had taken her hand, and my arm was around

Her waist ere I knew it, and she with her head

On my shoulder. But no, I won't tell what she said.

I tell you the world was a new one to me; I can talk of these things like a book now, you see.

But the peas? Ah! the peas in the pods were a mess,

Rather bigger than those that we shelled, you may guess.

It's risky to set with a girl shellin' peas;

• You may tease me now, Tom, just as much as you please.

### Resolutions.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 1, 1878.

At a regular meeting of Boston Lodge No. 57, B. of L. F., a very appropriate motto, viz: "By Industry we Thrive," was presented to us by our Bro. L. L. Parker, from the widow of our late Bro. C. H. Gardiner, with her best wishes for our success in all our undertakings. She said she thought the Order a good thing, and that it laid with the Bros. to make it so, and keep on improving in the good work; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we extend our

hearty thanks to Mrs. Gardiner for her gift, and that we will endeavor to abide by the precepts of the same, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her, also to the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE for publication.

L. L. PARKER, Jr.,  
C. H. MOULTON,  
S. M. STEVENS,  
Committee.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 9, 1878.

At the regular meeting of Capitol Lodge, No. 46, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, An all wise God, in his mysterious Providence, has seen fit to visit our worthy Brother John Walsh, with the loss of a brother, by being kicked in the breast with a horse.

*Resolved*, That we, the members of Capitol Lodge, No. 46, do severely sympathize with Bro. Walsh in this affliction, and trust that the same God who has seen fit to cause it, may sustain him through it, and be it

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Bro. Walsh and published in our MAGAZINE.

GEO. D. PARTINGTON,  
A. A. SCOTT,  
A. D. HANSLEY,  
Committee.

### BLACK LIST.

#### EXPELLED.

No. 39.—R. Allen, for stealing one hundred and eighty dollars of the money raised for the protection of the widows and disabled Locomotive Firemen. He has left Austin, Minn., and will travel in pursuit of work. It is our desire that our officers, especially the Master Mechanics of our railways, understand the facts of the case, which we will be pleased to furnish. All railroad men and members of the G. G. C. will confer a favor by reporting the whereabouts of him, and not forgetting Wagenseller, the Marshall, Texas, man for robbing No. 70

No. 16.—Mark Miller, for non-payment of dues.

No. 72.—Charles Hope, for defrauding the Order.

Geo. McGaughey, of No. 16, will please correspond with his Lodge.

## Grand Lodge Officers.

W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
J. M. DODGE.....	Vice Grand Master,
No. 12 16th st., Chicago, Ill.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
J. O'KEEFE.....	Grand Warden,
North Platte, Neb.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
W. HUGO.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
T. DOYLE.....	Grand Outer Guard,
St. Louis.	
B. I. WELCH.....	Grand Chaplain,
Port Jervis.	
M. COOPER.....	Grand Marshal,
St. Paul, Minn.	

## Grievance Committee.

M. E. COBB.....	Worcester, Mass.
J. S. COOL.....	Logansport, Ind.
JOHN McCLEURE.....	Columbus, O.
JOHN L. BODEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. R. WHITCOMB.....	Springfield, Ill.
P. J. ROBINSON.....	Little Rock, Ark.
A. M. CROMIN.....	Memphis, Tenn.
D. T. HENDERSON.....	Cleveland, O.
JOS. BRINTNALL.....	Fort Gratiot, Mich.
L. H. INGERSOLL.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
W. F. HYNES.....	Denver, Col.
J. POPE MYERS.....	Louisville, Ky.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

- DEER PARK, at Port Jervis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.  
I. B. Fisher (Box 724).....Master  
Ed Salley.....Rec. Sec'y  
N. C. Marshall.....Magazine Agent
- ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.  
C. Hobart.....Master  
I. W. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
John Broderick.....Magazine Agent
- GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
W. H. Maxwell.....Master  
Geo. F. Dunbar (box 286).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. F. Williamson.....Magazine Agent
- UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 p. m.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
C. Bennett.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
- SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa., meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.  
Geo. H. Carpenter.....Master  
Thos. Roach (Lockbox 37).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. D. Schooley.....Magazine Agent
- JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
Thomas Ackley.....Master  
Frank Schooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent
- FRANKLIN, at Columbus, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.  
F. J. Kistler (14 West Fulton st.).....Master  
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. block.)  
Edward Ginnly.....Magazine Agent
- FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, Ohio. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m., Miller's Hall, cor. Auburn st. and Scranton ave.  
Josh L. Clark, (8 Freeman st.).....Master  
D. T. Henderson (46 John st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
P. J. Culliton.....Magazine Agent  
(148 Rear Columbus st.)
- EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
L. D. Salisbury.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
- BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30; hall, 253 Michigan st.  
James Shufelt.....Master  
J. C. Bradley (470 Swan st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent  
(527 South Division st., Buffalo.)
- MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. in brick bank hall.  
J. Hunt.....Master  
Geo. McGarrahan.....Rec. Sec'y  
Fred. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
- EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at No. 62½ East Washington street.  
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble st.....Master  
Chas. Kline.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Kline and Wm. Hugo.....Mag. Agents
- PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. meets 2d and 4th Sundays; hall, Chateau avenue, near Summit Avenue.  
J. J. Smith.....Master  
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
- VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind., meets every Fridays at 7:30 p. m., cor. Main & 7th sts.  
James Smith (Postoffice box 1074).....Master  
E. V. Debbis (Box 1074).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Ebbage (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
- FRIENDSHIP, at Fort Wayne, Ind. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.  
J. R. Anderson.....Master  
F. Snyder, 138 Force st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Ferd. Snyder.....Magazine Agent

19. HOPE, at Alliance, Ohio. meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
L. M. Holloway.....Master  
J. Martin (Crestline, Ohio).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. S. McKee, Crestline, O. Magazine Agent
20. WESTERN STAR, at Galesburg, Ill. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
O. D. Pratt.....Master  
John McGee.....Rec. Sec'y
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. meets every Tuesday at 7:30 p. m., in Engineers' Hall.  
James Bucke.....Master  
H. Miller (cor. Ellwood & 2d st) Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. hall.  
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Master  
Geo. Bond.....Rec. Sec'y  
E. Carter.....Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at Hall over Farmers Exchange Bank, Market st.  
J. H. Smith (252 Zane street).....Master  
F. B. Caywood (593 W Chestnut) Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Smith.....Magazine Agent  
[252 Zane street.]
25. PROVIDENCE, at Providence, R. I. meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Saturday evenings in each month in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Geo. H. Bragg.....Master  
C. S. Newton.....Rec. Sec'y  
(14 Chestnut st., Hartford, Conn.)  
O. W. Cutler.....Magazine Agent  
(Ashland, Mass.)
26. J. W. THOMAS, at Nashville, Tennessee. meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at Knights of Honor Hall, W. Nashville.  
Geo. D. Smith (317 Church st.).....Master  
Will Achey.....Rec. Sec'y  
(cor. W. Gay and Hines sts.)  
Will Achey.....Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.  
F. A. Davis.....Master  
A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month  
W. J. Stuart.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. CHAMPION, at Detroit, Mich.  
John Munroe (239 Larned st).....Master  
Frank Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Magazine Agent
30. HARMONY, at Susquehanna, Dep.  
James Cass.....Master  
Frank Choate (Box 249).....Rec. Sec'y
31. FORT CLARK, at Peoria, Ill.  
A. F. Eaton.....Master  
D. B. Wright.....Rec. Sec'y
32. AMERICUS, at Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Charles Jewell, 82 Center st.....Master  
George H. Scott.....Rec. Sec'y
33. CECIL FLEMING, at Jackson, Tenn.  
J. Jones.....Master  
R. T. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Jones.....Magazine Agent
34. ORCHARD CITY, at Burlington, Iowa.  
Win. James.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
35. WASHINGTON, at Lafayette, N. J., meets 2d Monday and last Saturday evenings of each month at 7:30, in B. of L. E. hall.  
Horace Allen.....Master  
A. Zindle.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 Pine st., Jersey City, N. J.)  
J. Conklin.....Magazine Agent  
(183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. TIPPECANOE, at Lafayette, Ind. meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Sixth and Main sts., Curtis' Block.  
H. C. Ward.....Master  
P. Ronan (182 N. 6th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer (91 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
37. MOUNTAIN CITY, at Altoona, Pa. meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.  
John Gardner.....Master  
J. Miles Stonebraker, Box 343.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. McMurray, Box 343.....Magazine Agent
38. KEY STONE, at Pittsburg, Pa. meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Beaver avenue.  
Gust Sold.....Master  
Thos. Vanvoy.....Rec. Sec'y  
(148 Bidwell st., Allegheny, Pa.)  
Burt E. Gove.....Magazine Agent  
(134 Juniata st., Allegheny, Pa.)
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. meets 2d and 4th Sundays.  
R. Talbot.....Master  
J. T. Brown.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. W. Seagel.....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. meets every Thursday night.  
Chas. C. Hotchkiss (1206 N. Lee st.).....Master  
T. O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y  
(910 W. Chestnut st.)  
C. M. Stone.....Magazine Agent  
(Corner Catherine and Locust sts.)
41. FOX RIVER, at Aurora, Ill. meets every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.  
C. Riddle.....Master  
C. E. Powell.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. L. Cummings.....Magazine Agent
42. MISSOURI VALLEY, at Sedalia, Mo. meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th Wednesday.  
R. C. Yopst.....Master  
C. Schernowkie.....Rec. Sec'y  
L. D. Palmer.....Magazine Agent
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo., meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at Eng'rs Hall.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
DeWitt Pearce.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Fitzpatrick.....Magazine Agent
44. ....
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Warkham streets.  
Wm. Coyne.....Master  
M. W. Campbell (Lock Box 648).....Rec. Sec'y  
M. W. Campbell.....Magazine Agent



46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. meets every alternate Sunday at Eng. Hall.  
John Walsh (532 North Fifth st.).....Master  
G. D. Partington (Box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Henry.....Magazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.  
M. Glover.....Master  
J. M. Dodge.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Glover.....Magazine Agent
48. **A VICITI**, at Harrisburg, Pa. meets every Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, corner 3d and Broad streets.  
R. T. Shepherd (5th, near Riley).....Master  
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y  
937 Pennsylvania avenue  
C. W. Guyon.....Magazine Agent  
(642 Colder st.)
49. **SPRINGFIELD**, at Springfield, Mass.  
C. O. Mansus.....Master  
J. W. Hurlbert (Box 396).....Rec. Sec'y  
C. H. Porter (Box 396).....Magazine Agent
50. **NEW YORK CITY**, at New York. meets every 2d Sunday and 4th Saturday of each month, at 8:00 Second avenue.  
D. E. Elliott (107 E. 46th st.).....Master  
Henry J. Glover (231 E. 45th st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.).....Magazine Agent
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N.Y., meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.  
A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st.....Master  
L. J. Boynton (112 W. Utica st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. McCarthy (49 W. Erie st.).....Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Ind., meets every Friday at 8 P. M., corner Market and Canal streets.  
Chas. Schrier.....Master  
S. Bricker (box 626).....Rec. Sec'y  
Ambrose Ross.....Magazine Agent
53. **FIDELITY**, at Sunbury, Pa., meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. hall.  
John Pittenger.....Master  
D. F. Vollmer (Box 276).....Rec. Sec'y
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo., meets every Monday night, at 43 Reed street.  
C. H. Root.....Master  
Geo. R. Stacey, Box 820.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Bresson.....Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis, Tenn. meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. at Engineers' Hall, Adams street.  
Wm. Bender, 206 Old Raleigh st.....Master  
O. B. Hanes.....Rec. Sec'y  
Alex. M. Cronin.....Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Emporia, Kan., meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
S. McGaffey.....Master  
Wm. Tangman (Topeka, Kan.).....Rec. Sec'y  
J. R. Goheen.....Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 A. M., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
Francis Beadle.....Master  
(No. 31 Russell st., Bunker Hill District.)  
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
(123 Chelsea st., E. Boston, Mass.)  
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent  
(70 Cambridge st., E. Cambridge.)
58. **STAR**, at Hoboken, N. J. meets 2d Sundays and 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st.  
C. E. Herland.....Master  
O. Gillen (Box 41, Hoboken).....Rec. Sec'y  
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. **ASHLEY**, at Ashley, Pa. meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 P. M.  
J. M. Peck.....Master  
A. E. Detoro.....Rec. Sec'y  
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. meets 1st Wednesday night and 3d Sunday morning, corner Hancock and Diamond streets.  
J. L. Body, 2013 N. 3d st.....Master  
A. B. Colloom, 2206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. A. Falls.....Magazine Agent  
(2224 North Second st.)
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M., cor. 7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall.  
S. J. Murphy (56 Goodrich ave.).....Master  
C. Sinks (58 Goodrich ave.).....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Peel (184 Exchange st.).....Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbonade, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
O. E. Histed.....Master  
W. T. Bingham.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. W. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
J. A. Bain.....Master  
John D. Franklin, Box 772.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. Roers.....Magazine Agent
64. **LOYAL**, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.  
W. H. Hamilton.....Master  
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 16, Brookville, Kan.)
65. **ISLAND CITY**, at Brockville, Ontario, (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, King street, over McClean's boot and shoe store.  
Wm. T. Simpson.....Master  
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. **CHALLENGE**, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, in B. of L. E. Hall.  
Patrick Flannery.....Master  
James Cummins.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. C. McKnight.....Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occidental Hall, Queen street.  
Wm. Newlove.....Master  
Wm. Prenter (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y  
George Shields (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. **HUDSON**, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday afternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.  
John McAuley.....Master  
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y  
(232 Union st., Elizabeth, N. J.)  
R. Hare (245 Grand st.).....Magazine Agent
69. **HURON**, at Port Huron, Mich. Meets every Sunday, over Postoffice.  
J. Britnal.....Master  
C. Macklow.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)  
T. French.....Magazine Agent  
(Box 13, Ft. Gratoit, Mich.)
70. **LONESTAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets every Friday night in I. O. O. F. Hall.  
James McDonough.....Master  
L. W. Phillipson.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. T. Smith (box 92).....Magazine Agent

71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.  
D. O. Shank (281 Green street).....Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union street.....Rec. Sec'y  
D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent  
(281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.)
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
Wm. Cowls, 410 Hartman st.....Master  
L. Elberston (417 Henry st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave.....Magazine Agent
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass., meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
Geo. A. Hewitt (Union Depot).....Master  
Marshall E. Cobb (86 Park st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. E. Cobleigh.....Magazine Agent
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 7th and 3d Sundays, in Masonic hall, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Master  
John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y  
cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.  
B. B. McCrum.....Magazine Agent  
905 Penn street,
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
C. E. Austin, 3800 Story st.....Master  
W. T. Goundie.....Rec. Sec'y  
3405 Elm st.  
W. T. Goundie.....Magazine Agent
76. **VALLEY CITY LODGE**, at East Saginaw, Michigan. Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.  
F. C. Blanchett.....Master  
J. Lennox, Box 860.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Hannon, Box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday night in B. of L. E. Hall.  
S. B. Turman.....Master  
W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y  
(Lock Box 1583.)  
W. Pelham.....Magazine Agent
78. **BINGHAMTON**, at Binghamton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.  
Thomas Milan, Box 725.....Master  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. T. Worrell, Box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. **MIAMI**, at Cincinnati, Ohio., meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M., corner 8th and Freeman sts.  
J. T. Coakley.....Master  
G. Horrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Sperry.....Magazine Agent  
432 George st.
80. **EARLY SUNRISE**, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st & 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. hall.  
J. H. Morely.....Master  
C. Reich.....Recording Sec'y  
A. P. Draper.....Magazine Agent
81. **READING**, at Reading Pa. meets every 2d and 4th Sunday, Bland's Hall, cor. Ninth and Penn st.  
W. Hynes.....Master  
C. J. Butler (28 Church st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jas. Goodman.....Magazine Agent
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn., meets in Druids Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet Avenue, between 1st and 2d streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday evenings of each month.  
S. F. Brown.....Master  
(1311 N. Washington avenue.)  
John Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
(M & Sr. L. freight office.)  
J. W. Cole (1223 S. 7th st.).....Magazine Agent
83. **MISSISSIPPI**, at Winona, Minn.  
John Herwick.....Master  
Wm. Warren (box 686).....Rec. Sec'y  
B. F. Weller (box 26).....Magazine Agent
84. **At OMAHA, NEB.**  
C. R. Campbell.....Master  
(S. W. cor. 17th and Dodge st.)
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
Jas. Burke.....Master  
J. H. Bassett, Box 104.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. C. Brady.....Magazine Agent
86. **At LARAMIE, W. T.**
87. **At RAWLINS, W. T.**
88. **At EVANSTON, W. T.**
89. **At CARLIN, NEVADA.**
90. **At WEST OAKLAND, CAL.**
91. **At SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**
92. **At MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.**
93. **At KEOKUK, IOWA.**
94. **At STAUNTON, VA.**
95. **At CHICAGO, ILL.**
96. **At BALTIMORE, MD.**